English Reprints

THOMAS WATSON

Poems

VIZ. :—

The 'ΕΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ or Paſſionate Centurie of Love

[1582]

Melibœus, *sivè Ecloga Inobitum, etc.*

1590

An Eglogue upon the death of Right Honorable Sir Francis Walſingham

1590

The Teares of Fancy or Love diſdained

Posthumously published in 1593
From the unique copy in the collection of S. Christie-Miller, Esq.

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EDWARD ARBER

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Some Account of the Writings of THOMAS WATSON.

LIKE a diver returning from the deep, we here gladly present four lost Pearls of English Literature. The oblivion which has hitherto covered the name and works of Thomas Watson has been wholly unmerited. Adequately acknowledged in his own time, he gradually became lost amidst the host of competitors for the Attention of the Nation: until he himself has become unknown even to writers of Guides or Handbooks to English Literature; and his works have become among the scarcest of the scarce in our language. Not but what there have been a succession of Scholar-Critics from Steevens to Collier, who have understood and quoted him; and have commenced a reaction in his favour. Nevertheless, it has come to pass, that Watson—singular and sweet Poet though he was—the author too of ten separately printed works, besides others which never came to the press: that this remarkable Poet has disappeared from the ordinary Literary History of England.

Among assignable reasons for this: is the timidity or incapacity of most men for original discrimination and appreciation; and for the bold avowal of an unaccredited Poet. This liability not to understand, to inflict unintentionally the injury of neglect, is not uncommon. A teacher or interpreter seems ever to attend on the works of the highest literary creators; not so much from flaws in genius and creative power; as from the multiplicity of books, or from our want of judgment, or from our hesitation to venture an adequate recognition in the teeth of ignorance. It needed Addison to point out the superlative majesty of *Paradise Lost*: and Pope had to teach the English Nation the greatness of Shakespeare. Comparing greater with smaller things; there is need for some one to call attention to Watson. Let us join together in ascertaining his true position in the Story of English Mind. Let us restore—after nearly three centuries of obliteration—his name, in golden letters, to the great Bead-Roll of the acknowledged Poets of Great Britain.

The forgetfulness of Watson is strikingly shown by the way in which his printed works have perished. No Public Library can pretend to a complete set of them. To reproduce—as far as they can now be reproduced—the four works here reprinted; recourse has been obligatory to two of the most celebrated private collections of English works in this country, those at Britwell and Stand Rectory: while I have been quite unable to meet with the Author's *Amyntas*, his translation of Coluthus, or his *Compendium Memoriæ localis*.

Further, in the Ἑκατομπαθία as will be seen below, there are references to works by Watson, which apparently never came to the press at all. These or any of them, if still in existence, have yet to be made known. It would be well if search should henceforward be made after these and other unprinted compositions that were possibly written by Watson, during the concluding ten years of his life.

Under all these circumstances; it is a matter for great congratulation that we can here present all admirers of true Poesy with four of Watson's works, one Latin, and three English, all complete; with the exception of two leaves in *The Teares of Fancy*, unfortunately wanting, but which, it is to be hoped, with a higher estimation of the Poet in future stimulating the search, will not be lost to us for ever.

What we now desire, is to give—more by way of temporary preface than any exhaustive enquiry, satisfying all reasonable interest—a short sketch of Watson's ascertained writings: leaving the Texts here presented, to the study, appreciation, and delight of every Reader.

To Anthony-a-Wood's account of his Life, we can add but little.

Thomas Watson, a Londoner born, did spend some time in this university, not in logic and philosophy, as he ought to have done; but in the smooth and pleasant studies of poetry and romance, whereby he obtained an honourable name among the students in those faculties. Afterward retiring to the metropolis, studied at common law at riper years. [*Melibœus* and *Amintæ Gaudia* are then referred to.] He hath written other things of that nature or strain, and something pertaining to pastoral, which I have not yet seen, and was highly valued among ingenious men, in the latter end of Q. Elizabeth. *Ath. Oxon. i.* 601. *Ed. by* Bliss. 1813.

As our Poet was but young on the publication of his *Antigone* in 1581, we may guess him to have been born about the time of Queen Elizabeth's accession in 1557, and consequently dying in 1592, to have finished his career in the prime of life, probably between forty and fifty years of age. His publications tell us, in one way or another, that he was of gentle blood; born in London; educated at Oxford; a student at law, probably a member of one of the Inns of Court; and that before 1581 he sojourned some while at Paris, probably associating there with the Walsingham family. In his Latin-English Eclogue *Melibœus*, he puts these lines into the mouth of Thomas Walsingham (Tityrus)—Thy tunes have often pleas'd mine eare of yore,

when milk-white swans did flocke to heare the sing,
Where *Seane* in Paris makes a double shore. *See p.* 157.

He appears to have returned to England, and to have employed some part if not all the remaining twelve years of his life, in the study of poetry and polite literature: publishing in that period five Latin and three English works, and leaving, without all doubt, behind him, considerable unpublished pieces in both these languages. One in Latin, *Amintæ Gaudia*, was published in 1592, immediately after his death: and *The Teares of Fancy* in 1593: others, we know from the Ἑκατομπαθία, to have been far proceeded with: while some few, as will be presently seen, did actually escape to light in Poetical Miscellanies subsequently published.

Though Watson apparently took no degree at Oxford, he must have been a prodigious Student in those branches of knowledge to which he addicted himself. As regards languages, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, with his own mother tongue, were at his command. He made himself at home with the entire body of Greek and Latin poets, and consequently with the whole ancient Pagan mythology. He early occupied himself with translating Petrarch's Sonnets from the Italian into Latin; and seems to have delighted in many of the minor Italian poets of that school. WILLIAM BIRD and he first published Madrigals in English. With the works of PIERRE DE RONSARD, ESTIENNE FORCADEL, and other like French poets, he seems also to have been familiar. CHAUCER is referred to at *p.* 41, and SPENSER magnified in the beautiful Elegy at *p.* 173. So varied was his reading, so catholic his appreciation.

He wrote at first and chiefly in Latin, then the speech of European culture; afterwards and possibly to a less degree in English. In connection with this, we should recollect his date. Contemporary with Spenser and Sidney, and rather before Shakespeare. His works tell us of his aristocratic acquaintance, PHILIP HOWARD, Earl of ARUNDEL, EDWARD VERE, Earl of OXFORD, Sir PHILIP and Lady MARY SIDNEY, the WALSINGHAM family, and the like; and also of his literary friends, such as W. CAMDEN, J. LYLY, M. ROYDON, T. ACHELEY, G. PEELE, who complimented him in verse; as well as SPENSER, WHETSTONE and OCKLANDE to whom he rendered like tribute.

We now come to Watson's position among the *English* poets of his time. If English Imaginative Poesy were classified, it might group under three classes. The earliest in time—the ALLEGORICAL—represented by Chaucer, Gower, Stephen Hawes, Spenser, Giles Fletcher, and others. The next in our history—the AMATORY—brought into England by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt, as will be seen in our approaching Reprint of Tottel's *Miscellany*. The DRAMATIC—represented by Shakespeare and a host of others.

Of these Watson belongs to the second group of Writers. He is, in the History of our Poesy, a lineal successor of Surrey and Wyatt. Among all English poems published during his lifetime, his English poetical works—if an opinion might be ventured—should rank next to Spenser. That is, he should be placed before Sidney as a Poet. Richard Barnfield in his *Affectionate Shephearde*, 1596, in upbraiding Love, thus refers to them all three.

By thee great Collin lost his libertie,
By thee sweet Astrophel forwent his ioy;
By thee Amyntas wept incessantly.

They are all equally original; each writing after a different manner, yet in power of gifts, genius, and learning, we would put Spenser first; Watson, second; and Sidney, third. Though the Amatory group of Poets imitated foreign authors more largely than those of the other two classes, yet it was not servilely done. Their close contact with some of the best foreign Poets did but bring out the good that was in themselves; and the reader of this Reprint will recognize in it some very choice English poetry.

We have now to chronicle year by year, such scattered notices of our Poet as we have been able to collect, merely expressing a hope that subsequent gleaners will be able to add much more to our knowledge of him and his works. We shall distinguish by (a) (b) (c) &c. such additional poems by Watson as are not included in the four texts here reprinted.

And here first, we must notice several works which are referred to in *The Εκατομπαθία.*

(a) "And where he mentioneth that once hee scorned loue, he alludeth to a peece of worke, whiche he wrote long since, *De Remedio Amoris*, which he hath lately perfected, to the good likinge of many that haue seene and perused it, though not fully to his owne fancy, which causeth him as yet to kepe it backe from the printe."—*See* I., *p.* 37.

(b) "The Authour borroweth from certaine Latine verses of his owne, made long agoe vpon the loue abuses of *Iuppiter* in a certaine peece of worke written in the commendation of women kinde; which he hath not yet wholie perfected to the print."—*See* LXXV., at *p.* 111.

(c) The annotation to VI., at *p.* 42, begins thus. "This passion is a translation into latine of the selfe same sonnet of *Petrarch* which you red lastly alleaged, and commeth somwhat neerer vnto the Italian phrase then the English doth. The Author when he translated it, was not then minded euer to haue imboldned him selfe so farre, as to thrust in foote amongst our english Poets. But beinge busied in translating *Petrarch* his sonnets into latin new clothed this amongst many others, which one day may perchance come to light."

(d) The Latin verses *Quid Amor*, at *p.* 134, "which because they may well importe a passion of the writer, and aptly befitte the present title of his ouerpassed *Loue*, he setteth them downe in this next page following, but not as accomptable for one of the hundreth passions of this booke."—*See* XCVIII.

These, and possibly other like completed poems in Latin, soon circulated in MS. Stephen Broelmann, a German Jurist and Poet, of Cologne, wrote to Watson while he was at Paris, the following verses (reprinted before the *Antigone*), urging him to print his works.

Si nostræ tecum preculæ Watsone, valerent,
Non tua tot chartis scrinia plena forent;
Sub prælo tua Musa foret, lucemque viderent
Iudice quæ Phæbo candido metra facis.
Atque ego si quicquàm sapio, nouique Helicona,
Carminis ille tui est ex Helicone liquor.
Classica siuè canis, teneros seu dicis amores,
Mars tumido, tenui carmine gestit amor.
Thuscanus Petrarcha tuo stat carmine diues:
Mundo vtinam fieret notior ille labor.
Plebs ignara licèt Phæbeæ frondis honores
Negligat, et quicquid clarius esse potest:
Tu tamèn a doctis doctus dicêre Poëta,
Inque suo precio nobile carmen erit.
Præsertim Antigonen vel Zoilus ipse probabit,
Ad prælum duci si paciaris opus.
Ergò tuum celebris portet super æthera nomen
Fama, nec in tenebris ampliùs esse sinat.
Nàm licèt es iuuenis, tamen haud iuuenilia pangis,
Et vena polles, ingenioque bono.
Ah pudet vlterius iuuenum laudare senili
Carmine, quòd nostro carmine maior eas.
Eià age; percolito dulces ante omnia Musas:
Vtilis ille labor, dulcis et ille labor.
Sed Venus irata est, dum celas carmen amoris:
Phæbus et ipse dolet, dum sua dona tegis.
Si semper Danaën tenuisset ahænea turris,
Aurea non essent pondera nota Iouis.

1581. I. We now come to Watson's first publication; a translation into Latin of Sophocles' *Antigone*: thus entered by the clerk of the Stationers' Company.

"31 July 1581. John Wolfe. Lycencenced vnto him, &c. Aphoclis Antigone, Thoma Watsono interprete. . . vj^d."

J. P. Collier. *Ext. from Regs. of Stat. Co. ii.* 149. *Ed.* 1849.

Of this work, there is a copy in the British Museum. [Press mark, 1070. m. 31.] The title runs thus: "Sophoclis Antigone. *Interprete* Thoma Watsono *I.V. studioso.* Huic adduntur pompæ quædam, ex singulis Tragædiæ actis deriuatæ; et post eas, totidem themata sententijs refertissima; eodem THOMA WATSONO Authore. LONDINI. Excudebat Iohannes Wolfius. 1581."

As his earliest known published poem, and his own account of his early studies, we here give his entire Dedicatory Epistle.

(ε) Nobilissimo proceri, claroque multis nominibus, PHILIPPO HOWARDO Comiti Arundeliæ, THOMAS WATSONVS solidam fœlicitatem precatur.

NObilibus prœdiues auis, virtutibus aucte,
Dotibus Aonijs nobilitate Comes
Accipe tantilli iuuenilia carmina vatis,
Et multi medicum volue laboris opus.
Nec mea Callimachi, neque Coi Musa Philœtœ est:
Quodque ferat, vulpes nil nisi tegmen habet.
Sed curant hominum mentes, non munera Diui:
Ergò age, cœlitibus par, imitare Deos.
Quid si mendosus fuerit meus iste libellus?
Quid si neglecto carmine culpa subest?
Candida et atra suo perlustrat Cynthia vultu:
Phœbus adit radijs candida et atra suis.
Vestraque consueto capiet clementia vultu,
Quœ sunt in versu candida et atra meo.
Marsiœ, Arachnœ, Iri, Smyntheus, Tritonia, Crœsus,
Cantus, fila, stipem, postulat, optat, amat;
Cantus, fila, stipem, Smyntheus, Tritonia, Crœsus,
Nec dedignatur, musicus, alma, potens.
Tuque minora meis (recinit si vera propellus)
Carmina carminibus muneris instar habes.
Atque ego non tanti primœuos duco Poetas,
Vt nihil in nostris laudibus esse velim.
Forsitàn et Phœbo, fecique volente Minerua,
Vnde meo partus Marte triumphus eat.
Tu benè si censes, ego te censore beatus
Apponam stimulos viribus ipse meis.
Et faciam lœtus quod multi sœpè rogarunt,
Plura vt sub prœli pondere scripta crepent.
Ipse licèt Momus vano submurmuret ore,
Inuidus et piceo Zoilus vngue premat:
Iudicij censura tui superabit vtrumque,
Et capiti ponet laurea serta meo.
Inde satis fœlix, dicar tuus esse Poeta,
Et famulus fieri cum Ganymêde Iouis.
Scilicet hoc olim cœpi sperare lucellum,
Dum studijs totus tempora prima dedi:
Dumque procùl patria lustrum mediumque perêgi
Discere diuersis œdere verba sonis.
Tùm satis Italiœ linguas moresque notabam;
Et linguam, et mores Gallia docta tuos.
Vt potui, colui Musas, quòcunque ferebar:
Charus et imprimis Iustinianus erat.
Sœpè sed inuitam turbauit Pallada Mauors,
Sœpè meo studio bella fuêre morœ.
Castra tamen fûgi, nisi quœ Phœbeia castra
Cum Musis Charites continuêre pias.
Bartole magnus eras, neque circumferre licebat,
Nec legum nodos Balde diserte tuos;
Arripui Sophoclem, docui mitescere Musas:
E Grœcis prepigi metra Latina modis.
Talitèr absumens turbatus vtilis horas,
Antigonen docui verba Latina loqui.
Momenti res magna, meis quoque viribus impar,
Ni daret ipsa mihi sedula Pallas opem.

Tandem opus exactum volui lacerare, vel igni
Tradere, quòd Latio Græcia maior erat.
Plurima sed vetuit prudentûm turba virorum:
Me simùl Eulogijs concelebrâre suis.
Indè rudes iterùm cœpi limare camœnas,
Et magis intenta consolidare manu.
Tùm quærendus erat, mihi qui Patronus adesset,
Et mea qui tegeret numine scripta suo;
Qui Phœbo charus, Musis qui charus alumnus
Esset, et Aonij fontis amaret aquas;
Qui claris ortus proauis, pietatis amicus
Esset, et ipsius candida cura Iouis;
Tu quia talis eris, et masculagloria regni,
Supplice Mœcœnas voce vocandus eras.
Ergò tantilli non aspernare clientis,
Quod tua iàm virtus sola proposcit, opus.
Fabula trita, olim murem fecisse, Leoni
Quod satis acceptum, quodque salûbre fuit.
Quàmuis indignus, quàmuis ignotus adesset,
Sumpsit ab infirmo paupere Pyrrhus aquam.
Sic mihi sit facilis cultura potentis amici,
Sim licèt ignotus, nec meruisse queam.
Velle meum pro posse datur, pro munere carmen,
Et cupit Antigone charior esse tibi.
Charior esse tibi sperat, quàm chara Creonti,
Quàm fuerit patrio vel peramata solo.
Iamque reuiuiscens, et Musis ducta Latinis
Hûc venit, et Thœbis ampliùs esse timet.
Mira tibi referet, si vis miracula nosse:
Atque pium faceret, ni pius antè fores.
Illicitam legem tumidis mordebit Iambis;
Fascibus impauido, præferet ore Deos;
Tum quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid vtile, quid non,
Dicet: et imperij quàm sit amarus amor;
Quàm noceat veri monitus contemnere vatis:
Quàm vertat celerem Sors malesana rotam;
Principis et placitum quàm pendula turba sequatur,
Et quanti faciant cœtera membra caput.
Hæc, et plura tuis planè præfiget ocellis
Antigone, studio docta docere meo.
Viue, vale Generose Comes: quot sœcula ceruus
Viuit, tot fœlix sæcula viue: vale.

Vestri honoris obseruantissimus, Thomas Watsonus Londoniensis.

(f) The *Pompæ* are four groups of impersonations such as IUSTITIA, *cum sceptro.* IMPIETAS, *vir cum mucrone*, &c., in short poems too numerous to quote here; and are preceded by this second dedication to Lord Howard of Arundell.

Hæc mea si quicquam placuit translatio, Cômes
Inclyte; materies aut bona si qua subest:
Hæc mea pompa simùl positque legenti,
Quam totam Antigones fabula tristis habet.
Insuper apposui pompis, quæ digna notatu,
Themata; quœque probes vtilitate sua.
Tu dignare igitur vultu lustrare benigno,
Quod dedit ignoti Musa benigna viri.

Vestri honoris studiosissimus Tho. Watsonus.

(g) The four *Themata* "diducted out of the bowelles of *Antigone* in *Sophocles* (which he lately translated into Latine and published in print."—*See p.* 115) are apparently exercises in different kinds of Latin verse. They are severally as follows:—

(1) *Cæcam philautiam multarum calamitatum, causam esse, ex Creontis exemplo discimus*, written in Iambics.

(2) *Quam sit malum publico Magistratus edicto non parère, Antigonæ exemplum docet* written in Anapæstic Dimiters.

(3) *Quæ corrigere non possumus, ea attentare nè velimus docet Ismene, vitæ quietæ formam tradens,* written in Sapphics.

(4) *Amare simul et sapere vix cuiquam dari, interitus Hæmonis docet,* written in Choriambic Asclepiadean verse. The 3rd, 4th; 8th, 9th, and 10th lines of this *Thema* are quoted at *p.* 115.

To this work among others W. CAMDEN contributed the following lines.

M. Thoma Watsoni Antigonen.

ANè Sophoclæo Genio fas laude litare?
Fas est thure Deo, laude litare viro.
Tum Watsone tibi victurâ laude litandum:
Laus tua sitque tibi quod sua thura Ioui.
Namque Sophoclæus Genius tibi mente receptus
Insidet, Ausonium seque subindè stupet.
Antigonem quicunque legit, sic iudicat; illam
Qui lêget, relegit: quique relêgit amat.
Vnus in alterutro Genius sic eminet, vno
Alterutro, Tragicis vnus vterque modis.
Perculit ille suis numeris Orchestra Pelasgûm,
Tu pompis Latiis nostra Theatra quatis.
Verba illi Græco, vernant tibi flore latino,
Venaque dicendi diues vtrique fluit.
Sed tibi quid laudes venâ de paupere promo?
Sic solem fumis irradiare paro.
En victura comus Phæbi tibi laurus obumbret.
Et decus hoc minus est, quàm meruisse decus.

Soon after the appearance of the *Antigone*, Watson must have summoned up courage to 'thrust in foote among our English Poets.' George Peele refers to

These layes of *Loue*, as myrth to melancholie
To follow fast thy sad *Antigone*. *See p.* 36.

1582. (5) The earliest printed *English* verses by Watson with which I am acquainted, are the following prefixed to G. Whetstone's *Heptameron of Ciuill Discourses*, &c. [*Ent. Stat. Hall.* 11 Jan. 1582.]

T. W. Esquier, In the commendation of the Auctbor, and his needefull Booke.

EVen as the fruictfull *Bee*, doth from a thousand Flowers,
Sweet Honie draine, and layes it vp, to make the profit ours
So, Morall *Whetstone*, to his Countrey doth impart,
A Worke of worth, culd from ye wise, with Iudgement, wit and art
No Stage Toy, he sets foorth, or thundring of an Hoast,
But his rare *Muse*, a passage makes, twixt burnyng fier and frost
Suche Vertues as beseeme, the worthy Gentles breast,
In proper colours he doth blaze, by followyng of the best:
The Vertue is but rare, and Vice not yet in vse,
That modestly he not commends, or mildely shewes th' abuse
Such matter in good wordes, these few leaues doo reueale,
Vnforst, or strainde, as yat it seemes, a naturall common weale.
Of *forced Marriage*, he dooth shew the foule euent,
When Parents ioyne, the Childrens hands, before their harts consent
And how these fortunes eke, in wedlock seeldom proue,
Vnequall choice, in birth, in yeeres: and Childrens hasty loue.
Yet he with learned prooffes, this sacred state dooth raise,
(As it deserues) aboue the Skies, in wordes of modest praise.
More, euery Page, heere doth present, the Readers eyes,
With such regardes, as help the weake, and doo confirm ye wise.
Which needelesse were, to blase, in prayses to allure:
The holy Bush, may wel be sparde, where as the Wine is pure.

11. Watson must have contributed these verses, about the time he was finishing a number of English poems, comprising a portion of those forming, with the three Latin ones, *The Passionate Centurie* [*i.e.* Hundred Songs] *of Loue*; of which, as he tells us at *p.* 25, the Earl of Oxford 'willinglie voutsafed the acceptance.' And 'since the world hath vnderstood (I know not how) that your Honor willinglie voutchsafed the acceptance of this worke, and at conuenient leisures fauorablie perused it, being as yet but in written hande, many haue

oftentimes and ernestly called vpon mee to put it to the presse, that for their mony they might but see, what your Lordship with some liking hath alreadie perused.'—*p.* 25.

Watson spontaneously wrote these poems without much definite purpose as to number. That the title of the book was the last thing thought of, is proved by the interposition in the 'Centurie' of three Latin poems; one, No. VI., being part of the Latin version of Petrarch's sonnets above referred to, and another, No. XLV., 'when he compiled' 'he thought not to haue placed among these his English toyes;' also by his composition of an additional poem, No. LXVII., while the work was at the press [? in honour of the Earl of Oxford]; with the consequent thrusting out of the 'Centurie' of another Latin poem *Quid Amor*, possibly in the first instance including in it. In this way the 'Εκατομπαθία was built up.

We take it that Watson in the ceaseless activity of his mind, composed as subjects suggested themselves to him in his multifarious reading. Whether in these youthful days, unrequited affection turned him to amatory poetry: whether there was any foundation in his life for these Love-Songs and Love-Dirges, we do not know.

He tells us, at *p.* 27, he wrote this work more for Poetry than Passion. 'Yet for this once I hope thou wilt in respect of my trauaile in penning these loue passions, or for pitie of my paines in suffering them (although but supposed).' . . . And it is quite true as he states at *p.* 28, 'that although Venus be my verse, yet her slipper is left out.' So that, as these four works fully show, he is one of the purest as he is one of the sweetest of our Poets.

Though there is no date in it, the 'Εκατομπαθία was published in 1582. The registration entry of it runs thus—

"31 Mar 1582. Mr. Cawoode. Licenced to him, &c., Watsons Passions, manifestinge the true frenzy of loue. . . . . vj^{d}."

J. P. Collier. *Ext. from Regs. of Stat. Co. ii.* 162. *Ed.* 1849.

Whoever reads this remarkable work will wonder how it could have fallen into such oblivion. On the poems themselves we shall here say nothing. They reveal themselves. Each of them is headed with an 'annotation.' To these short introductions we would call attention. They are most skilfully written. Who wrote them? Who was the Annotator? May he have been the Earl of Oxford? Was he the friend, whom Watson addresses in No. LXXI., as

Deere *Titus* mine, my auncient frend?

Or was he the author himself, writing in the third person? We cannot say. Whoever he were, he was perfectly informed—certainly by the Poet himself—as to every allusion made, every Author imitated or referred to.

The object of these annotations is stated in them. They were written to bring Watson's erudite verse to the appreciation 'of him that is no great clarke,' *p.* 83. 'That the vulgar may the better vnderstand this Passion, I will briefly touch those, whom the Authour nameth herein,' *p.* 98. 'Wherefore know they which know it not alreadie,' *p.* 128. 'Yet the vnlearned may haue this helpe geuen them by the way to know what *Galaxia* is, or *Pactolus*, which perchaunce they haue not read often in our vulgar Rimes,' *p.* 67.

Though they failed in their attempt to popularize the book: these annotations show us the vast learning of our Author. They also introduce us to foreign poets utterly unknown to cultivated Englishmen of the present day. May we here venture to suggest to the numerous verse-translators of our time, the benefit of varying their ceaseless translation of the same ancient classics with versions of the Latin or vernacular verse of the 16th century. May the testimony of Watson's friend, the Annotator; which is virtually that of Watson himself, be put in evidence respecting these. He refers to 'the works of *Hercules Strozza*, who in his *Somnium* hath written so exquisitely, that the *Dreame* will quite his trauaile, that shall peruse it with due attention,' *p.* 68: describing as 'a noble man of *Italy*, and one of the best Poets in all his age,' *p.* 121. Or *Estienne Forcadel*, to whom he refers under his latinized name of '*Stephanus Forcatulus* (an excellent Ciuilian, and one of the beste Poetes of Fraunce for these many yeares),' *p.* 74. And so on, of all the rest. These annotations may well be made a starting point of enquiry in the Imaginative Poesy of Europe at that time: which being now forgotten, would by recovery become new again.

Harl. MS. 3277. is a copy, in the handwriting of the end of the sixteenth century, of the greater part of the 'Εκατομπαθία under the following title.

A Looking glasse for Louers; Wherein are conteyned two sortes of amorous passions: the one expressing the trewe estate and perturbations of hym, that is overgon with loue: the other, a flatt defyance to loue and all his lawes.

The first half hundred poems are all transcribed: but in the second, there are many omissions.

1582. Christopher Ocklande, Headmaster first of the School founded by Queen Elizabeth at Southwark, afterwards of Cheltenham School, wrote a Latin poem 'Ειρηναρκια *siue* Elizabetha,' of which two editions appeared this year at the end of a work entitled *Anglorum prælia*, &c. This work was ordered on 7 May 1582 by the High Commission 'too bee receyued and publiquely read and taught in all Grammar and Free Scholes.' To this work Watson contributed the following *Decastichon:*

(i) *Ad Oclandum, de Eulogiis serinissimæ nostræ Elizabethæ post Anglorum prælia cantatis.*

Rectè post Martis lituos pacalis Oliua
Suggeritur calamo cane Poëta tuo.
Scilicet, vt feruens Martem laudauerat ætas,
Palladis expetiit ramus habere senem.
Et Martis lituos ornas, virgámque Mineruæ
Grandia siue canis, dulcia siue canis.
Seu pacem, seu bellum refers, in vtraque camœna
Vel Deus exprimitu , vel Dea maior eo.
At mihi si credes, cantus imitabere Cygni,
Funeris vt sit laus Elisabetha tui.—*Thomas Watsonus.*

1585. III. "*Amyntas.* Thomæ Watsoni I.V. studiosi. Excudebat Henricus Marsh, ex assignatione Thomæ Marsh. 1585. 16mo, 27 leaves. Dedicated to 'Henrico Noello.'"—*Lowndes, p.* 2856. [*Since the first Impression of this Reprint, a copy of* Amyntas *has been pointed out to me in the British Museum, Press Mark* 1213 *d.* 5.]

The next two works we have not seen; we can but quote them.

? IV. *Compendium Memoriæ Localis* (Autore Thoma Watsoni Londini ensi J. V. studioso.) Dedicated to 'Henrico Noello vere nobilviro.' A copy of this work was sold in 1831 at Heber's sale. Part vi. 3800: 'but, as it was imperfect at the end the date and printer are unknown.' —J. P. Collier, *Bib. Cat. ii.* 490.

We place it here on account of its Dedicatee being the same.

1586. V. "Coluthus' *Raptæ Helenæ.* Tho. Watsonæ Londinensi. London 1586. 4to. Dedicated to the Duke of Northumberland.' *Lown. p.* 503.

In a MS. volume, *transcribed* by John Lilliat, formerly in Hearne's possession, now among Dr. Rawlinson's collection in the Bodleian *MSS. Rawl. Poet.* 148: are the following lines, which we reprint from *Brit. Bibli. ii.* 543. *Ed.* 1812.

(k) "*A gratification vnto Mr. John Case, for his learned Booke. lately made in the prayes of Musick.*

1. Let others praies what likes them best,
I like his lynes aboue the rest,
Whose pen hath paynted Musicks praies:
By nature's lawe by wisdomes rule,
He soundly blames the scencelesse foole,
And barb'rous Scithian of our dayes.

2. He writes of angels harmony,
Aboue the harpe of *Mercurie*
He writes of sweetly turninge spears:
How birds and beasts, and wormes reioyce,
How dolphins lou'd *Arions* voyce,
He makes a frame for *Midas* ears.

3. Then may the solemne stoicke finde,
That *Momus* and him self ar blynde,
And that rude *Marsia* wanteth skill:
Whiles will and witlesse ears are bent,
Against *Apollo's* sweet consent,
The nursse of good, ye scourge of ill.

4. Let Eris then delight in warrs,
Let Enuy barke against the starrs,
Let Folly sayle which may thee please:
With him I wish my dayes to spende
Whose quill hath stood fayre *Musicks* friend,
Chief friend to peace, chief port of ease. q^d^ Tho. Watson."

1587. ABRAHAM FRAUNCE, a versifier, published this year "*The Lamentations of Amyntas for the death of Phillis*, paraphrastically translated out of Latine into English Hexameters by Abraham Fraunce. London, 1587." Of this work there is a copy in the Bodleian Library. For it, Fraunce wrote the following dishonest dedication, in which he makes no allusion whatever to Watson.

To the Right Honovrable, vertuous and learned Ladie, the Ladie Mary, Countesse of Penbroke.

MIne afflicted mind and crased bodie, together with other externall calamities haue wrought such sorowfull and lamentable effects in me, that for this whole yeare I haue wholy giuen ouer my selfe to mournfull meditations. Among others, Amintas is one, which being first prepared for one or two, was afterwards by the meanes of a few, made common to manie, and so pitifully disfigured by the boisterous handling of vnskilful pen men, that he was like to haue come abroad so vnlike himselfe, as that his own Phillis would neuer haue taken him for Amintas. VVhich vtter vndoing of our poore shepeheard, I knew not well otherwise how to preuent, but by repairing his ragged attire, to let him passe for a time vnder your honourable protection. As for his foes, they either generallie mislike this vnusuall kind of verse, or els they fancie not my peculier trauaile. For the first, I neuer heard better argument of them then this, such an one hath done but ill, therefore no man can doe wel, which reason is much like their own rimes, in condemning the art, for the fault of some artificers. Now for the second sort of reprehenders who think well of the thing, but not of my labour therein, mine answere is at hand. If there were any penaltie appointed for him that would not reade, he might well complaine of me that publish it to be read. But if it be in euerie mans choise to reade it, or not to reade, why then not in mine also to publish or not to publish it? He that will, let him see and reade; he that will neither reade nor see, is neither bound to see nor read. He that taketh no delight in reading, let him thinke that among so manie men so diuersly affected, there may be some found of a contrarie humor. If anie begin to read, when he beginneth to take no delight, let him leaue and goe no further. If he folow on in reading without pleasure, let him neither blame me that did what I could, nor be angrie with the thing which hath no sense, but reprehend himselfe who would continue reading without any pleasure taking. Your honours most affectionat, Abraham Fraunce.

Mr. Collier, *Bib. Cat. i.* 296, has the following. "Ritson (*B. P. p.* 241) gives the date of this work as 1588, adding that it was printed by Charleywood; this was in fact, the second impression; and, although it has never been mentioned, there was a third in 1589, professing to have been 'newly corrected.' It was then 'Printed by Robert Robinson' for Newman and Gubbin."

1589. (1) THOMAS NASH, writing *To the Gentlemen Students of both Vniuersities*, in Green's *Menaphon*, has the following curious passage.

But fortune the Mistres of change with a pitying compassion, respecting Master *Stanihursts* praise, would that *Phaer* shoulde fall that hee might rise, whose heroicall Poetrie infired, I should say inspired, with an hexameter furie, recalled to life, what euer hissed barbarisme, hath bin buried this hundred yeare; and reuiued by his rugged quill, such carterlie varietie, as no hodge plowman in a countrie, but would haue held as the extremitie of clownerie; a patterne whereof, I will propounde to your iudgements, as neere as I can, being parte of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is thus,

Then did he make, heavens vault to rebounde, with rounce robble hobble
Of ruffe raffe roaring, with thwick thwack thurlery bouncing.

Which straunge language of the firmament neuer subiect before to our common phrase, makes vs that are not vsed to terminate heauens moueings, in the accents of any voice, esteeme of their triobulare interpreter, as of some Thrasonically huffe snuffe, for so terrible was his stile, to all milde eares, as

would haue affrighted our peaceable Poets, from intermedling hereafter, with that quarelling kinde of verse; had not sweete Master *France* by his excellent translation of Master *Thomas Watsons* sugred *Amintas*, animated their dulled spirits, to such high witted endeuors. . . .

In trueth, (Master *Watson* except, whom I mentioned before) I knowe not almost any of late dayes that hath shewed himselfe singular in any speciall Latine Poëm, whose *Amintas*, and translated *Antigone* may march in equipage of honour, with any of our ancient Poets.

1589. Robert Greene's '*Ciceronis Amor*, Tullies Love,' was first published this year. Among other verse placed before the text: is *Ad Lectorem Hexasticon*: which runs thus in the earliest edition, 1597, to which I have had access.

(l) In lucem prodit tenebris exuta malignis
Romelei petulans, væsanaque flammula Phœbi:
Rorantem Authori (Lectores) spargite florem,
Intyba, Narcissos, Latacen, pictique roseti
Dulces diuitias: Illum concingite lauru;
Emerito solers industria reddat honorem. *Thomas Watson*, Oxon.

1590. VI. This was a prolific year for Watson. (1) There appeared "¶ The first sett, Of Italian Madrigalls Englished, not to the sense of the originall dittie, but after the affection of the noate. By Thomas Watson Gentleman. There are also heere inserted two excellent madrigalls of Master William Byrds, composed after the Italian vaine at the request of the sayd Thomas Watson. London 1590." [*British Museum.* Press mark, C. 13c.]

This work, Watson thus dedicated to Lord Essex.

Clarisimo, et honoratissimo Heroi, Domino Roberto Deurox Comiti Essexiæ, Georgiani Ordinis Equiti aurato, multisque alijs nominibus illustrissimo. S. P.

(m) INclyte Mauortis, Musarum dulcis alumne,
Accipe iuncta Italis Anglia verba notis:
Atque Marenzæos cantus, quos approbet auris
Attica, quos Charites, quosque DIANA velit.
Si rudius quid inest, id nostri culpa laboris:
Et melior primo fortè secundus erit.
Attamen Hesperiœ Philomenlœ subdere voces
Non est exigui debile Martis opus.
Tu dignare, precor, sincerœ munera mentis,
Siuè sonent placido murmure, siuè graui.
Candida et atra suo percurrit lumine Phœbus:
Candida et atra volens accipe, Phœbus eris.
Phœbus eris, nisi te sacrato culmine Mauors
Auferat, armipotens vt fera bella geras.
Ecquis enim vestrœ nescit conamina Musœ,
Metraque ad Aoniam sœpè canenda lyram?
Sed mitto quoscunque tuœ virtutis honores:
Maior es eulogijs, carminibusque meis.
Aurea concedat fœlicis tempora vitæ
Iupiter, et cœptis nolit abesse tuis.
Honoris tui studiosissimus Thomas Watsonus.

He also wrote the following of the celebrated Italian composer. Lucæ Marenzio Musicæ artis peritissimo Tho. Watsonus.

(n) HEi, quotiès morimur nimia dulcedine rapti,
Pulsat Appollineam dùm tua Musa chelyn?
O, igitur dulcis plectrum depone Marenzi:
Nè sit læsa tuis plurima vita sonis.
Attamèn ô dulcis plectro modulare Marenzi:
Si morimur, vitam dant tua plectra nouam.
O liceat nobis, vitâ sub morte repertâ,
Sæpè tuo cantu viuere, sæpè mori.
Mille neces patior, vitas totidemque; resumo,
Dùm tua multiplici gutture musa placet:
Somnio septeno gyrantes murmure sphæras:
Somnio cantantis Numina blanda sali

Somnio Thrëiceum Cytharœdam saxa mouentem:
Somnio mulcentem carmine monstra Deum:
Somnio Musarum concentus protinùs omnes:
Omnio Marenzi, dùm canis, vnus habes.

VII. (2) He also produced *Melibœus*, here reprinted on the *even* numbered *pp.* from 139–174. The British Museum copy [Press mark 1070. l. 4] has the top of the Latin dedication, see *p.* 142, torn: and we are indebted to the kindness of Rev. T. Corser for its completion, from the copy in his famed collection at Stand Rectory, near Manchester.

VIII. (3) *An Eglogue*, &c., being a translation of the same into English: here reprinted on opposite pages to the *Melibœus*. Watson distinctly refers to Fraunce's unhandsome conduct, when he says at *p.* 147, 'I interpret my self, lest Melibæus in speaking English by an other mans labour, should leese my name in his chaunge, as my *Amyntas* did.' [*Brit. Mus.* Press-mark 161. m. 56.]

1591. Fraunce prints for the fourth time his translation under the title of "*The Countesse of Pembrokes Yuychurch.* Containing the affectionate life, and unfortunate death of Phillis and Amyntas: That in a Pastorall; This in a Funerall: both in English Hexameters. By Abraham Fraunce. London 1591." Its registration runs thus:

"9 Feb. 1591. Wm. Ponsonbye. Entred for his copie, &c. A booke intituled the Countesse of *Pembrokes Iuy Chirche* and *Emanuel*. vjd."

J. P. Collier, *Regs. of Stat. Co.* See *N. & Q.*, *3rd Series*, *i.* 44.

In the dedication, he at length acknowledges the authorship of *Amyntas*.

IF *Amyntas* found fauour in your gracious eyes, let *Phillis* bee accepted for *Amyntas* sake. I haue some what altered *S. Tassoes* Italian, and M. *Watsons* Latine *Amyntas*, to make them both one English. But *Tassoes* is Comicall, therefore this verse vnusual yet it is also Pastoral, and in effect nothing els but a continuation of *æglogues*, therefore no verse fitter than this. . . .

1592. Sep. 8-9. Gabriel Harvey, writing at London; the third of his *Foure Letters and certaine Sonnets*, printed this year: thus enumerates Watson among a number of writers, all evidently then living.

I cordially recommend to the deere Louers of the Muses: and namely to the professed Sonnes of the same, *Edmond Spencer*, *Richard Stanihurst*, *Abraham Fraunce*, *Thomas Watson*, *Samuel Daniell*, *Thomas Nash*, and the rest: whome I affectionately thancke for their studious endeuours, commendably employed in enriching, and polishing their natiue Tongue, neuer so furnished, or embellished, as of late.—*p.* 48.

Mr. Collier, in his *Bibl. Cat. ii.* 490, *Ed.* 1865.

"Thomas and Watson could not be uncommon names; but in the register of St. Bartholomew the Less, in which parish various literary men resided, we meet with the following entry of a burial, the date of which accords with the period when it is likely that our poet expired:—

'26 Sept. 1592. Thomas Watson, gent, was buried.'

It has never been anywhere cited, but we have little doubt that it applies to our poet."

Soon after this is the following entry:

1592. IX. "x° die Novembris [1592]. Mr. Ponsonby. Entered for his copie, A booke intituled *Aminte gaudia*, Authore Thom. Watsono, Londi[n]ensi iuris studioso. . . . . vjd."

J. P. Collier. *Regs. of Stat. Co.* See *N. & Q.*, *3rd S.*, *i.* 322.

The title of this work is as follows: (4) "*Amintæ Gaudia.* Authore Thoma Watsono, Londoninensi, iuris Studioso. Londini, Imprimis, Guilhelmi Ponsonbei. 1592:" and it has the following dedication:

Illustrissimæ Heroinæ omnibus et animi, et corporis dotibus ornatissimæ,
Mariæ Penbrokiæ Comitissæ.

LAurigera stirpe prognata Delia, Sydnæi vatis Apollinei genuuia soror; Alma literarum parens, ad cuius immaculatos amplexus, confugit virtus, barbariei et ignorantiæ impetu violata, vt olim a Threicio Tyranno Philomela; Poetarum nostri temporis, ingeniorumque omnium fœlicissime pullutantium, Musa; Dia proles, quœiam rudi calamo, spiritus infundis elati furoris, quibus ipse misellus, plus mihi videor præstare posse, quam cruda nostra indoles proferre solet: Dignare Posthumo huic Amyntæ, vt tuo adoptiuo

filio patrocinari: Eoque magis quòd moribundus pater, illius tutelam humillimè tibi legauerat. Et licet illustre nomen tuum non solùm apud nos, sed exteras etiam nationes, latius propagatum est, quàm aut vnquàm possit æruginosa Temporis vetustate aboleri, aut mortalium encomijs augeri, (quomodò enim quicquam possit esse infinito plus?) multorum tamèn camœnis, quasi siderum diademate redimita *Ariadne*, noli hunc purum Phœbi sacerdotem, stellam alteram coronæ tuæ largientem, aspernari: sed animi candore, quem sator hominum, atque deorum, Iupiter, prænobili familiæ tuæ quasi hæriditarum alligauit, accipe, et tuere. Sic nos, quorum opes tenuissimæ, littorea sunt Myrtus Veneris, Nymphæque Peneiæ semper virens coma, prima quaque poematis pagina, Te Musarum dominam, in auxilium invocabimus: tua denique virtus, quœ virtutem ipsam; ipsam quoque æternitatem superabit.

Honoris tui studiosissimus, C. M. [? Christopher Marlowe.]

The registration and dedication of *Amintæ Gaudia*, with Harvey's allusion, show how correct Mr. Collier's opinion is.

1593. George Peele, M.A., has the following lines in *Ad Mœcænatum Prologus*, in his work entitled *The Honour of the Garter*.

Why thither post not all good wits from hence,
To *Chaucer*, *Gowre*, and to the fayrest *Phaer*
That ever ventured on great *Virgils* works?
To *Watson*, worthy many Epitaphes
For his sweet *Poesie*, for *Amintas* teares
And ioyes so well set downe.

The word 'Epitaphes' confirms Watson's death anterior to the composition of this Prologue.

1593. A rare Poetical Miscellany. "*The Phoenix Nest*, &c. Set forth by R. S. of the Inner Temple, Gentleman. *Neuer before this time published*;" contains three following poems by *T. W. Gent.*: that is, Thomas Watson, as is proved by the first of them appearing, with variations, in *Englands Helicon*, 1602, with his name in full after it.

Not having seen the Latin text, we can but surmise that the first is a translation of the Eighth day of *Amyntas*: and we presume that as Watson translated *Melibœus*: so he intended to have turned *Amyntas* into English. A reference to Fraunce's hexameters will show that Watson was a true Poet: and Fraunce a scribbling versifier.

(1) Aurora now, began to rise againe,
From watrie couch, and from old Tithons side,
In hope to kisse vpon Acteian plaine,
Yong Cephalus, and through the golden glide,
On Easterne coast, she cast so great a light,
That Phœbus thought it time to make retire,
From Thetis Bowre, wherein he spent the night,
To light the world againe with heauenly fire.

Nor sooner gan his winged steedes to chase
The Stigian night, mantled in duskie vale,
But poore Amyntas, hasteth him apace,
In desarts thus, to weepe a wofull tale.

Now silent shades, and all that dwell therein,
As Birds, or Beasts, or Wormes that creepe on grounde,
Dispose your selues to teares, while I begin,
To rew the griefe, of mine eternall wounde.

And dolefull ghosts, whose nature flies the light,
Come seate your selues with me on eu'ry side,
And whilst I die for want of my delight,
Lament the woes that Fancie me betide.

Phillis is dead, the marke of my desire,
My cause of loue, and shipwracke of my ioyes,
Phillis is gone, that set my hart on fire,
That clad my thoughts with ruinous annoyes.

Phillis is fled, and bides I wot not where,
Phillis (alas) the praise of woman kinde,
Phillis, the Sun of this our hemisphere,
Whose beames made me and many others blinde.

But blinded me (poore man) aboue the rest,
That like olde Oedipus, I liue in thrall,
Still feele the worst, and neuer hope the best,
My mirth is mone, my honie drownd in gall.

Hir faire, but cruell eies, bewitcht my sight,
Hir sweete, but fading speech, enthrald my thought,
And in hir deeds I reaped such delight,
As brought both will, and libertie to nought.

Therefore, all hope of happines adue,
Adue desire the source of all my care,
Dispaire me tels my weale will nere renue,
Till this my soule, doth passe in Charons Crare.

Meane time, my minde must suffer Fortunes skorne,
My thoughts stil wound, like wounds that stil are green
My weakned lyms, be laide on beds of thorne,
My life decaies, although my death foreseene.

Mine eies, now eies no more, but seas of teares,
Weepe on your fill, to coole my burning brest.
Where Loue did place desire, twixt hope, and feares,
(I say) desire, the author of vnrest.

And (would to gods) Phillis where ere thou be,
Thy soule did see, the sowre of mine estate,
My ioyes eclipst, for onely want of thee,
My being with my selfe at foule debate.

My humble vowes, my sufferance of woe
My sobs, and sighes, and euerwatching eies,
My plaintife teares, my wandring to and froe,
My will to die, my neuer ceasing cries.

No doubt but then, thy sorrows would perswade
The doome of death to cut my vitall twist,
That I with thee, amidst the infernall shade,
And thou with me, might sport vs as we list.

O if thou waite on faire Proserpines traine
And hearest Orpheus, neere th' Elisian springs
Entreat thy Queene, to free thee thence againe
And let the Thracian guide thee with his strings. *T. W. Gent.*

(p) Away, dispaire, the death of hopeles harts,
For hope and truth, assure me long agoe,
That pleasure is the end of lingring smarts,
When time, with iust content, rewardeth woe.

Sweet vertues throne is built in labours towre,
Where Lawrell wreath's are twist for them alone,
Whose gals are burst with often tasted sowre,
Whose blis from bale is sprong, whose mirth from mone.

I therefore striue by toyles, to raise my name,
And Iason like, to gaine a golden fleece,
The end of eu'ry worke doth crowne the same,
As witnes well, the happie harmes of Greece;
For if the Greekes, had soone got Pryams seat,
The glory of their paines, had not been great. *T. W. Gent*

(q) I hope and feare, that for my weale or woe
That heau'nly lampe, which yeelds both heat and light,
To make a throne, for gods on earth belowe,
Is cut in twaine, and fixt in my delight,
Which two faire hemispheres, through light and heat,
Planting desire, driue reason from hir seate.

No, no, my too forgetfull toong blaspheames,
I should haue saide, that where these hemispheres,
In harts, though eies, fixe hot and lightsome beames,
There reason works desire, and hopes breed feares,

O onely obiect, for an Eagles eie,
Whose lighte and heat, make men to liue and die.
Twixt these, a daintie paradise doth lie,
As sweete as in the Sunne the Phenix Bowre,
As white as snowe, as smooth as Iuorie,
As faire, as Psyches bosome, in that howre,
When she disclosde the boxe of Beauties Queene,
All this and more, is in Sibilla seene. *T. W. Gent.*

Reprinted in J. P. Collier's *Seven English Poet. Misc.* 1867, *pp.* 122-126.

1593. X. We now come to a work in many respects of superlative interest. By the courteous kindness of S. Christie-Miller, Esq. of Britwell, near Maidenhead, the Reader may now peruse Watson's principal English posthumous work, reprinted at the end of this volume. Its authorship is established by the initials T. W. at the end: and more positively by the following registration.

"11 Aug. [1593]. John Danter. Item entred for his copie, &c. a booke intituled *The teares of fansie, or loue disdained*. By T Watson. . . . . vjd."

J. P. Collier. *Regs. of Stat. Co.* See *N. & Q.*, *3rd S.*, *i.* 402.

This work, which appears to have received but little attention while passing through the press, is here reprinted page for page. The loss of the eight Sonnets is much to be regretted.

1594. Richard Barnfield's allusion to Watson in his *Affectionate Shepheard* of this year, we have already quoted at *p.* 4.

1595. (1) In a work entitled *Polimanteia*, &c., written by W. C., and published at Cambridge [*Gren. Coll: Brit. Museum*, 537] there is at R. 3. a reference in the side notes connecting, in a literary sense, Watson with Shakespeare, (who then just began to appear in print) in a way that may best appear by reproducing the passage line for line.

Let other countries (sweet *Cambridge*) enuie, (yet admire) my *Virgil*, thy petrarch, diuine *Spenser*. And vnlesse I erre, (a thing easie in such simplicitie) deluded by dearlie beloued *Delia*, and fortunatelie fortunate *Cleopatra*; *Oxford* thou maist extoll thy courte-deare-verse happie *Daniell*, whose sweete refined muse, in contracted shape, were sufficient amongst men, to gaine pardon of the sinne to *Rosemond*, pittie to distressed *Cleopatra*, and euerliuing praise to her louing *Delia*:

All praise worthy. Lucrecia Sweet Shakspeare. Eliquent Gaueston. Wanton Adonis. Watsons heyre.

(2) In this year also appeared Spensers *Colin Clouts come home again*, in which occur the following lines: which under correction we take to refer to Watson.

There also is (ah no, he is not now!)
But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gone and lies full low,
Hauing his *Amaryllis* left to mone.
Helpe, O ye shepheards, help ye all in this,
Helpe *Amaryllis* this her losse to mourne:
Her losse is yours, your losse *Amyntas* is,
Amyntas, floure of shepheards pride forlorne,
He whilest he liued was the noblest swaine,
That euer piped in an oaten quill:
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
And eke could pipe himselfe with passing skill.

1596. Thomas Nashe, laggardly replying in his *Haue with you to Saffron-walden* to Gabriel Harvey, has the following allusions to our Poet, evidently then dead, at the end of that work.

"To a bead-roll of learned men and Lords hee appeales, *whether he be an Asse or no*, in the forefront of whom, he puts M. *Thomas VVatson*, the Poet: A man he was that I dearly lou'd and honor'd, and for all things hath left few his equalls in *England*, he it was that in the company of diuers Gentlemen one night at supper at the Nags head in *Cheape*; first told me of his vanitie, and those Hexameters made of him

But o what newes of that good Gabriell Haruey
Knowne to the world for a foole and clapt in the Fleet for a Rimer."

"He [Gabriel Harvey] raild vppon me vnder the name of *Piers Pennilesse*, and for a bribe that I should not reply on him, praisd me, and reckond me (at the latter end) among the famous Schollers of our time, as S. *Philip Sidney*, M. *VVatson*, M. *Spencer*, M. *Daniell*, whom he hartily *thankt*, and promised *to endow with manie complements for so enriching our English Tongue*." V 2.

1598. Francis Meres, in *Palladis Tamia*, refers four times to Watson.

". . . . . So also these Englishmen being Latine Poets, *Gualter Haddon, Nicholas Car, Gabriel Haruey, Christopher Ocland, Thomas Newton* with his *Leyland, Thomas Watson, Thomas Campion, Brunswerd* and *Willey*, haue attained a good report and honorable aduancement in the Latin Empyre."—*f.* 280, a.

"As Italy had *Dante, Boccace, Petrarch, Tasso, Celiano*, and *Ariosto*: so England had *Mathew Roydon, Thomas Atchelow, Thomas Watson, Thomas Kid, Robert Greene* and *George Peele*."—*f.* 282, b.

"These are our best for Tragedie . . . . . *Marlow, Peele, Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker*, and *Beniamin Iohnson*."—*f.* 283, a.

"As *Theocritus* in Greeke, *Virgil* and *Mantuan* in Latine, *Sanazar* in Italian, and the Authour of *Amyntæ Gaudia* and *Walsinghams Melibœus* are the best for pastorall."—*f.* 284, a.

1600. In another Poetical Miscellany, *England's Helicon*, there are five poems by Watson. The *Amyntas* already given above. The poems reprinted at *pp.* 44, 128, 73: and the following new one.

(1) *The Nimphes meeting their May Queene, entertaine her with this Dittie.*

With fragrant flowers we strew the way,
And make this our cheefe holy-day.
For though this clime were blest of yore;
Yet was it neuer proud before.
O beauteous Queene of second Troy:
Accept of our vnfayned ioy.

Now th' Ayre is sweeter than sweet Balme,
And Satires daunce about the Palme,
Now earth with verdure newly dight,
Giues perfect signes of her delight.
O beauteous Queene, &c.

Now birds record new harmonie,
And trees doo whistle melodie,
Now euery thing that Nature breedes,
Dooth clad it selfe in pleasant weedes.
O beauteous Queene, &c. *Tho. Watson.*

See Mr. Collier's Reprint, *p.* 57: in *Seven Eng. Poet. Misc.* 1867.

1602. In another Poetical collection, Davison's *Poetical Rapsodie*: ten poems of the Ἑκατομπαθία are quoted; but nothing fresh.

1608. A book of poetical quotations, known as *Englands Parnassas* has two dozen quotations from Watson, all from the Ἑκατομπαθία.

We have done. Enough has been adduced to show how high Watson stood in the estimation of his contemporaries. Upon the darkness which has since covered him we will not dwell. May it prove but a long eclipse. May he be justified of his works. May he in future be better known: and recognized as our Scholler-Poet of Love, our English Petrarch.

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THE 'Εκατομπαθία OR PASSIONATE CENTURIE OF LOVE.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. [1582]. London. 1 vol. 4to. See title on *p.* 23. A partial comparison of the text of the British Museum copy with Mr. Corser's copy, reprinted by the Spenser Society; shows that the original edition varies in some *minutiæ*, in different copies.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

I. *As a separate publication.*

2. 1869. Manchester. *The Spenser Society.* Issue No. VI. [A Facsimile 1 vol. 4to. Reprint, limited to two hundred copies.]

II. *With other Works.*

3. 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at *p.* 1.

MELIBŒUS SIVÈ ECLOGA INOBITUM, &c.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. 1590. London. 1 vol. 4to. See title at *p.* 140.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

II. *With other Works.*

2. 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at *p.* 1.

AN EGLOGUE VPON THE DEATH, &c.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. 1590. London. 1 vol. 4to. See title at *p.* 141.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

II. *With other Works.*

2. 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at *p.* 1.

THE TEARES OF FANCY OR LOVE DISDAINED.

(a) Issues in the Author's lifetime.

None.

(b) Issues since the Author's death.

I. *As a separate publication.*

1. 1593. Lond. 1 vol. 4to. See title at *p.* 177. The only copy now known is in the collection of S. Christie-Miller, Esq., at Britwell.

II. *With other Works.*

2. 15 Mar. 1870. London. 1 vol. 8vo. *English Reprints*: see title at *p.* 1

∴ It will be seen, that three out of the above four works are now reprinted for the first time. When, at Professor HENRY MORLEY's suggestion, the present Reprint was determined upon, it was not known that the Spenser Society's edition of the first of them was in contemplation. That edition has appeared in the interval, and there is but one regret in connection with it; that the issue of it should be limited to the two hundred members forming that society: beyond which number no copy can be obtained for love or money. When will the day of limited issues come to an end?

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THE ἙΚΑΤΟΜΠΑΘΙΑ OR PASSIONATE *Centurie of* Loue,

Diuided into two parts: whereof, the first expreſſeth the Authours ſufferance in Loue: the latter, his long farewell to Loue and all his tyrannie.

Compoſed by *Thomas Watſon* Gentleman: and publiſhed at the requeſt of certaine Gentlemen his very frendes.

LONDON

¶ Imprinted by Iohn Wolfe for Gabriell Cawood. dwellinge in Paules Churchyard at the Signe of the Holy Ghost.

To the Right Honorable my *very good Lord* Edward de Vere, *Earle* of Oxenford, Vicount Bulbecke, Lord *of Eſcales, aud Badleſmere, and Lord High Chamberlaine of England, all happineſſe.*

ALexander *the Great, paſsing on a time by the workeſhop of* Apelles, *curiouslie furueyed ſome of his doinges: whoſe long ſtay in viewing them, brought all the people into ſo great a good liking of the painters workemanſhip, that immediatelie after, they bought vp all his pictures, what price ſoeuer he ſet them at.*

And the like good happe, (Right Honorable,) *befel vnto mee latelie, concerning theſe my* Loue Paſsions, *which then chaunced to* Apelles, *for his Portraites. For ſince the world hath vnderſtood, (I know not how) that your Honor had willinglie voutchſafed the acceptance of this worke, and at conuenient leiſures fauourablie peruſed it, being as yet but in written hand, many haue oftentimes and earneſtly called vpon mee, to put it to the preſſe,*

that for their mony they might but ſee, what your Lordſhip with ſome liking had alreadie peruſed. And therewithall ſome of them ſaid (either to yeeld your Honour his due prayſe, for foundnes of iudgement; or to pleaſe me, of whome long ſince they had conceiued well) that Alexander *would like of no lines, but ſuch as were drawen by the cunning hand, and with the curious penſill of* Apelles. *VVhich I ſet not downe here to that end, that I would conferre my Poemes with* Apelles *Portraites for worthineſſe; albeit I fitlie compare your Honors perſon with* Alexanders, *for excellencie. But how bold ſoeuer I haue bene, in turning out this my pettie poore flocke vpon the open Common of the wide world, where euerie man may behold their nakedneſſe, I humbly make request, that if any ſtorme fall vnlooked for (by the fault of malicious high foreheads, or the poyſon of euill edged tongues) theſe my little ones maye ſhrowde them ſelues vnder the broad leafed* Platane *of your Honours patronage. And thus at this preſent, I humbly take my leaue; but firſt wiſhing the continuall encreaſe of your Lordſhips honour, with abundance of true Friends, reconciliation of all Foes, and what good ſoeuer tendeth vnto perfect happines.*

Your Lordſhips humbly at commaund

Thomas VVatſon.

To the frendly Reader.

Courteous Reader, if anie thing herein either pleaſe or profitte thee, afforde me thy good worde in recompence of my paines: if ought offend or hurt thee, I deſire that thou forget the one, and forgiue the other. This toye being liked, the next may prooue better; being diſcouraged, wil cut of the likeliehood of my trauaile to come. But by that meanes all will be well, and both parties pleaſed. For neither ſhall I repent my labour in the like, nor thou be anie more troubled with my faultes or follies.

Yet for this once I hope that thou wilt in reſpect of my trauaile in penning theſe louepaſsions, or for pitie of my paines in ſuffering them (although but ſuppoſed) ſo ſuruey the faultes herein eſcaped, as eyther to winke at them, as ouerſightes of a blinde Louer; or to excuſe them, as idle toyes proceedinge from a youngling frenzie; or laſtlie, to defend them, by ſaying, it is nothing *Præter decorum* for a maiemed man to halt in his paſe, where his wound enforceth him, or for a Poete to falter in his Poëme, when his matter requireth it. *Homer* in mentioning the ſwiftnes of the winde, maketh his verſe to runne in poſthaſte all vpon *Dactilus*: and *Virgill* in expreſsing the ſtriking downe of an oxe, letteth the end of his hexameter fall withall, *Procumbit humi bos.*

Therefore if I roughhewed my verſe, where my ſenſe was vnſetled, whether through the nature of the paſsion, which I felt, or by rule of art, which I had learned, it may ſeeme a happie fault; or if it were ſo framed by counſell, thou mayeſt thinke it well donne: if by chaunce, happelie.

Yet write I not this to excuſe my ſelfe of ſuch errours, as are eſcaped eyther by dotage, or ignorance: but thoſe I referre to thy gentle curtiſie and fauourable conſtruction, or lay manie of them vpon the Printers necke, whom I would blame by his owne preſſe, if he would ſuffer me.

As for any Ariſtarchus, Momus, or Zoilus, if they pinch me more then is reaſonable, thou courteous Reader, which arte of a better diſpoſition, ſhalt rebuke them in my behalfe; ſaying to the firſt, that my birdes are al of mine own hatching, and that my onelie ouermuch haſt made *Sol* angrie in theire Birthday; to the ſecond, that although *Venus* be in my verſe, yet her ſlipper is left out; to the laſt and worſt, that I rather take vpon me to write better then *Chœrilus*, than once ſuppoſe to imitate *Homer*.

I am ouer long, as well for the feare I had to be bitten by ſuch as are captious, as for the deſire I haue to pleaſe thee that art frendlie. But ſince I now wel remember me, that nothing is more eaſlie let flowne, nothing ſoner diſperſed, nothing later recalled backe againe, then the bitter blaſt of an euill ſpoaken man, and that he, whome it ſhall hurt, had no recure but by patience; I will ſet it behinde my heele, as a hurt remedileſſe, or els, when it comes, ſalue it vp with patience.

In the meane ſpace (curteous Reader) I once againe craue the fauourable iudgement: and ſo, for breuitie ſake, abruptlie make an end; committing the to God, and my worke to thy fauour.

Thine, as thou art his,
Thomas Watſon.

John Lyly to the Authour his friend.

Y good friend, I haue read your new paſsions, and they haue renewed mine old pleaſures, the which brought to me no leſſe delight, then they haue done to your ſelfe commendations. And certes had not one of mine eies about ſerious affaires beene watchfull, both by being too too buſie had beene wanton: ſuch is the nature of persuading pleaſure, that it melteth the marrowe before it ſcorch the ſkin, and burneth before it warmeth: Not vnlike vnto the oyle of Ieat, which rotteth the bone and neuer ranckleth the fleſh, or the Scarab flies, which enter into the roote and neuer touch the rinde.

And whereas you deſire to haue my opinion, you may imagine that my ſtomake is rather cloyed, then queſie, and therfore mine appetite of leſſe force then mine affection, fearing rather a ſurfet of ſweetenes, then deſiring a ſatiffying. The repeating of Loue, wrought in me a remembrance of liking, but ſerching the very vaines of my hearte, I could finde nothing but a broad ſcarre, where I left a deepe wounde: and looſe ſtringes, where I tyed hard knots: and a table of ſteele, where I framed a plot of wax.

Whereby I noted that young ſwannes are grey, and the olde white, young trees tender, and the old tough, young men amorous, and growing in yeeres, either wiſer or warier. The Corall in the water is a ſoft weede, on the land a hard ſtone: a ſworde frieth in the fire like a blacke ele, but layd in earth like white ſnowe: the heart in loue is altogether paſsionate, but free from deſire, altogether careleſse.

But it is not my intent to inueigh againſt loue, which women account but a bare word, and that men reuerence as the beſt God: onely this I would add without offence to Gentlewomen, that were not men more ſuperſtitious in their praiſes, then women are conſtant in their paſsions: Loue would either ſhortly be worne out of vſe, or men out of loue, or women out of lightnes. I can condemne none but by coniecture, nor commend any but by lying, yet ſuſpicion is as free as thought, and as farre as I ſee as neceſſary, as credulitie.

Touching your Miſtres I muſt needes thinke well, ſeeing you haue written ſo well, but as falſe glaſſes ſhewe the faireſt faces, ſo fine gloſes amend the baddeſt fancies. Apelles painted the Phenix by heareſay not by ſight, and Lyſippus engraued Vulcan with a ſtreight legge, whome nature framed with a poult foote, which proueth men to be of greater affection their iudgement. But in that ſo aptly you haue varied vppon women, I will not vary from you, ſo confeſſe I muſt, and if I ſhould not, yet mought I be compelled, that to Loue were the ſweeteſt thing in the earth: If women were the faithfulleſt, and that women would be more conſtant if men were more wiſe.

And ſeeing you haue vſed mee ſo friendly, as to make me acquainted with your paſsions, I will ſhortly make you pryuie to mine, which I woulde be loth the printer ſhoulde ſee, for that my fancies being neuer ſo crooked he would put them in ſtreight lines, vnfit for my humor, neceſſarie for his art, who ſetteth downe, blinde, in as many letters as ſeeing.

Farewell.

Authoris ad Libellum *ſuum Protrepticon.*

Vade, precor, timidus patrium mittende per orbem,
Nec nugas iacta parue libelle tuas.
Si quis Ariſtarchus mordaci læſerit ore,
Culparum cauſas ingenioſus habe.
Si rogat, vndè venis, dic tu de paupere Vena,
Non ambire tuas laurea ſerta comas.
Sique rogat, verbis quis adauxit metra ſolutis,
Ex animo nomen dic cecidiſſe tibi.
Forſitan intrabis noſtræ ſacraria Diuæ,
Quam colit in medijs multa Diana roſis,
Quæ Cybele cœli noſtri; quæ gloria regni
Vnica: quæque fui ſola Sybilla ſoli;
Quæ vatum lima eſt; quæ doctis doctior ipſa;
Iuno opibus, Pallas moribus, ore Venus;
Quæ ſuperat Reges, quantum querceta myricas;
Quam recinat Famæ buccina nulla ſatis,
Illa tuos ſancto ſi ſpectet lumine rithmos,
O quantum gemino Sole beatus eris?
Tu ſed ſtratus humi, ſupplex amplectere plantas,

Cuius erit vili pondere læsa manus.
Hìc tamen, hìc moneo, né ſperes tanta futura;
Attica non auris murmura vana probat.
Hic quoque ſeu ſubeas Sydnæi, ſiue Dyeri
Scrinia, quà Muſis area bina patet;
Dic te Xeniolum non diuitis eſſe clientis,
Confectum Dryadis arte, rudique manu;
Et tamen exhibitum Vero, qui magna meretur
Virtute et vera nobilitate ſua.
Indè ſerenato vultu te mitis vterque
Perleget, et nœuos condet vterque tuos.
Dum famulus Verum comitaris in aurea tecta,
Officij ſemper ſit tibi cura tui.
Tùm fortaſſe pijs Nymphis dabit ille legendum,
Cùm de Cyprigeno verba iocoſa ferent.
Si qua tui nimiùm Domini miſeretur amantis,
Sic crepita folijs, vt gemuiſſe putet.
Tetrica ſi qua tamen blandos damnauerit ignes,
Dic tu, mentito me tepuiſſe foco;
Tumque refer talos, et fixum calce ſigillum,
Quà Venerem temnis, filiolumque ſuum.
Taliter efficies, vt amet te candida turba,
Forſan et Autoris palma futura tui.
Viue libelle, precor, Domino fœlicior ipſo,
Quem ſine demerito fors inopina premit:
Denique, (ſi viſum fuerit) dic montis in alto
Pierij vacuum tempora dura pati.

A Quatorzain, in the commendation of *Maſter* Thomas Watſon, *and of his Miſtres, for whom* he wrote this Booke of Paſsionat *Sonnetes.*

THe ſtarr's, which did at *Petrarch's* byrthday raigne,
Were fixt againe at thy natiuity,
Deſtening thee the *Thuſcan's* poeſie,
Who ſkald the ſkies in lofty *Quatorzain,*
The *Muſes* gaue to thee thy fatall vaine,
The very fame, that *Petrarch* had, whereby
Madonna Laures fame is growne ſo hy,
And that whereby his glory he did gaine.
Thou haſt a *Laure,* whom well thou doſt commend,
And to her praiſe thy paſsion ſongs do tend;
Yee both ſuch praiſe deſerue, as naught can ſmother;
In briefe with *Petrarch* and his *Laure* in grace
Thou and thy Dame be equall, ſaue percaſe
Thou paſſe the one, and ſhe excell's the other.

G. Bucke.

To the Authour.

THy booke beginning ſweete and ending ſowre,
Deere friend, bewrayes thy falſe ſucceſſe in loue,
Where ſmiling firſt, thy Miſtres falles to lowre,
When thou did'ſt hope her curteſie to proue;
And finding thy expected lucke to fayle,
Thou falſt from praiſe, and doſt begin to rayle.
To vſe great tearmes in praiſe of thy deuiſe,
I thinke were vaine: therefore I leaue them out;
Content thee, that the Cenſure of the wiſe
Hath put that needeles queſtion out of doubt:
Yet howe I weigh the worke that thou haſt wrought,
My iudgement I referre vnto thy thought.

T. Acheley

An Ode, written to the Muſes Concerning this Authour.

YOu ſacred *Nymphes*, *Apolloes* ſiſters faire,
Daughters of *Ioue*, parentes of rare deuiſe,
Why take you no delight in change of ayre?
Is *Helicon* your onely paradiſe?
Hath *Britan* ſoyle no hill, no heath, no weli,
No wood, no wit, wherein you liſt to dwell?
Ladies voutſafe with pacience once to viewe
Our liuely ſprings, high hills, and pleaſaunte ſhades,
And as you like the ſeat and countries hewe,
Pitche downe your tentes, and vſe your ſporting trades:
Hard hap it is, if nothing here you finde
That you can deeme delightfull to your minde.
Loe *Watſon* preſt to enterteine your powre
In pleaſante ſprings of flowing wit, and ſkill:
If you eſteeme the pleaſures of his bower,
Let *Britan* beare your ſpring, your groue and hill,
That it hence foorth may of your fauour boaſt,
And him, whome firſt you heere voutſafe for hoaſt.

C. Downhalus.

Eiuſdem aliud de Authore.

GRæcia permultos peperit fœcunda poetas.
Quorum lapſa diu fœcula, fama manet.
Auſonia Argolicæ tellus poſt æmula laudis
Tranſtulit in Latios doctum Helicona ſinus.
Acceptam Latium tenuit fouitque poeſin,
Jnque dies Laurus auget, Apollo, tuas.
Gallica Parnaſo cœpit diteſcere lingua,
Ronſardique operis Luxuriare nouis.

Sola quia interea nullum paris Anglia vatem?
Verſifices multi, nemo poëta tibi eſt.
Scilicet ingenium maius fuit hactenùs arte:
Forsan et hic merces defit vtrique ſua.
Ingenio tandem præſtans Watſonus, et arte,
Pieridas docuit verba Britanna loqui.
Et faciles alijs aditus patefecit ad artem.
Quam multi cupiunt fingere, nemo refert.
Iſte tuus labor eſt, lúcrum eſt Watſone, tuorum;
Et tua, ne deſint præmia, Laurus erit.

IT's ſeldome ſeene that *Merite* hath his due,
Or els *Dezerte* to find his iuſt deſire:
For nowe *Reproofe* with his defacing crewe
Treades vnderfoote that rightly ſhould aſpyre:
Milde *Induſtrie* diſcourag'd hides his face,
And ſhuns the light, in feare to meete *Diſgrace.*
Seld ſeene ſaid I (yet alwaies ſeene with ſome)
That *Merite* gains good will, a golden hyre,
With whome *Reproofe* is caſt aſide for ſcumme;
„ That growes apace that vertue helps t' aſpire;
And *Induſtrie* well chearish't to his face
In ſunſhine walkes, in ſpight of ſowre *Diſgrace.*
This fauour hath put life into the pen,
That heere preſentes his firſt fruite in this kinde:
He hopes acceptance, friendly graunte it then;
Perchaunce ſome better worke doth ſtay behinde.
My cenſure is, which reading you ſhall ſee,
A *Pythy, ſweete*, and cunning poeſye.

M. Roydon.

To the Authour.

IF grauer headdes ſhall count it ouerlight,
To treate of *Loue*: ſay thou to them: *A ſtaine*
Is incident vnto the fineſt die.
And yet no ſtaine at all it is for thee,
Theſe layes of *Loue*, as myrth to melancholy,
To followe faſt thy ſad *Antigone*,
Which may beare out a broader worke then this,
Compyl'd with iudgement, order, and with arte.
And ſhrowde thee vnder ſhadowe of his winges,
Whoſe gentle heart, and head with learning fraight
Shall yeld thee gracious fauour and defence.

G. Peele.

A Quatorzain of the Authour vnto this his booke of Louepaſsions.

MY little booke goe hye thee hence away, [parte
Whoſe price (God know's) will countervaile no
Of paines I tooke, to make thee what thou arte:
And yet I ioy thy byrth. But hence I ſay,
Thy brothers are halfe hurt by thy delaye;
For thou thy ſelfe arte like the deadly dart,
Which bred thy byrth from out my wounded hart.
But ſtill obſerue this rule where ere thou ſtaye,
In all thou mai'ſt tender thy fathers fame,
„ *Bad is the Bird, that fileth his owne neſt.*
If thou be much miſlik't, They are to blame,
Say thou, that deedes well donne to euill wreſt:
Or els confeſſe, *A Toye* to be thy name;
„ This trifling world *A Toye* beſeemeth beſt.

The Author in this Paſsion taketh but occaſion to open his eſtate in loue; the miſerable accidentes whereof are ſufficiently deſcribed hereafter in the copious varietie of his deuiſes: and whereas in this Sonnet he ſeemeth one while to deſpaire, and yet by and by after to haue ſome hope of good ſucceſſe, the contrarietie ought not to offend, if the nature and true qualitie of a loue paſsion bee well conſidered. And where he mentioneth that once hee ſcorned loue, hee alludeth to a peece of worke, whiche he wrote long ſince, *De Remedio Amoris*, which he hath lately perfected, to the good likinge of many that haue ſeene and peruſed it, though not fully to his owne fancy, which cauſeth him as yet to kepe it backe from the printe.

WEll fare the life ſometimes I ledde ere this,
When yet no downy heare yclad my face:
My heart deuoyde of cares did bath in bliſſe,
My thoughts were free in euery time and place:
But now (alas) all's fowle, which then was faire,
My wonted ioyes are turning to deſpaire.
Where then I liu'd without controule or checke,
An other now is miſtris of my minde,
Cupid hath clapt a yoake vpon my necke,
Vnder whoſe waighte I liue in ſeruile kinde:
I now cry creake, that ere I ſcorned loue,
Whoſe might is more then other Gods aboue.
I haue aſſaide by labour to eſchewe
What fancy buildes vpon a loue conceite,
But nearthelesſe my thought reuiues anew,
Where in fond loue is wrapt, and workes deceite:
Some comfort yet I haue to liue her thrall,
In whome as yet I find no fault at all.

In this paſsion the Author deſcribeth in how pitious a caſe the hart of a louer is, being (as he fayneth heere) ſeperated from his owne body, and remoued into a darkſome and ſolitarie wildernes of woes. The conueyance of his inuention is plaine and pleaſant enough of it ſelfe, and therefore needeth the leſſe annotation before it.

MY harte is ſett him downe twixt hope and feares
Vpon the ſtonie banke of high deſire,
To view his own made flud of blubbering teares
Whoſe waues are bitter ſalt, and hote as fire:
There blowes no blaſt of wind but ghoſtly grones
Nor waues make other noyſe then pitious moanes
As life were ſpent he waiteth *Charons* boate,
And thinkes he dwells on ſide of *Stigian* lake:
But blacke deſpaire ſome times with open throate,
Or ſpightfull Ieloufie doth cauſe him quake,
With howlinge ſhrikes on him they call and crie
That he as yet ſhall nether liue nor die:
Thus voyde of helpe he ſittes in heauie caſe,
And wanteth voyce to make his iuſt complaint.
No flowr but *Hiacynth* in all the place,
No ſunne comes there, nor any heau'nly ſainte,
But onely ſhee, which in him ſelfe remaines,
And ioyes her eaſe though he abound in paines.

This paſsion is all framed in manner of a dialogue, wherein the Author talketh with his owne heart, beeing nowe through the commandement and force of loue ſeparated from his bodie miraculouſlie, and againſt nature, to follow his miſtres, in hope, by long attendance vpon her, to purchaſe in the end her loue and fauour, and by that meanes to make him ſelfe all one with her owne heart.

SPeake gentle heart, where is thy dwelling place?
With her, whoſe birth the heauens themſelues haue bleſt.
What doſt thou there? Somtimes behold her face,
And lodge ſometimes within her criſtall breſt:
She cold, thou hot, how can you then agree?
Not nature now, but loue doth gouerne me.
With her wilt thou remaine, and let mee die?
If I returne, wee both ſhall die for griefe:
If ſtill thou ſtaye, what good ſhall growe thereby?
Ile moue her heart to purchaſe thy reliefe:
What if her heart be hard, and ſtop his eares?
Ile ſigh aloud, and make him ſoft with teares:
If that preuaile, wilte thou returne from thence?
Not I alone, her heart ſhall come with mee:
Then will you both liue vnder my defence?
So long as life will let vs both agree:
Why then diſpaire, goe packe thee hence away,
I liue in hope to haue a golden daie.

The chiefe grounde and matter of this Sonnet ſtandeth vppon the rehearſall of ſuch thinges as by reporte of the Poets, are dedicated vnto *Venus*, whereof the Authour ſometime wrote theſe three Latine verſes.

Mons Erycinus, Acidalius fons, alba columba,
Heſperus, ora Pathos, Roſa, Myrtus, et inſula Cyprus,
Idaliumque nemus ; Veneri hæc ſunt omnia ſacra.

And *Forcatulus* the French Poet wrote vppon the ſame particulars, but more at large, he beginneth thus,

Eſt arbor Veneri Myrtus gratiſsima, flores
Tam Roſa, quam volucres alba columba præit.
Igniferum cœli præ cunctis diligit aſtris
Heſperon, Idalium ſæpè adit vna nemus. etc.

SWeete *Venus* if as nowe thou ſtand my friende,
As once thou didſt vnto Kinge [1]*Priams* ſonne,
My ioyfull muſe ſhall neuer make an end
Of praiſing thee, and all that thou haſt done:
Nor this my penne ſhall euer ceaſe to write
Of ought, wherin ſweete *Venus* takes delite.

My temples hedged in with *Myrtle* bowes
Shall ſet aſide *Apolloes Lawrell* tree,
As did [2]*Anchiſes* ſonne, when both his browes
With *Myrtle* hee beſet, to honour thee:
Then will I ſay, the *Roſe* of flowres is beſt.
And ſiluer *Dooues* for birdes excell the reſt.

Ile praiſe no ſtarre but *Heſperus* alone,
Nor any hill but *Erycinus* mounte,
Nor any woodde but *Idaly* alone,
Nor any ſpring but *Acidalian* founte,
Nor any land but onely *Cyprus* ſhoare,
Nor Gods but Loue, and what would *Venus* more?

1 Paris. 2 Materna redimitus tempora Mirto. Virg.

All this Paſsion (two verſes only excepted) is wholly tranſlated out of *Petrarch*, where he writeth,

S' amor non è, che dunque è quel ch'i ſento? Part prima
Ma s'egli è amor, per Dio che coſa, e quale? Sonnet 103.
Se buona, ond'è l'effetto aſpro e mortale?
Se ria, ond'è ſi dolce ogni tormento?

Heerein certaine contrarieties, whiche are incident to him that loueth extreemelye, are liuely expreſſed by a Metaphore. And it may be noted, that the Author in his firſt halfe verſe of this tranſlation varieth from that ſenſe, which *Chawcer* vſeth in tranſlating the ſelfe ſame: which he doth vpon no other warrant then his owne ſimple priuate opinion, which yet he will not greatly ſtand vpon.

IF't bee not loue I feele, what is it then?
If loue it bee, what kind a thing is loue?
If good, how chance he hurtes ſo many men?
If badd, how happ's that none his hurtes diſproue?
If willingly I burne, how chance I waile?
If gainſt my will, what ſorrow will auaile?
O liueſome death, O ſweete and pleaſant ill,
Againſt my minde how can thy might preuaile?
If I bend backe, and but refraine my will,
If I conſent, I doe not well to waile;
And touching him, whome will hath made a ſlaue,
The Prouerbe ſaith of olde, *Selfe doe, ſelfe haue.* [1]
Thus beeing toſt with windes of ſundry ſorte
Through daung'rous Seas but in a ſlender Boat,
With errour ſtuft, and driu'n beſide the porte,
Where voide of wiſdomes fraight it lies afloate,
I waue in doubt what helpe I ſhall require,
In Sommer freeze, in winter burne like fire.

1 Adduntur Tuſcano hij duo verſus.

This paſsion is a tranſlation into latine of the ſelfe ſame ſonnet of *Petrarch* which you red laſtly alleaged, and commeth ſomwhat neerer vnto the Italian phraſe then the Engliſh doth. The Author when he tranſlated it, was not then minded euer to haue imboldned him ſelfe ſo farre, as to thruſt in foote amongſt our engliſh Poets. But beinge buſied in tranſlating *Petrarch* his ſonnets into latin new clothed this amongſt many others, which one day may perchance come to light: And becauſe it befitteth this place, he is content you ſuruey it here as a probable ſigne of his dayly ſufferance in loue.

HOc ſi non ſit amor, quod perſentiſco, quid ergo eſt?
Si ſit amor, tum quid ſit amor qualiſque rogandum:
Si bonus eſt, vndè effectus producit acerbos?
Sin malus, vnde eius tormentum dulce putatur?
Sique volens vror, quæ tanti cauſa doloris?
Sin inuitus amo, quid me lamenta iuuabunt?
O læthum viuax, ô delectabile damnum,
Quî ſic me ſuperes, tibi ſi concedere nolim?
Et me ſi patior vinci, cur lugeo victus?
Aduerſis rapior ventis, nulloque magiſtro,
Per maris effuſi fluctus, in puppe caduca,
Quæ vacua ingenio, tantoque errore grauata eſt,
Ipſus vt ignorem de me quid dicere poſſim:
Frigeo, dum media eſt æſtas; dum bruma, caleſco.

This paſsion of loue is liuely expreſſed by the Authour, in that he lauiſhlie praiſeth the perſon and beautifull ornamentes of his loue, one after an other as they lie in order. He partly imitateth herein *Aeneas Siluius*, who ſetteth downe the like in deſcribing *Lucretia* the loue of *Euryalus*; and partly he followeth *Arioſto cant.* 7. where he deſcribeth *Alcina*: and partly borroweth from ſome others where they deſcribe the famous *Helen* of *Greece*: you may therefore, if you pleaſe aptlie call this ſonnet as a Scholler of good iudgement hath already Chriſtened it ἄινη παρασιτικη.

HArke you that liſt to heare what ſainte I ſerue:
Her yellowe lockes exceede the beaten goulde;
Her ſparkeling eies in heau'n a place deſerue;
Her forehead high and faire of comely moulde;
Her wordes are muſicke all of ſiluer ſounde;
Her wit ſo ſharpe as like can ſcarſe be found:
Each eybrowe hanges like *Iris* in the ſkies;
[1] Her *Eagles* noſe is ſtraight of ſtately frame;
On either cheeke a *Roſe* and *Lillie* lies;
Her breath is ſweete perfume, or hollie flame;
Her lips more red than any *Corall* ſtone;
Her necke more white, then aged [2] *Swans* yat mone;
Her breſt tranſparent is, like *Chriſtall* rocke;
Her fingers long, fit for *Apolloes* Lute;
Her ſlipper ſuch as [3] *Momus* dare not mocke;
Her vertues all ſo great as make me mute:
What other partes ſhe hath I neede not ſay,
Whoſe face alone is cauſe of my decaye.

[1] Nasus Aquilinus ex Persarum opinione maiestatem personæ arguit.
[2] Quale suo recinit funere carmen Olor. Strozza. et vide Plin. de cantu Olorino lib. 10. nat. hist. cap. 23.
[3] Vide Chiliad 1. cent. 5 adag. 74. vbi Erasm. ex Philostrati ad vxorem epistola mutuatur.

Actæon for eſpying *Diana* as ſhee bathed her naked, was transformed into a Hart, and ſone after torne in pieces by his owne houndes, as *Ouid* deſcribeth at large *lib.* 3. *Metamorph.* And *Silius Italicus libr.* 12. *de bello Punico* glaunceth at it in this manner.

Fama eſt, cum laceris Actæon flebile membris
Supplicium lueret ſpectatæ in fonte Dianæ,
Attonitum nouitate mala fugiſſe parentem
Per freta Ariſtæum. etc.

The Author alluding in al this Paſsion vnto the fault of *Actæon*, and to the hurte, which hee ſuſteined, ſetteth downe his owne amorous infelicitie; as *Ouid* did after his baniſhmente, when in an other ſenſe hee applied this fiction vnto himſelfe, being exiled (as it ſhould ſeeme) for hauing at vnawares taken *Cæſar* in ſome great fault: for thus hee writeth.

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia lumina feci? etc.
Inſcius Actæon vidit ſine veſte Dianam,
Præda fuit canibus nec minus ille ſuis.

ACtæon loſt in middle of his ſport
Both ſhape and life, for looking but a wry,
Diana was afraid he would report
What ſecretes he had ſeene in paſſing by:
To tell but trueth, the ſelfe ſame hurt haue I
By viewing her, for whome I dayly die;
I leeſe my woonted ſhape, in that my minde
Doth ſuffer wracke vpon the ſtonie rocke
Of her diſdaine, who contrary to kinde
Doth beare a breſt more harde then any ſtocke;
And former forme of limmes is changed quite
By cares in loue, and want of due delight.
I leeſe my life in that each ſecret thought,
Which I conceiue through wanton fond regard,
Doth make me ſay, that life auaileth nought
Where ſeruice cannot haue a due reward:
I dare not name the Nimph that works my ſmart,
Though loue hath grau'n her name within my hart.

Clytia (as *Perottus* witneſſeth) was a glorious Nimph, and thereof had her name: for κλέος in greeke ſignifieth glorie: and therfore ſhe aſpired to be the loue of *Sol* him ſelfe, who præferring *Leucothoe* before her, ſhe was in ſhort ſpace ouergonne with ſuche extremitie of care, that by compaſſion of the Gods ſhee was tranſformed into a *Marigolde*; which is ſignificantlie called *Heliotropium*, becauſe euen nowe after change of forme ſhee ſtill obſerueth the riſing and going downe of hir beloued the ſunne, as *Ouid* mentioneth,

Illa ſuum, quamuis radice tenetur,
Vertitur ad Solem, mutataque ſeruat amorem. Metam. lib. 4.

And by this it maie eaſilie bee gheſſed, whie in this paſſion the Authour compareth him ſelfe with the *Marigold*, and his loue vnto the *Sunne*.

THe *Marigold* ſo likes the louely Sunne,
That when he ſettes the other hides her face,
And when he ginnes his morning courſe to runne,
She ſpreades abroad, and ſhowes her greateſt grace;
So ſhuts or ſprouts my ioy, as doth this flow're,
When my *Sheeſunne* doth either laugh or lowre.
When ſhee departes my ſight, I die for paine,
In cloſing vp my hearte with cloudie care;
And yet when once I viewe her face againe,
I ſtreight reuiue, and ioye my wonted fare:
Therewith my heart ofte ſaies, when all is done,
That heau'n and earth haue not a brighter ſunne.
A iealous thought yet puttes my minde in feare,
Leſt *Ioue* him ſelfe deſcending from his throne
Shoulde take by ſtealth and place her in his ſpheare,
Or in ſome higher globe to rule alone: [their praye
Which if he ſhould, the heau'ns might boaſt
But I (alas) might curſe yat diſmall day.

The Authour hath made two or three other paſſions vpon this matter that is heere conteined, alluding to the loſſe of his ſight and life ſince the time he firſt beheald her face, whoſe loue hath thus bewitched him. But heere hee mentioneth, the blindneſſe of *Tyreſias* to proceed of an other cauſe, then he doth in thoſe his other Sonnettes, And heerein he leaneth not to the opinion of the greater ſorte of Poets, but vnto ſome fewe, after whom *Polytian* hath written alſo, as followeth;

Baculum dat deinde petentem
Tyreſiæ magni, qui quondam Pallada nudam
Vidit, et hoc raptam penſauit munere lucem.
Suetus in offenſos baculo duce tendere greſſus
Nec deeſt ipſe ſibi, quin ſacro inſtincta furore
Ora mouet, tantique parat ſolatia damni.

MYne [1] eyes dye firſt, which laſt enioyed life,
Not hurt by bleared eies, but hurt with light
Of ſuch a blazing ſtarre as kindeleth ſtrife
Within my breſt as well by day as night:
And yet no poyſned *Cockatrice* lurk't there,
Her vertuous beames diſſuade ſuch fooliſh feare.
Beſides, I liue as yet; though blinded nowe
Like him, that ſawe *Mineruaes* naked ſide,
And loſt his ſight (poore ſoule) not knowing howe;
Or like to him, whome euill chance betide,
In ſtraying farre to light vpon that place,
Where midſt a fount he founde *Dianaes* grace.
But he alone, who *Polyphemus* hight,
Trewe patterne was of me and all my woe,
Of all the reſt that euer loſt their ſight:
For being blinde, yet loue poſſeſt him ſo,
That he each how'r on eu'ry dale and hill
Sung ſonges of loue to [2] *Galatæa* ſtill.

[1] Quod naturale esse, ait Plinius lib. ii. natur. hist c. 36.

[2] *Galatæa* was a water Nymph and daughter to old *Nereus*.

In this ſonnet is couertly ſet forth, how pleaſaunt a paſſion the Author one day enioyed, when by chance he ouerharde his miſtris, whilſt ſhe was ſinging priuately by her ſelfe: And ſone after into howe ſorrowfull a dumpe, or ſounden extaſie he fell, when vpon the firſt ſight of him ſhe abruptlie finiſhed her ſong and melodie.

O Goulden bird and *Phenix* of our age,
Whoſe ſweete records and more then earthly voice
By wondrous force did then my griefe aſſwage
When nothing els could make my heart reioyce,
Thy teunes (no doubt) had made a later end,
If thou hadſt knowen how much they ſtood my frend.
When ſilence dround the latter warbling noate,
A ſudden griefe eclypſt my former ioye,
My life it ſelfe in calling *Carons* boate
Did ſigh, and ſay, that pleaſure brought anoy;
And blam'd mine eare for liſtning to the ſound
Of ſuch a ſonge, as had increaſt my wound.
My heauie heart remembring what was paſt
Did ſorrowe more than any tounge can tell;
As did the damned ſoules that ſtoode agaſt,
When *Orpheus* with his wife return'd from hell:
Yet who would think, that Muſike which is ſwete,
In curing paines could cauſe delites to fleete?

The ſubiect of this paſſion is all one with that, which is next before it: but that the Authour ſomwhat more highly here extolleth his ladies excellencie, both for the ſingularitie of her voyce. and her wonderfull arte in vſe and moderation of the ſame. But moreouer, in this ſonnet, the Authour relateth how afte the hearing of his miſtris ſing, his affection towardes her by tha meanes was more vehemently kindled, then it had bin at any time before.

IMeruaile I, why poets heretofore
Extold [1] *Arions* harp or *Mercuries*,
Although the one did bring a fiſhe to ſhore,
And th' other as a [2] ſigne adorn'd the ſkies.
Yf they with me had heard an Angells voice,
They would vnſay them ſelues, and praiſe my choiſe
Not *Philomela* now deſerues the price,
Though ſweetely ſhe recount her cauſe of mone:
Nor *Phœbus* arte in muſicall deuiſe,
Although his lute and voyce accord in one;
Muſicke her ſelf, and all the *Muſes* nine,
For ſkil or voyce their titles may reſigne.
O bitter ſweete, or hunny mixt with gall,
My hart is hurt with ouermuch delight,
Mine eares wel pleaſ'd with tunes, yet deafe with all:
Through muſicks helpe loue hath increaſt his might;
I ſtoppe mine eares as wiſe *Vliſſes* bad,
But all to late, now loue hath made me mad.

[1] Sic methymnæo gauisus Arione Delphin, Martial. lib. 8.

[2] Consurgente freto cedit Lyra Cyllenæa Ruff. Fest.

The Authour deſcanteth on forwarde vpon the late effect, which the ſong of his Miſtres hath wrought in him, by augmenting the heate of his former loue. And in this paſſion after he hath ſet downe ſome miraculous good effectes of Muſicke, hee falleth into queſtion with him ſelfe, what ſhould be the cauſe, why the ſweete melodie of his Miſtres ſhoulde ſo much hurte him, contrarie to the kinde and nature of muſicall harmonie.

Eſclepiad did cure with trumpets ſounde
Such men as firſt had loſt their hearing quite:
And many ſuch as in their drinke lay drownd
Damon reuiu'd with tunes of graue delight:
And *Theophraſt* when ought his minde oppreſt,
Vſ'd muſickes helpe to bring him ſelfe to reſt:
With ſounde of harpe *Thales* did make recure
Of ſuch as lay with peſtilence forlorne:
With Organ pipes *Xenocrates* made pure
Theire wits, whoſe mindes long *Lunacy* had worne:
Howe comes it then, that muſick in my minde
Enforceth cauſe of hurt againſt her kinde?
For ſince I heard a ſecret heau'nly ſong,
Loue hath ſo wrought by vertue of conceite,
That I ſhall pine vpon ſuppoſed wrong
Vnleſſe ſhee yeelde, that did mee ſuch deceit:
O eares now deafe, O wits al drownd in cares,
O heart ſurpryſ'd with plagues at vnawares.

The Authour ſtill purſuing his inuention vpon the ſong of his Miſtres, in the laſt ſtaffe of this ſonnet he falleth into this fiction: that whileſt he greedelie laied open his eares to the hearing of his Ladies voice, as one more then halfe in a doubt, that *Apollo* him ſelfe had beene at hand, Loue eſpiyng a time of aduantage, tranſformed him ſelfe into the ſubſtance of aier, and ſo deceitfullie entered into him with his owne great good-will and deſire, and nowe by mayne force ſtill holdeth his poſſeſſion.

SOme that reporte great *Alexanders* life,
They ſay, that harmonie ſo mou'd his mind,
That oft he roaſe from meat to warlike ſtrife
At ſounde of Trumpe, or noyſe of battle kind,
And then, that muſickes force of ſofter vaine
Cauſ'd him returne from ſtrokes to meat againe.
And as for me, I thinke it nothing ſtrange,
That muſick hauing birth from heau'ns aboue,
By diuers tunes can make the minde to change:
For I my ſelfe in hearing my ſweete Loue,
By vertue of her ſong both taſted griefe,
And ſuch delight, as yeelded ſome reliefe.
When firſt I gan to giue attentiue eare,
Thinking *Apolloes* voice did haunte the place,
I little thought my Lady had beene there:
But whileſt mine eares lay open in this caſe,
Transform'd to ayre Loue entred with my will,
And nowe perforce doth keepe poſſeſſion ſtill.

Still hee followeth on with further deuiſe vppon the late Melodie of his Miſtres: and in this ſonnet doth namelie preferre her before *Muſicke* her ſelfe, and all the three *Graces*; affirming, if either he, or els *Apollo* bee ordeined a iudge to giue ſentence of their deſertes on either ſide, that then his Ladie can not faile to beare both pricke and prize awaie.

NOwe *Muſicke* hide thy face or bluſh for ſhame,
Since thou haſt heard hir ſkill and warbling voice,
Who far beefore thy ſelfe deſeru's thy name,
And for a *Science* ſhould bee had in choiſe:
Or if thou ſtill thy title wilt retaine,
Equall hir ſong with helpe of all thy traine.
But as I deeme, it better were to yeelde
Thy place to her, to whom the price belonges,
Then after ſtrife to leeſe both fame and field.
For though rude *Satyres* like of *Marſias* ſonges,
And *Choridon* eſteeme his oaten quill:
Compare them with hir voice, and both are ill.
Nay, which is more, bring forth the Graces three,
And each of them let ſing hir ſong apart,
And who doth beſt twill ſoone appeare by mee,
When ſhee ſhall make replie which rules my heart:
Or if you needes will make *Apollo* iudge,
So ſure I am to winne I neede not grudge.

In this paſſion the Authour vpon the late ſweete ſong of his Miſtres, maketh her his birde; and therwithall partlie deſcribeth her worthines, and partlie his owne eſtate. The one parte he ſheweth, by the coulour of her feathers, by her ſtatelie minde, and by that ſouereintie which ſhe hath ouer him: the other, by deſcription of his delight in her companie, and her ſtrangenes, and drawing backe from a dewe acceptance of his ſeruice.

MY gentle birde, which ſung ſo ſweete of late,
Is not like thoſe, that flie about by kind,
Her feathers are of golde, ſhee wantes a mate,
And knowing wel her worth, is proud of mind:
And wheras ſom do keepe their birds in cage,
My bird keepes mee, and rules me as hir page.
She feedes mine eare with tunes of rare delight,
Mine eye with louing lookes, my heart with ioy,
Wherhence I thinke my ſeruitude but light,
Although in deede I ſuffer great annoye:
And (ſure) it is but reaſon, I ſuppoſe,
He feele the pricke, that ſeekes to pluck the *Roſe*.
And who ſo mad, as woulde not with his will
Leeſe libertie and life to heare her ſing,
Whoſe voice excels thoſe harmonies that fill
Eliſian fieldes, where growes eternall ſpring?
If mightie *Ioue* ſhould heare what I haue hard,
She (ſure) were his, and all my market marde.

The Author not yet hauing forgotten the ſonge of his miſtres, maketh her in this paſſion a seconde *Phoenix*, though not of *Arabia*, and yet no leſſe acceptable to *Apollo*, then is that bird of *Arabia*. And the cheife cauſes why *Sol* ſhoulde fauour hir, he accounteth to be theſe two, hir excellent beawtie, and hir skill in muſike, of which two qualities *Sol* is well knowen to be an eſpeciall cheiſe patrone, and ſometimes the only author or giuer of the ſame.

IF Poets haue done well in times long paſt,
To gloſe on trifling toyes of little price:
Why ſhould not I preſume to faine as faſt,
Eſpying forth a ground of good deuiſe?
A Sacred *Nimph* is ground whereon ile write,
The faireſt *Nimph* that euer yet ſaw light.
And ſince her ſong hath fild mine eares with ioye,
Hir vertues pleaſ'd my minde, hir face mine eye,
I dare affirme what ſome will thinke a toy,
She *Phœnix* is, though not of *Arabie*;
And yet the plumes about hir neck are bright,
And *Sol* him ſelfe in her hath chiefe delight.[1]
You that will know why *Sol* afoordes her loue,
Seeke but the cawſe why *Peakocks* draw the place,
Where *Iuno* ſitts; why *Venus* likes the *Doue*;
Or why the *Owle* befitts *Mineruaes* grace;
Then yf you grudge, that ſhe to *Sol* belonge,
Marke but hir face, and heare hir skill in ſonge.

[1] Vide Plinium Natur. hist. lib. 10 cap. 2.

This ſonnet is perfectly patheticall, and conſiſteth in two principall pointes: wherof the firſt conteyneth an accuſation of Loue for his hurtfull effects and vſuall tyrannie; the ſecond part is a ſudden recantation or excuſe of the Authors euill words, by caſtinge the ſame vpon the necke of his beloued, as being the onely cauſe of his late frenzy and blaſpheamous rage ſo lauiſhly powred forth in fowle ſpeaches.

LOue is a fowr delight; a fugred greefe;
A liuinge death; an euerdying life;
A breache of *Reaſons* lawe; a ſecret theefe;
A ſea of teares; an euerlaſting ſtrife;
A bayte for fooles; a ſcourge of noble witts;
A Deadly wound; a ſhotte which euer hitts.
Loue is a blinded God; an angry boye;
A *Labyrinth* of dowbts; an ydle luſt;
A ſlaue to *Beawties* will; a witles toy;
A rauening bird, a tyraunt moſt vniuſt;
A burning heate; A cold; a flattring foe;
A priuate hell; a very world of woe.
Yet mightie *Loue* regard not what I ſaye,
Which lye in traunce bereft of all my witts,
But blame the light that leades me thus aſtraye,
And makes my tongue blaſpheme by frantike fitts:
Yet hurt her not, leſt I ſuſteyne the ſmart,
Which am content to lodge her in my heart.

The Author in this paſsion reproueth the vſuall deſcription of loue; which olde Poetes haue ſo long time embraced: and proueth by probabilities that he neither is a childe (as they say) nor blinde, nor winged like a birde, nor armed archer like with bowe and arrowes, neither frantike, nor wiſe, nor yet vncloathed, nor (to conclude) anie God at all. And yet when he hath ſaid al he can to this end, he cryeth out vpon the ſecret nature and qualitie of Loue, as being that, whereunto he can by no meanes attaine, although he haue ſpent a long and tedious courſe of time in his ſeruice.

IF *Cupid* were a childe, as *Poets* faine,
How comes it then that *Mars* doth feare his might?
If blind; how chance ſo many to theire paine,
Whom he hath hitte, can witneſſe of his ſight?
If he haue wings to flie where thinkes him beſt,
How happes he lurketh ſtill within my breſt?
If bowe and ſhaftes ſhould be his chiefeſt tooles,
Why doth he ſet ſo many heartes on fire?
If he were madde, how could he further fooles
To whet theire wits, as place and time require?
If wiſe, how could ſo many leeze theire wittes,
Or doate through loue, and dye in frantike fittes?
If naked ſtill he wander too and froe,
How doth not Sunne or froſt offend his ſkinne?
If that a God he be, how falles it ſo,
That all wants end, which he doth once beginne?
O wondrous thing, that I, whom *Loue* hath ſpent,
Can ſcarcely knowe him ſelf, or his intent.

In this paſſion the Authour being ioyfull for a kiſſe, which he had receiued of his *Loue*, compareth the ſame vnto that kiſſe, which ſometime *Venus* beſtowed vpon *Aeſculapius*, for hauing taken a Bramble out of her foote, which pricked her through the hidden ſpitefull deceyte of *Diana*, by whom it was laied in her way, as *Strozza* writeth. And hee enlargeth his inuention vppon the french prouerbiall ſpeech, which importeth thus much in effect, that three things proceed from the mouth, which are to be had in high account, Breath, Speech, and Kiſſing; the firſt argueth a mans life; the ſecond, his thought; the third and laſt, his loue.

IN time long paſt, when in *Dianaes* chaſe
A bramble buſh prickt *Venus* in the foote,
Olde *Æſculapius* healpt her heauie caſe
Before the hurte had taken any roote: [hard
Wherehence although his beard were criſping
She yeelded him a kiſſe for his rewarde.
My lucke was like to his this other day,
When ſhe, whom I on earth do worſhip moſt,
For kiſsing me vouchſafed thus to ſay,
Take this for once, and make thereof no boſt:
[1] Forthwith my heart gaue ſigne of ioy by ſkippes,
As though our ſoules had ioynd by ioyning lippes.
And ſince that time I thought it not amiſſe
To iudge which were the beſt of all theſe three;
Her breath, her ſpeach, or that her daintie kiſſe,
And (ſure) of all the kiſſe beſt liked me:
For that was it, which did reuiue my hart
Oppreſt and almoſt deade with dayly ſmart.

[1] Siquidem opinati sunt aliqui, in osculo fieri animarum combinationem.

In the firſt ſtaffe of this paſſion the Authour imitateth *Petrarch*, *Sonetto* 211.

Chi vuol veder quantunque può Natura
El ciel tra noi, venga à mirar coſtei, etc.

And the very like ſenſe hath *Seraphine* in one of his *Strambotti*, where he beginneth thus,

Chi vuol ueder gran coſe altiere e nuoue,
Venga a mirar coſtei, laquale adoro:
Doue gratia dal ciel continuo pioue. etc.

WHo liſt to vewe dame *Natures* cunning ſkil,
And ſee what heau'n hath added to the ſame,
Let him prepare with me to gaze his fill
On her apaſe, whoſe gifts exceed ye trump of fame:
But let him come a paſe before ſhe flye
From hence, to fixe her ſeate aboue the ſkye.

By *Iunoes* gift ſhe beares a ſtately grace,
Pallas hath placed ſkill amidd'ſt her breſt;
Venus her ſelfe doth dwell within her face;
Alas I faint to thinke of all the reſt;
And ſhall I tell wherewith I moſt haue warres?
With thoſe her eyes, which are two heau'nly ſtarres.

Theire beames drawe forth by great attractiue power
My moiſtned hart, whoſe force is yet ſo ſmall,
That ſhine they bright, or liſt they but to lowre,
It ſcarcely dare behold ſuch lights at all,
[1] But ſobbes, and ſighes, and ſaith I am vndonne;
No bird but *Ioues* can looke againſt the ſunne.

[1] Vide Plin. nat. hist. lib. 10. cap. 3. et lib 29 cap. 6. qui de hac re mutuatur ex Aristotelis historia. Porrò vide Seraphinum sonet. 1. vbi de aquila suisque pullis per comparationem legantissimé canit.

The ſubſtance of this paſsion is taken out of *Seraphine* ſonetto 127. which beginneth thus.

Quando naſceſti amor? quando la terra
Se rinueſte di verde e bel colore;
Di che fuſti creato? d'vn ardore,
Che cio laſciuo in ſe rinchiude e ſerra etc.

But the Author hath in this tranſlation inuerted the order of ſome verſes of *Seraphine*, and added the two laſt of himſelfe to make the reſt to ſeeme the more patheticall.

WHen werte thou borne ſweet *Loue*? who was thy ſire?
When *Flora* firſt adorn'd *Dame Tellus* lap,
Then ſprung I forth from *Wanton hote deſire*:
Who was thy nurſe to feede thee firſt with pap?
Youth firſt with tender hand bound vp my heade,
Then ſaide, with *Lookes* alone I ſhould be fed;
What maides had ſhe attendant on her ſide,
To playe, to ſinge, to rocke thee faſt a ſleepe?
Vaine Niceneſſe, *Beautie Faire*, and *Pompeous Pride*;
By ſtealth when further age on thee did creepe;
Where didſt thou make thy chiefe abiding place?
In *Willing Hartes*, which were of gentle race;
What if't wherewith thou wageſt warres with me?
Feare colde as Iſe, and *Hope* as hote as fire;
And can not age or death make end of thee?
No, no, my dying life ſtill makes retire;
Why then ſweete *Loue* take pittie on my paine,
Which often dye, and oft reuiue againe.

The Author in this paſsion wiſheth he were in like eſtate and condition with the *Looking Glaſſe* of his miſtres; by that meanes the oftner to be made happie with her fauourable and faire aſpect. And in the laſt ſtaſſe he alludeth ſomewhat to the inuention of *Seraphine*, where he vſeth theſe words, in writing vpon the *Glaſſe* of his beloued.

Che ho viſto ogni qual vetro render foco
Quando è dal Sol percoſſo in qualche parte,
E'l Sol che in gliocchi toi dando in quel loco
Douria per reflexion tutta infiammarte etc.

THou *Glaſſe*, wherein that *Sunne* delightes to ſee
Her own aſpect, whoſe beams haue dride my hart,
Would God I might poſſeſſe like ſtate with thee,
And ioy ſome eaſe to quaile my bitter ſmart:
Thou gazeſt on her face, and ſhe on thine;
I ſee not hers, nor ſhe will looke on mine.
Once hauing lookt her fill, ſhe turnes thee froe,
And leaues thee, though amaz'd, yet wel content;
But careleſſe of my cares, will I or noe,
Still dwells within my breaſt with tears beſprent;
And yet my hart to her is ſuch a thrall,
That she driu'n out, my life departs withall.
But thou deceitfull *Glaſſe* (I feare) with guyle
Haſt wrought my woes to ſhield thy ſelfe from ill,
Shot forth her beames which were in thee erewhile,
And burnt my tender breſt againſt my will:
For *Chriſtall* from it ſelfe reflectes the Sunne
And fyres his coate, which knows not how tis done.

Seraphine in his *Strambotti* hath many prettie inuentions concerning the Lookingglaſſe of his Miſtres: wherhence many particulars of this paſſion are cunningly borrowed, part beeing out of one place, and part out of another. And in the latter end is placed this fiction by the Authour, that *Cupid* shooting his arrowe from out the faire eies of his Miſtres, did ſo wounde him with loue and deſire, that now he is paſt all recure by any phiſicke, and therefore is faine to vſe the olde verſe,

Hei mihi quod nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis.

THou glaſſe, wherein my *Dame* hath ſuch delight,
As when ſhe braues, then moſt on thee to gaze,
I maruel howe her beames that are ſo bright
Do neuer cauſe thy brittle ſides to craze:
Thou ſhould'ſt by reaſon mealt or eaſly breake
To feele ſuch force, thy ſubſtance being weake.
For when ſhe firſt with ſeeming ſtately grace
Beſtowd on me a louing ſweete regard,
The beames, which then proceeded from her face
Were ſuch, as for the ſame I found no warde,
But needes perforce I muſt become content
To mealt in minde till all my wittes were ſpent.
And therewithall *Cupido* plaid his part,
He ſhotte a ſhaft throughout her chriſtall eyes,
Wherewith he cleft in twaine my yeelding heart:
And this is cauſe my panting heart ſtill cries,
I breake, I mealt, helpe heau'ns in my behoue,
No herbe doth growe whoſe vertue cureth loue.

It is to be considered in reading this Passion, howe in some answeres, the accent or poynting of the wordes is altered, and therewithall howe the Authour walking in the woods, and bewayling his inward passion of *Loue*, is contraried by the replies of *Echo*: whose meaning yet is not so much to gainsay him, as to expresse her own miserable estate in daily consuming away for the loue of her beloued *Narcissus*; whose vnkindnes *Ouid* describeth at large, together with the extreme loue of *Echo*.[1]

Author. IN all this world I thinke none lou's but I.
Echo. None lou's but I. **Auth.** Thou foolish tattling ghest,
In this thou telst a lie. **Echo.** thou telst a lie.
Author. Why? *Loue* him selfe he lodgeth in my brest.
Echo. He lodgeth in my brest. **Auth.** I pine for griefe;
And yet I want relieue. **Echo.** I want relieue.
Author. No starre more faire then she whom I adore.
Echo. Then[2] he, whom I adore. **Auth.** Herehence I burne
Stil more and more. **Echo.** I burne stil more and more,
Author. *Loue*, let my heart returne. **Echo.** my heart, returne.
Auth. Is then the *Saint*, for whom thou makest mone,
And whom I loue, but one? **Echo.** I loue but one.
Author. O heau'ns, is there in loue no ende of ills?
Echo. In loue no ende of ills. **Auth.** Thou pratling voyce.
Dwelst thou in th' ayre, or but in hollow hills?
Echo. In hollow hills. **Auth.** Cease of to vaunt thy choyse.
Echo. Cease of to vaunt thy choyse. **Auth.** I would replie,
But here for loue I die. **Echo.** for loue I die.

[1] Lib. 3. Metamorph. [2] S. Liquescens immutat sensum.

Here the Author as a man ouertaken with ſome deepe melancholie, compareth him ſelfe vnto the *Nightingale*, and conferreth his vnhappie eſtate (for that by no meanes his *Miſtreſſe* will pitie him) with her nightly complaints: to whoſe harmonie all thoſe that giue attentiue eare, they conceiue more delight in the muſicall varietie of her notes, then they take iuſt compaſsion vpon her diſtreſſed heauines.

WHen *Maye* is in his prime, and youthfull ſpring
Doth cloath the tree with leaues, and ground with flowres,
And time of yere reuiueth eu'ry thing;
And louely *Nature* ſmiles, and nothing lowres:
Then *Philomela* moſt doth ſtraine her breſt
With night-complaints, and ſits in litle reſt.

This *Birds* eſtate I may compare with mine,
To whom fond *loue* doth worke ſuch wrongs by day,
That in the night my heart muſt needes repine,
And ſtorme with ſighes to eaſe me as I may;
Whilſt others are becalm'd, or lye them ſtill,
Or ſayle ſecure with tide and winde at will.

And as all thoſe, which heare this *Bird* complaine,
Conceiue in all her tunes a ſweete delight,
Without remorſe, or pitying her payne:
So ſhe, for whom I wayle both day and night.
Doth ſport her ſelfe in hearing my complaint;
A iuſt reward for ſeruing ſuch a *Saint*.

In the firſt ſixe verſes of this Paſsion, the Author hath imitated perfectly ſixe verſes in an *Ode* of *Ronſard*, which beginneth thus:

Celui qui n'ayme eſt malheureux,
Et malheureux eſt l'amoureux,
Mais la miſere, etc.?

En son 2. liure du Bocage.

And in the laſt ſtaffe of this Paſsion alſo he commeth very neere to the ſenſe, which *Ronſard* vſeth in an other place, where he writeth to his *Miſtreſſe* in this maner:

En vens tu baiſer Pluton
La bas, apres che Caron
T'aura miſe en ſa naceſſe?

En ses meslanges.

VNhappy is the wight, thats voide of *Loue*,
And yet vnhappie he, whom *Loue* torments,
But greateſt griefe that man is for'ct to proue,
Whoſe haughtie *Loue* not for his loue relents,
But hoyſing vp her ſayle of prowd diſdaine,
For ſeruice done makes no returne of gaine.
By this all you, which knowe my tickle ſtate,
May giue deſerued blame to whome I ſerue,
And ſay, that *Loue* hath miſerie to mate,
Since labour breedes but loſſe, and letts me ſterue:
For I am he which liues a laſting thrall
To her, whoſe heart affords no grace at all.
She hopes (perchance) to liue and flouriſh ſtill,
Or els, when *Charons* boate hath felt her peaze,
By louing lookes to conquer *Plutoes* will;
But all in vaine: t'is not *Proſerpin's* eaſe:
She neuer will permit, that any one
Shall ioy his *Loue*, but ſhe her ſelfe alone.

1 *Hii tres versus a Ronsardo describuntur ex Anacreonte Græco.*

In this Paſion the Authour doth very buſilie imitate and augment a certaine *Ode* of *Ronſard*, which hee writeth vnto his Miſtres; he beginneth, as followeth,

Pluſieurs de leurs cors denués
Se ſont veuz en diuerſe terre
Miraculeuſement mués,
L'vn en Serpent, et l'autre en Pierre,
L'vn en Fleur, l'autre en Arbriſſeau
L'vn en Loup etc.?

Au luüre des les meslanges.

MAny haue liu'd in countreys farre and ny,
Whoſe heartes by *Loue* once quite conſum'd away,
Strangely their ſhapes were changed by and by,
One to a *Flow'r*, an other to a *Bay*, [mone,
One to a *Streame*, whoſe courſe yet maketh
One to a *Doue*, an other to a *Stone*.
But harke my *Deere*; if wiſhing could preuaile,
I would become a *Chriſtall Mirrour* I,
Wherein thou might'ſt behold what thing I aile:
Or els I would be chang'd into a *Flie*,
To taſt thy cuppe, and being dayly gheſt
At bord and bedde, to kiſſe thee mid'ſt thy reſt;
Or I would be *Perfume* for thee to burne,
That with my loſſe I might but pleaſe thy ſmell;
Or be ſome ſacred *Spring*, to ſerue thy turne,
By bathing that, wherein my heart doth dwell;
But woe is me, my wiſhing is but vaine,
Since fate bidds *Loue* to work my endleſſe paine.

The Authour in this Sonnet in a large maner ſetteth forth the ſurpaſſinge worthines of his *Ladie*, reporting her beawtie and forme to be ſo ſinguler, that neither *Appelles* can perfectly drawe her portraicte; nor *Praxiteles* trewly frame her image and likenes in any kinde of metall. And the like vnablenes he awardeth vnto *Virgil* and *Homer* the two *Paragons* of *Poetrye*, if they ſhould but once endeuour to praiſe her. And the like inſufficiencie he ſayeth would be found in *Tullie* him ſelfe, if he ſhould endeuour to commend her. And then finally he excuſeth his owne bould hardines ſhewed in prayſing her, vpon the forcible extremitie, which he abideth in *Loue*, and the earneſt deſire, which he hath to pleaſe.

SVch is the *Saint*, whom I on earth adore,
As neuer age ſhall know when this is paſt,
Nor euer yet hath like byn ſeene before:
Apelles yf he liu'd would ſtand agaſt
[1] With coulours to ſet downe her comely fare,
Who farre excells though *Venus* were in place.
Praxiteles might likewiſe ſtand in doute
In metall to expreſſe her forme arighte,
Whoſe praiſe for ſhape is blowne the world throughout:
Nor *Virgill* could ſo good a verſe indite
As onely would ſuffiſe to tell her name;
Nor *Homer* with his *Muſe* expreſſe her fame;
Tully, whoſe ſpeach was boulde in eu'ry cauſe,
Yf he were here to praiſe the *Saint* I ſerue,
The number of her giftes would make him pauſe,
And feare to ſpeake how well ſhe doth deſerue.
Why then am I thus bould that haue no skill?
Enforſt by *Loue* I ſhew my zealous will.

1 Here he aludeth vnto the pourtraict of *Venus* which *Apelles* drew: as *Ouid* doth *lib.* 3. *de art. aman.*

Si Venerem Cous ***nunquam*** *pinxisset Appelles.*

In the firſt part of this Paſsion the Author prooueth, that hee abideth more vnreſt and hurt for his beloued, then euer did *Læander* for his *Hero*: of which two paramours the mutuall feruency in Loue is moſt excellently ſet foorth by *Muſæus* the Greeke Poet. In the ſecond part he compareth himſelfe with *Pyramus*, and *Hæmon* king *Creons* Sonne of *Thebes*, which were both ſo true hearted louers, that through Loue they ſuffered vntimely death, as *Ouid metam. lib.* 4. writeth at large of the one, And the Greeke Tragedian *Sophocles in Antig.* of the other. In the laſt, in making compariſon of his paynes in Loue to the paines of *Orpheus* deſcendinge to hell for his *Eurydice*, he alludeth to thoſe two verſes in *Strozza*,

Tartara, Cymba, Charon, Pluto, rota, Cerberus, angues,
Cocytes, Phlegeton, Stix, lapis, vrna, ſitis.

WHat though *Leander* ſwamme in darkſome night,
Through troubled *Helespont* for *Heroes* ſake;
And loſt his life by loſſe of *Seſtus* light?
The like or more my ſelfe do vndertake,
When eu'ry howre along the lingring yeare,
My ioye is drownde, and hope blowne out with feare.
And what though *Pyram* ſpent his vitall breath
For *Thisbes* ſake? or *Hæmon* choaſe to die
To follow his *Antigone* by death?
In harder caſe and worſer plight am I,
Which loue as they, but liue in dying ſtill,
And faine would die, but can not haue my will.
We reade that *Orpheus* with his Harpe of golde,
For his *Euridice* went downe to hell:
The toyle is more, by that time all be tolde,
Which I endure for her, whoſe heart is fell;
The *Stigian Curre*, the *Wheele*, the *Stone*, the *Fire*.
And *Furies* all are plac't in my deſire.

There needeth no annotation at all before this Paſsion, it is of it ſelfe ſo plaine, and eaſily conuayed. Yet the vnlearned may haue this helpe geuen them by the way to know what *Galaxia* is, or *Pactolus*, which perchaunce they haue not read off often in our vulgar Rimes. *Galaxia* (to omit both the *Etimologie* and what the Philoſophers doe write thereof) is a white way or milky Circle in the heauens, which *Ouid* mentioneth in this manner.

Eſt via ſublimis cœlo manifeſta ſereno,
Lactea nomen habet, candore notabilis ipſo. Metamorph. lib. 1.

And *Cicero* thus *in ſomnio Scipionis; Erat autem is ſplendidiſſimo candore inter flammas circulus elucens, quem vos (vt a Graijs accepiſtis) orbem lacteum nuncupatis.*

Pactolus is a riuer in *Lidia*, which hath golden ſandes vnder it, as *Tibullus* witneſſeth in this verſe,

Nec me regna iuuant, nec Lydius aurifer amnis. Tibul. lib. 3.

WHo can recount the vertues of my deare,
Or ſay how farre her fame hath taken flight,
That can not tell how many ſtarres appeare
In part of heau'n, which *Galaxia* hight,
Or number all the moates in *Phebus* rayes,
Or golden ſandes, whereon *Pactolus* playes?
And yet my hurts enforce me to confeſſe,
In cryſtall breaſt ſhe ſhrowdes a bloudy hart,
Which hart in time will make her merits leſſe,
Vnleſſe betimes ſhe cure my deadly ſmart:
For nowe my life is double dying ſtill,
And ſhe defam'de by ſuffrance of ſuch ill;
And till the time ſhe helpes me as ſhe may,
Let no man vndertake to tell my toyle,
But onely ſuche, as can diſtinctly ſay,
What Monſters *Nilus* breedes, or *Affricke* ſoyle:
For if he doe, his labour is but loſt,
Whilſt I both frie and freeze twixt flame and froſt.

Here the Authour by fayning a troubleſome dreame, expreſſeth a full Paſsion of *Loue*. And how ſoeuer ſome wil conſter of this kinde of inuention, it is euident, that the like hath bin vſuall amongſt thoſe that haue excelled in the ſweeteſt vaine of Poetrie. And (to let the reſt goe,) it may pleaſe him that is curious to finde ſome preſident hereof, to viſite but the works of *Hercules Strozza*,[1] who in his *Somnium* hath written ſo exquiſitely, that the *Dreame* will quite his trauaile, that ſhall peruſe it with due attention.

IN *Thetis* lappe, while *Titan* tooke his reſt,
I ſlumbring lay within my reſtleſſe bedde,
Till *Morpheus* vſ'd a falſed ſoary ieſt,
Preſenting her, by whom I ſtill am ledde:
For then I thought ſhe came to ende my wo,
But when I wakt (alas) t'was nothing ſo.
Embracing ayre in ſteed of my delight,
I blamed *Loue* as authour of the guile,
Who with a ſecond ſleepe clozd vp my ſight,
And ſaid (me thought) that I muſt bide a while
Ixions paines, whoſe armes did oft embrace
Falſe darkned clouds, in ſteed of *Iunoes* grace.
When I had laine and ſlumbred thus a while,
Rewing the dolefull doome that *Loue* aſſign'd,
A woman *Saint*, which bare an Angels face,
Bad me awake and eaſe my troubled minde:
With that I wakt, forgetting what was paſt,
And ſawe t'was *Hope*, which helped thus at laſt.

[1] Eroticon. lib. 2.

In this Sonnet the Authour is of opinion, that his Miſtres (by the fatall appoyntement of deſtinie) was from the beginning reſerued to liue in theſe times, and to bee the onely gouerneſſe and ſubiect of his thoughtes : whereas : if either ſhe had bene borne, when *Paris* was to giue ſentence vpon *Ida* for beſtowing the Golden Apple ; ſhe had (as he ſuppoſeth) bene preferred before *Iuno*, *Pallas* and *Venus*, and moreouer ſupplied that place in the loue of kinge *Priams* ſonne, whiche *Helen* of *Greece* obteined : or if ſhee had then liued when *Bacchus* tooke *Ariadne* to wife, ſhe had bene conuayed in her ſteede, vnto that place in heau'n, where nowe the Crowne of *Ariadne* called [1]*Corona Gnoſia* doth ſhine continuallie, beinge beautified with greate varietie of lightſome ſtarres.

WHen *Priams* ſonne in midſt of *Ida* plaine
Gaue one the price, and other two the foile,
If ſhe for whom I ſtill abide in paine
Had liued then within the *Troyan* ſoile,
No doubt but hers had bene the golden ball,
Helen had ſcaped rape, and *Troy* his fall.
Or if my *Dame* had then enioyed life
When *Bacchus* fought for *Ariadnaes* loue,
No doubt but ſhe had onely bene his wife,
And flowne from hence to ſit with Gods aboue :
For ſhe exceedes his choiſe of *Create* ſo farre
As *Phebus* doth excell a twinckeling ſtarre.
But from the firſt all fates haue thus aſſign'd,
That ſhe ſhould liue in theſe our latter dayes,
I thinke to beare a ſway within my minde
And feede my thoughtes with frendly ſweete delayes ;
If ſo it be, let me attend my chaunce,
And fortune pipe when I beginne to daunce. [2]

[1] Cuius ortum et occasum memorat Plinius nat. hist. lib. 18. c. 28. et. c. 31.

[2] Assai ben balla a chi Fortuna suona.

The Author in this Sonnet very highly commendeth the moſt rare excellencies of his miſtres, auouching her to haue no equall. And he imitateth the ſecond Sonnet, *Nelle rime di meſſer Agnolo Fiorenzuola* the Florentine, whoſe beginning is all one with that heere; and this it is:

Deh le mie belle donne et amoroſe,
Ditemi il ver per voſtra corteſia,
Non è chiara tra voi la donna mia,
Come è'l Sol chiar tra tutte l'altre coſe?

YE ſtately *Dames*, whoſe beauties farre excell,
Of courteſie confeſſe at my requeſt,
Doth not my *Loue* amongſt you beare the bell,
As *Phebus* goulden rayes obſcures the reſt
Of *Planet Starres*, and dimmeth eu'ry light
That ſhines in heau'n or earth by day or night?
Take wiſtly heed in vewing her ſweete face,
Where nature hath expreſt what ere ſhe could
Eather for bewties blaze or comely grace:
Since when to prize her worke ſhe breake the moulde,
So that who ſeekes to finde her *Equall* out,
Intends a thing will nere be brought about.
Therefore ſweete *Ladies* all voutchſafe with me
To folow her deſert, and my deſire,
By prayſing her vnto the ninth degree,
„ For honour by due right is vertues hire,
And *Enuies* mouth muſt ſaye when all is donne,
No *Bird* but one is ſacred to the ſunne

In this Paſsion the Authour, as being blinded with Loue, firſt compareth himſelfe with *Tireſias* the old Soothſayer of *Thebes*, whome *Iuno* depriued of ſight; but *Ioue* rewarded him with the ſpirit of prophecy. Then he alludeth vnto *Actæon:* And laſtly he ſheweth why he is in worſe caſe, then thoſe, which by vewing *Meduſaes* heade were turned into ſtoanes, leeſing both life and light at once; and ſo concludeth, that olde accurſed *Oedipus* of all other beſt befitteth him for a companion.

WHen firſt mine eyes were blinded with *Deſire*,
They had newe ſeene a *Second Sunne* whoſe face
Though cleere as beaten ſnowe, yet kindled fire
Within my breſt, and moulte my heart apaſe:
Thus learned I by proofe, what others write,
That *Sunne*, and *fire*, and *ſnowe* offend the ſight.
O ten times happie blinded *Theban* wight,
Whoſe loſſe of ſight did make him halfe diuine,
Where I (alas) haue loſt both life and light,
Like him, whoſe hornes did plague his heedles eyen;
And yet was he in better caſe then I,
Which neither liue, nor can obtaine to dye.
All *Perſeus* foes that ſawe *Meduſaes* heade,
By leeſing ſhape and ſenſe were quitte from thrall;
But I feele paines, though blinde and double deade,
And was my ſelfe efficient cauſe of all:
Wherefore, of all that ere did ceaſe to ſee
[1] Old *Oedipus* were meeteſt mate for me.

[1] *Vide Sophocl. aut Senecam in tragœdijs suis de Oedipi miserijs.*

Here the Author miſliketh of his wearifome eſtate in loue, for that he neither obtaineth any fauour at the handes of his Miſtres for his good thought or ſpeach, nor by his louinge lookes, or preſents, nor by his humilitie in writing, or long ſufferance in ſeruitude. And herehence he blameth her ouerhardnes of heart, and the froward conſtellation of his owne natiuitie: and therewithall abandoning all further deſire of life, hath in requeſt vntimely death, as the only end of his infelicitie.

EAch thought I thinke is frend to her I Loue;
I ſtill in ſpeach vſe courſe of gentle wordes;
My louing lookes are ſuch as ought to moue;
My giftes as greate as mine eſtate affordes;
My letters tell in what a caſe I ſtand, [hand;
Though full of blots through fault of trembling
I dewly daunce attendance as I may,
With hope to pleaſe, and feare to make offence;
All fou'raintie to her I graunt for aye;
And where ſhe hurtes yet make I no defence;
Sobbes are the ſonge, wherein I take delight;
And ſhew'rs of teares do dayly dimme my ſight.
And yet all this doth make but ſmall auaile,
Her heart is hard, and neuer will relent,
No time, no place, no prayer can preuaile,
The heau'ns them ſelues diſſauour mine intent:
Why ſhould I then deſire a longer life,
To weaue therein a webbe of endleſſe ſtrife?

The Author in this paſsion doth by manner of ſecret compariſon preferre his beloued before all other women whatſoeuer: and perſuadeth vpon the examples of all ſortes of Goddes (whom loue hath ouertaken at one time or other) that the worthines of his Miſtres being well conſidered, his owne fondnes in loue muſt of force be in it ſelfe excuſable.

IF *Ioue* himſelfe be ſubiect vnto *Loue*
And range the woodes to finde a mortall praie:
If *Neptune* from the ſeas himſelfe remoue,
And ſeeke on ſandes with earthly wightes to plaie:
Then may I loue my peereleſſe choiſe by right,
Who farre excels each other mortall wight.
If *Pluto* could by loue be drawne from hell,
To yeeld him ſelfe a filly *Virgins* thrall:
If *Phebus* could voutſafe on earth to dwell,
To winne a ruſtike maide vnto his call:
Then, how much more ſhould I adore the ſight
Of her, in whom the heau'ns themſelues delight?
If cuntrie *Pan* might folowe *Nymphes* in chaſe,
And yet through loue remaine deuoyd of blame:
If *Satirs* were excuſ'd for ſeeking grace
To ioy the fruites of any mortall *Dame*:
Then, why ſhould I once doubt to loue her ſtill,
On whom ne Goddes nor men can gaze theire fill?

In the firſt ſtaffe of this Paſsion the Authour expreſſeth howe ſondly his friendes ouertrouble him, by queſtioninge with him touching his loue, or accidents thereof. In the two laſt vertes of the ſecond ſtaffe he imitateth thoſe verſes of *Sophocles*:

> Ἔρωτι μέν νυν ὅστις ἀντανίσταται
> Πύκτης ὅπως, ἐς χεῖρας, οὐ καλῶς φρονεῖ.
> Οὗτος γὰρ ἄρχει καὶ θεῶν, ὅπως θέλει. *In Trachinijs*

which may be thus Engliſhed,

> *That man, which champion like will ſtriue with Loue*
> *And combate hand to hand, hath little witte:*
> *For as he liſt he rules the Gods aboue.*

And in the laſt, he ſetteth downe his mind fully bent to perſiſt conſtantly in the loue and ſeruice of his Ladie: like to that, which *Stephanus Forcatulus* (an excellent Ciuilian, and one of the beſt Poetes of Fraunce for theſe many yeares) wrote vnto his beloued *Clytia*:

> *Quin noctu pluuium citiùs mirabimur arcum,*
> *Solque domo Heſperidum mane propinquus erit,*
> *Quàm capiat lepidæ me fœda obliuio nymphæ, etc.?*

SOme aſke me, when, and how my loue begunne;
Some, where it lies, and what effectes it hath;
Some, who ſhe is, by whome I am vndone;
Some, what I meane to treade ſo lewde a path;
I anſwere all alike, by anſw'ring nought,
But, *bleſt is he, whome Cupid neuer caught*:
And yet I coulde, if ſorrowe woulde permit.
Tell when and howe I fix't my fancie firſt,
And for whoſe ſake I loſt both will and wit,
And choaſe the path, wherein I liue accurſt:
But ſuch like deedes would breed a double ſoare,
„ For *loue* gaineſaide growes madder then before.
But note herewith, that ſo my thoughts are bound
To her in whome my libertie lies thrall,
That if ſhe would voutchſafe to ſalue my wound,
Yet force of this my *loue* ſhould neuer fall,
Till *Phœbus* vſe to riſe from out the *Weſt*,
And towardes night ſeeke lodging in the *Eaſt*.

The ſecond part of this Paſsion is borrowed from out the fifte Sonnet in *Petrarch part* 1. whoſe words are theſe,

Piu volte gia per dir le labbra aperſi:
Poi rimaſe la voce in mezz'l petto:
Ma qual ſuon poria mai ſalir tant'alto?
Piu volte incominciai di ſcriuer verſi,
Ma la penna, e la mano, e lo'ntelletto
Rimaſer vinto nel primier aſſalto.

WHen firſt theſe eyes beheld with great delight
The *Phœnix* of this world, or ſecond *Sunne*,
Her beames or plumes bewitched all my ſight,
And loue encreaſt the hurte that was begunne:
Since when my griefe is grow'ne ſo much the more,
Becauſe I finde no way to cure the ſoare,
I haue attempted oft to make complainte,
And with ſome dolefull wordes to tell my griefe,
But through my fearefull heart my voyce doth fainte,
And makes me mute where I ſhoulde craue releiſe:
An other while I thinke to write my paine,
But ſtreight my hand laies downe the pen againe.
Sometimes my mind with heapes of doubtefull cares
Conioyn'd with fawning hoapes is ſore oppreſt,
And ſometime ſuddeine ioy at vnawares
Doth moue to much, and ſo doth hurte my breſt;
What man doth liue in more extreemes then theſe,
Where death doth ſeeme a life, and paines doe pleaſe?

The ſenſe contained in this Sonnet will ſeeme ſtraunge to ſuch as neuer haue acquainted themſelues with *Loue* and his Lawes, becauſe of the contrarieties mentioned therein. But to ſuch, as Loue at any time hath had vnder his banner, all and euery part of it will appeare to be a familier trueth. It is almoſt word for word taken out of *Petrarch*, (where hee beginneth,

Pace non truouo, e non ho da far guerra; E temo, eſpero, etc.?) Parte prima Sonet. 105.

All, except three verſes, which this Authour hath neceſſarily added, for perfecting the number, which hee hath determined to vſe in euery one of theſe his Paſsions.

IOy not peace, where yet no warre is found;
I feare, and hope; I burne, yet freeze withall;
I mount to heau'n, yet lie but on the ground;
I compaſſe nought, and yet I compaſſe all;
I liue her bond, which neither is my foe,
Nor frend; nor holdes me faſt, nor lets me goe;
Loue will not that I liue, nor lets me die;
Nor lockes me faſt, nor ſuffers me to ſcape;
I want both eyes and tongue, yet ſee and cry;
I wiſh for death, yet after helpe I gape;
I hate my ſelfe, but loue an other wight;
And feede on greefe, in lieu of ſweete delight;
At ſelfe ſame time I both lament and ioy;
I ſtill am pleaſd, and yet diſpleaſed ſtill;
Loue ſometimes ſeemes a *God*, ſometimes a *Boy;*
Sometimes I ſincke, ſometimes I ſwimme at will;
Twixt death and life, ſmall difference I make;
All this deere *Dame* befals me for thy ſake.

This Paſsion is framed vpon a ſomewhat tedious or too much affected continuation of that figure in Rhethorique, whiche of the Grekes is called παλιλογία or ἀναδίπλωσις, of the Latines *Reduplicatio:* whereof *Suſenbrotus* (if I well remember me) alleadgeth this example out of *Virgill*,

Sequitur pulcherrimus Auſtur, Æneid. 10.
Auſtur equo fidens.

O Happy men that finde no lacke in *Loue*;
I *Loue*, and lacke what moſt I do deſire;
My deepe deſire no reaſon can remoue;
All reaſon ſhunnes my breſt, that's ſet one fire;
And ſo the fire mainetaines both force and flame,
That force auayleth not againſt the ſame;
One onely helpe, can ſlake this burning heate,
Which burning heate proceedeth from her face,
Whoſe face by lookes bewitched my conceite,
Through which conceite I liue in woefull caſe;
O woefull caſe, which hath no ende of woe,
Till woes haue ende by fauour of my foe;
And yet my foe mainetaineth ſuch a Warre,
As all her Warre is nothing els but Peace;
But ſuch a Peace, as breedeth ſecreat Iarre,
Which Iarre no witte, nor force, nor time can ceaſe;
Yet ceaſe deſpaire: for time by witte, or force,
May force my frendly foe to take remorſe.

In this Paſsion the Authour vnder colour of telling his dreame doth very cunningly and liuely praiſe his Miſtres, ſo farre forth, as not onely to prefer her before *Helen* of Greece for excellencie of beautie, but alſo before howe many ſoeuer are nowe liuing in this our age. The dreame of it ſelfe is ſo plainely and effectually ſet downe (albeit in fewe wordes) that it neede no further annotation to explaine it.

THis latter night amidſt my troubled reſt
A *Diſmall Dreame* my fearefull hart appald,
Whereof the ſomme was this: *Loue* made a Feaſt,
To which all *Neighbour*, *Saintes* and *Gods* were calde:
The cheere was more then mortall men can thinke,
And mirth grew on, by taking in their drinke.
Then *Ioue* amidſt his cuppes for ſeruice done
Gan thus to ieſt with *Ganymede* his boy;
I faine would finde for thee my preaty *Sonne*
A fayrer Wife, then *Paris* brought to *Troy*:
Why, ſir, quoth he, if *Phebus* ſtand my frend, [end.
Who know's the world, this geere will ſoone haue
Then *Ioue* replide that *Phebus* ſhould not chooſe
But do his beſt to finde the fayreſt face;
And ſhe once found ſhould neither will nor chooſe
But yeelde her ſelfe, and chaunge her dwelling place;
Alas, how much was then my hart affright,
Which bade me wake and watch my faire delight?

The ſenſe or matter of this Paſsion is taken out of *Seraphine* in his *Strambotti*, who writeth thus,

Se Salamandra in fiamma viue, e in fuoco,
Non me ſtupiſce quel che fà natura,
Ma coſtei che è di giaccio, e io di fuoco,
E in mezo del mio cuor vuie ſicura;
Chi la defende in coſi ardente fuoco,
Che douendo ſguagliar diuenta dura?
Solo Amor di Natura aspro aduerſario,
Che à ſuo diſpetto vniſce ogni contrario.

THe *Salamander* liues in fire and flame,
And yet but wonder ſmall in Natures worke:
By ſtraunger force *loue* winnes away her fame,
As cauſing colde in midſt of heat to lurke.
Who liſt of theſe my paines to take the view,
Will ſoone confeſſe that what I ſay, is true.

For one as colde as hardeſt frozen yſe,
Is fixed faſt, and lodgeth in my breſt;
Whome reaſon can remoue by no deuiſe,
Nor any force can cauſe to let me reſt:
And yet I ſtill ſo ſwimme in hoate deſire,
That more I burne then either flame or fire.

How ſtraunge is this? can contraries ſo gree,
That *Iſe* in flame will neither waſte nor melt,
But ſtill encreaſe, and harder growe to bee,
Then erſt before? all this my ſelfe haue felt.
For *Loue* Dame *Natures* foe, without remorſe,
Thus coopleth contraries in me by force.

In this Paſsion the Authour miſliketh one while his eſtate, and by and by after liketh of the ſame againe, vppon hoape and likelyhoode of amendment, and throughout the whole Sonnet hee fayneth his Miſtres to bee a *Second Sunne*: and by expreſsinge his priuate infelicitie, in either alwayes meltinge away with *Loue*, or growinge ſtiffe throughe Death approachinge neere him by reaſon of dayly cares, hee maketh alluſion vnto the diuerſe effectes of the Sunne, whiche maketh the clay much harder, and the wax ſofter, then it was before.

THat *Second Sunne*, whoſe beames haue dimd my ſight,
So ſcorched hath my hart and ſenſes all,
That cloggd with cares, and voide of all delight,
I onely ſeeke, and ſue to be her thrall;
Yet ſoe this heate increaſeth day by day,
That more and more it haſt'neth my decay.
Sometimes I melt, as if my limmes were wex,
Sometimes grow ſtiffe, as if they were of clay;
Thriſe happy he whome *Loue* doth neuer vexe,
For any *Second Sunne* doth mealt away:
Nay curſed I blaſpheme the fayreſt Light
That euer yet was ſeene by day or night.
Perchaunce her parching heates will once repair
My hart againe, and make me all anew:
The *Phenix* ſo reuiues amids the ayre
By vertue of that *Sunne* which all men view:
The vertue of my *Sunne* exceedes the ſkye,
By her I ſhall reuiue, though firſt I die.

The Authour vſeth in this Paſsion the like ſenſe to that which he had in the laſt before it, calling his Miſtres a *Second Sunne* vpon earth, wherewith Heauen it ſelfe is become in *Loue:* But when he compiled this Sonnet, he thought not to haue placed it amongſt theſe his Engliſh toyes.

FOelices alij iuuenes, quos blandula Cypris
Aptos fecit amoribus,
Exoptare ſolent tenebroſa crepuſcula noctis,
Auroræ maledicere:
At multo eſt mihi chara magis pulcherrima coniux
Tythoni gelidi ſenis,
Dum venit in prima ſurgentis parte diei,
Et Soles geminos mihi
Apperit, et mœſto fœlices reddit ocellos,
Quòd Soles videam duos,
Qui ſimili forma, ſimili ſic luce coruſcant,
Et mittunt radios pares,
Vt Polus ipſe nouo Terræ laqueatus amore
Flammis inuideat meis,
Solis et ignoto ſe torreat igne ſecundi,
Oblitus decoris ſui,
Haud ſecus atque olim, Cum veris prima venuſtas
Multo flore ſuperbijt,
Et nitidos primùm ſtrophijs ornâre capillos
Pulchri Naïadum chori.

Here the Author bewaileth the extremitie of his eſtate growinge dayly to be more troubleſome then before, and all through the hard hart of his beloued : whome he therefore aptly compareth vnto a ſtony rocke, which nothinge can moue or waſte awaye but longe continuance of time. And hereuppon, after hauing longe ſtriued with himſelfe and his paſsions, hee is quyetly reſolued to haue patience, and ſo long to perſeuer in the ſtill hoping minde of a trewe louer, till by long continuance of time *Loue* be induced to ſtande his friend.

ALl yee that loue compare your paines with mine,
Which voyde of hoape continue ſtill her thrall,
Whoſe heart is hard, and neuer will aſſigne
A raunſome day, nor once will bow at all,
Much like the ſtony rocke, whoſe hardned ſide
Will ſcarſely weare with courſe of time or tide.

And yet, ſince time can weare each thinge away,
I will enforce my ſelfe to liue content,
Till ſo my thoughtes haue fed vpon delay,
That Reaſon rule the roaſt and *loue* relent ;
O vaine attempt in ſtriuing with Diſpaire,
I build nought els but caſtles in the ayre.

For why : the Sunne may ſooner ſhine by night,
And twinckling ſtarres giue glimſinge ſparkes by day :
Then I can ceaſe to ſerue my *Sweete delight*,
Whome neither force nor time can driue away :
Therefore in hoape that *loue* will ſtand my frend
I thus conclude, Each thing but *loue* hath end.

This Paſsion conteineth a relation through out from line to line ; as, from euery line of the firſt ſtaffe as it ſtandeth in order, vnto euery line of the ſecond ſtaffe : and from the ſecond ſtaffe vnto the third. The oftener it is read of him that is no great clarke, the more pleaſure he ſhall haue in it. And this poſie a ſcholler ſet down ouer this Sonnet, when he had well conſidered of it : *Tam caſu, quàm arte et induſtria.* The two firſt lines are an imitation of *Seraphine, Sonnetto* 103.

Col tempo el Villanello al giogo mena
El Tor ſi fiero, e ſi crudo animale,
Col tempo el Falcon s'vſa à menar l'ale
E ritornare à te chiamando à pena

IN time the Bull is brought to weare the yoake;
In time all haggred Haukes will ſtoope the Lures;
In time ſmall wedge will cleaue the ſturdieſt Oake;
In time the Marble weares with weakeſt ſhewres :
More fierce is my ſweete *loue*, more hard withall,
Then Beaſt, or Birde, then Tree, or Stony wall.
No yoake preuailes, ſhee will not yeeld to might;
No Lure will cauſe her ſtoope, ſhe beares full gorge ;
No wedge of woes make printe, ſhe reakes no right;
No ſhewre of tears can moue, ſhe thinkes I forge:
Helpe therefore *Heau'nly Boy*, come perce her breſt
With that ſame ſhaft, which robbes me of my reſt.
So let her feele thy force, that ſhe relent ;
So keepe her lowe, that ſhe vouchſafe a pray ;
So frame her will to right, that pride be ſpent ;
So forge, that I may ſpeede without delay ;
Which if thou do, I'le ſweare, and ſinge with ioy,
That *Loue* no longer is a blinded Boy.

This Paſsion conteineth two principal pointes. In the firſt are placed two ſimilitudes; in both which the Authour expreſſeth his own wilfulnes in loue. In the ſecond, he compareth the beautifull eyes of his *Miſtreſſe* vnto the eyes of the *Baſilique*, which killeth a man with his onely ſight being a farre of: whereof *Lucan lib.* 9. ſaith thus,

Sibilaque effundens cunctas terrentia peſtes,
Ante venena nocens, latè ſibi ſubmouet omne
Vulgus, et in vacua regnat Baſilicus arena.

And *Mantuan* in like manner,

Natus in ardenti Libyæ Baſiliſcus arena,
Vulnerat aſpectu, luminibuſque necat.

Like as the ſillie *Bird* amids the night,
When *Birders* beate the buſh, and ſhake his neſt,
He fluttring forth ſtreight flies vnto the light,
As if it were the day newe ſprong from Eaſt,
Where ſo his wilfull wings conſume away,
That needes he muſt become the *Birders* pray:
Or, as the *Flye*, when candles are alight,
Still playes about the flame vntill he burne:
Euen ſo my heart hath ſeene a heau'nly ſight,
Wherehence againe it hardly can returne:
The beames thereof conteine ſuch wondrous flame,
That *Ioue* him ſelfe would burne to ſee the ſame.
I meane a *Virgins* face, whoſe beautie rare,
Much like the *Baſilique* in *Lybia* ſoyle,
With onely ſight is cauſe of all my care.
And loads my yeelding heart with endleſſe toyle;
Yet needes I muſt confeſſe ſhe hath more grace,
Then all the *Nimphes* that haunt *Dianaes* chaſe.

The Author in this Song bewrayeth his dayly Paſsions in loue to be ſo troubleſome, that to auoide the flames thereof, hee gladly and faine would yeelde himſelfe to die, were it not that he feareth a further inconuenience would then ariſe. For he doubteth leaſt thoſe flames, wherein his ſoule continuallye burneth, ſhall make *Charon* afraide to graunt him paſſage ouer the Lake of *Stix*, by reaſon, his old withered boat is apt to take fire.

SO great a Light hath ſet my mind on fire,
That fleſh and boane conſume with ſecreat flame,
Each vaine dries vp, wit yeeldes to deepe deſire:
I ſcarce (alas) dare ſay, for very ſhame,
How faine my ſoule an interchaunge would make
Twixt this her preſent State and *Limbo lake*;
And yet ſhe dread's, leaſt when ſhe partes from hence,
Her Heates be ſuch, that *Charon* will retire,
And let her paſſe for prayer, nor for [1]pence,
For feare his with'red boat be ſet on fire;
So daung'rous are the flames of Mighty *Loue*
In *Stix* it ſelfe, in earth, or heau'n aboue.
Wherefore deere Dame voutchſafe to rew my caſe,
And ſalue the ſoare which thou thy ſelfe haſt made:
My Heates firſt grew by gazing on thy face,
Whoſe lights were ſuch, that I could find no ſhade:
And thou my weary Soule bend all thy force,
By Plaintes and Teares to moue her to remorſe.

[1] Naulum intelligit, de quo Iuuenal: *Miserum est post omnia perdere naulum.*

In this Paſsion is effectually ſet downe, in how ſtraunge a caſe he liueth that is in loue, and in how contrary an eſtate to all other men, which are at defiaunce with the like follye. And this the Authour expreſſeth here in his owne perſon: therewithall calling vpon *Loue*, to ſtand his frend; or, if he faile, vpon death, to cut of his wearyſome life.

WHile others feede, my fancy makes me faſt;
While others liue ſecure, I feare miſchaunce;
I dread no force, where other ſtand agaſt;
I follow ſute where *Fortune* leades the *Daunce*,
Who like a mumming mate ſo throwes the Dice,
That Reaſon leeſing all, *Loue* winnes the price;
Which *Loue* by force ſo worketh in my breſt,
That needes perforce I muſt encline my will
To die in dreames, whiles others liue in reſt,
And liue in woes while others feele none ill.
O gentle *Death* let heere my dayes haue ende,
Or mightie *Loue*, ſo vſe me as thy frend.
Mine eyes are worne with teares, my wittes with woe,
My coulour dride with cares, my hart with paines,
My will bewitcht, my limmes conſumed ſoe,
That ſcarſely bloud, or vitall breath remaynes:
While others ioy, or ſleepe, I wayle and wake:
All this (*Deere Dame*,) I ſuffer for thy ſake.

Tityus was the ſonne of *Iupiter*, and for attempting to diſhoneſt *Latona*, was ſlaine by Apollo. Since which time the Poetes faine that for puniſhment he lieth in hell, miſerably tormented with a rauening *Vulture*, which feedeth vpon his bowels continuallie: and they as they are conſumed, ſtill miraculouſly growe vp againe, to breed his endleſſe miſerie, as the Poet witneſſeth,

Quid dicam Tityum, cuius ſub vulnere ſæuo
Viſcera naſcuntur grauibus certantia pœnis? Claud. in Gigantomachia.

The Authour compareth his paſsions with the paines of this *Tityus*, and imitateth *Seneca* writing to the like effect,

Vultur relicto tranſuolet Tityo ferus,
Meumque pœnæ ſemper accreſcat iecur.

IF *Tityus* wretched wight beheld my paines,
He would confeſſe his woundes to be but ſmall,
A *Vultur* worſe then his teares all my vaines,
Yet neuer lets me die, nor liue at all:
Would Gods a while I might poſſeſſe his place,
To iudge of both, which were in better caſe.
The *Hell* is darke, wherein he ſuffreth ſmarte,
And wants not ſome Compartners of his greefe:
I liue in Light, and ſee what hurtes my hart,
But want ſome mourning mates for my releefe;
His Paine is iuſt rewarde, his crimes were ſuch:
My greateſt fault is this, I loue too much.
Why then, ſince too much loue can breede offence,
Thou daung'rous Bird, the roote of my deſire,
Goe pearch elswhere, remoue thy ſelfe from hence;
I freeze like Iſe, and burne like flaming fire:
Yet ſtay good Bird: for if thou ſoare away,
Twixt Froſt and Flame my dayes will ſoone decay.

Here the Authour after ſome dolorous diſcourſe of his vnhappines, and rehearſall of ſome particular hurtes which he ſuſteineth in the purſute of his loue : firſt queſtioneth with his *Lady* of his deſerte ; and then, as hauinge made a ſufficiente proofe of his innocency, perſwadeth her to pitie him, whom ſhe herſelfe hath hurte. Moreouer it is to be noted, that the firſt letters of all the verſes in this Paſsion being ioyned together as they ſtand, do conteine this poſie agreeable to his meaning, *Amor me pungit et vrit.*

A World of woes doth raigne within my breſt,
m My penſiue thoughtes are cou'red all with care,
o Of all that ſing the *Swanne* doth pleaſe me beſt.
r Reſtraint of ioyes exiles my woonted fare,
M Mad mooded *Loue* vſurping Reaſons place
e Extremitie doth ouer rule the caſe.
P Paine drieth vp my vaines and vitall bloud,
u Vnleſſe the *Saint* I ſerue geue helpe in time :
n None els, but ſhe alone, can do me good.
g Graunt then ye Gods, that firſt ſhe may not clime
i Immortall heau'ns, to liue with *Saintes* aboue,
t Then ſhe vouchſafe to yeeld me loue for loue.
E Examine well the time of my diſtreſſe
t Thou dainty *Dame*, for whom I pine away,
V Vnguyltie though, as needes thou muſt confeſſe,
r Remembring but the cauſe of my decay :
i In vewing thy ſweete face aroſe my griefe,
t. Therefore in tyme vouchſafe me ſome reliefe.

The two firſt partes of this Sonnet, are an imitation of certaine Greeke verſes of *Theocritus*; which verſes as they are tranſlated by many good Poets of later dayes, ſo moſte aptlye and plainely by *C. Vrcinus Velius* in his Epigrammes; hee beginneth thus,

Nuper apis furem pupugit violenter Amorem
Ipſum ex alueolis clam mella fauoſque legentem,
Cui ſummos manuum digitos confixit, at ille
Indoluit, laſæ tumuerunt vulnere palmæ:
Planxit humum, et ſaltu trepidans pulſauit, et ipſi
Oſtendens Veneri, caſum narrauit acerbum, etc.

WHere tender *Loue* had laide him downe to ſleepe,
A little *Bee* ſo ſtong his fingers end,
That burning ache enforced him to weepe
And call for [1]*Phebus* Sonne to ſtand his frend,
To whome he cride, I muſe ſo ſmall a thing
Can pricke thus deepe with ſuche a little Sting.
Why ſo, ſweet *Boy*, quoth *Venus* ſitting by?
Thy ſelfe is yong, thy arrowes are but ſmall
And yet thy ſhotte makes hardeſt harts to cry?
To *Phebus* Sunne ſhe turned therewithall,
And prayde him ſhew his skill to cure the ſore,
Whoſe like her *Boy* had neuer felt before.
Then he with Herbes recured ſoone the wound,
Which being done, he threw the Herbes away, [ground,
Whoſe force, through touching *Loue*, in ſelfe ſame
By hapleſſe hap did breede my hartes decay:
For there they fell, where long my hart had li'ne
To waite for *Loue*, and what he ſhould aſſigne.

[1] AEsculapius.

In this Paſsion the Authour boaſteth, howe ſound a pleaſure he lately enioyed in the companie of his *Beloued*, by pleaſing effectually all his fiue ſenſes exterior, and that through the onely benefite of her friendly preſence, and extraordinarie fauour towards him. And in many choyſe particulars of this Sonnet, he imitateth here and there a verſe of *Ronſardes*, in a certaine *Elegie* to *Ianet peintre du Roy:* which beginneth thus,

Pein moi, Ianet, pein moi ie te ſupplie
Dans ce tableau les beautés de m'amie
De la façon, etc.

WHat happie howre was that I lately paſt
With her, in whome I fedde my ſenſes all?
With one ſure ſealed kiſſe I pleas'd my taſt;
Mine eares with woordes, which ſeemed Muſicall;
My ſmelling with her breath, like Ciuet ſweete;
My touch in place where modeſtie thought meete.
But ſhall I ſay, what obiectes held mine eye?
Her curled Lockes of Golde, like *Tagus* ſandes;
Her Forehead ſmooth and white as *Iuory*,
Where *Glory*, *State* and *Baſhfullnes* held handes;
Her Eyes, one making Peace, the other Warres;
By *Venus* one, the other rul'd by *Mars*;
Her *Egles* Noſe; her Scarlate Cheekes halfe white;
Her Teeth of *Orient* Pearle; her gracious ſmile;
Her dimpled Chinne; her Breaſt as cleere as light;
Her Hand like hers, [1]who *Tithon* did beguile.
For worldly ioyes who might compare with mee,
While thus I fedde each ſenſe in his degree?

[1] Aurora.

The whole inuention of all this Paſsion is deducted out of *Seraphine*, Sonnet 63. whoſe verſes if you reade, you will iudge this Authors imitation the more praiſe worthy; theſe they are,

Come alma aſſai bramoſa e poco accorta
Che mai viſto hauea amor ſe mon depinto,
Diſpoſi vn di cercar ſuo Laberinto,
Vedere él monſtro, e tanta gente morta.
Ma quel fil deragion che chi per ſcorta
Del qual fu tutto el ceco loco cinto
Subito, ahime, fu da lui rotto e vinto,
Talche mai piu trouar ſeppi la porta.

MY heedeleſſe hart which *Loue* yet neuer knew,
But as he was deſcrib'd with Painters hand,
One day amongſt the reſt would needes goe view
The *Labyrinth* of *Loue*, with all his band.
To ſee the *Minotaure* his ougly face,
And ſuch as there lay ſlaine within the place.
But ſoone my guiding thrid by Reaſon ſpunne,
Wherewith I paſt a long his darkeſome caue,
Was broake (alas) by him, and ouerrunne,
And I perforce became his captiue ſlaue:
Since when as yet I neuer found the way
To leaue that maze, wherein ſo many ſtray.
Yet thou on whome, mine eyes haue gaz'd ſo longe
May'ſt, if thou wilt, play *Ariadnaes* part,
And by a ſecond Thrid reuenge the wronge,
Which through deceit hath hurt my guiltleſſe hart;
Vouchſafe in time to ſaue and ſet me free,
Which ſeeke and ſerue none other *Saint* but thee.

The firſt Staffe of this Paſsion is much like vnto that inuention of *Seraphine* in his Strambotti, where he ſaith,

Morte: che voui? te bramo: Eccomi appreſſo;
Prendemi: a che? che manchi el mio dolore;
Non poſſo: ohime, non puoi? non per adeſſo;
Perche? però che in te non regna il core. etc.

The ſecond Staffe ſomewhat imitateth an other of his Strambotti in the ſame leafe; it beginneth thus,

Amor, amor: chi è quel che chiama tanto?
Vn tuo ſeruo fidel; uon ti conoſco; etc.

The Authour in the laſte Staffe, returneth to entreate Death a new, to ende his dayes, as being halfe perſwaded that *Loue* would reſtore vnto him his hart againe.

COme gentle Death; who cals? one thats oppreſt:
What is thy will? that thou abridge my woe,
By cutting of my life; ceaſe thy requeſt,
I cannot kill thee yet: alas, why ſoe?
Thou want'ſt thy Hart. Who ſtoale the ſame away?
Loue, whom thou ſeru'ſt, intreat him ſi thou may.
Come, come, come *Loue*: who calleth me ſo oft?
Thy Vaſſall true, whome thou ſhould'ſt know by right.
What makes thy cry ſo faint? my voyce is ſofte,
And almoſt ſpent by wayling day and night.
Why then, whats thy requeſt? that thou reſtore
To me my Hart, and ſteale the ſame no more.
And thou, O Death, when I poſſeſſe my *Hart*,
Diſpatch me then at once: why ſo?
By promiſe thou art bound to end my ſmart.
Why, if thy *Hart* returne, then whats thy woe?
That brought from colde, It neuer will deſire
To reſt with me, which am more hote then fire.

Here the Authour cheerefully comforting himſelfe, rebuketh all thoſe his frendes, or others whatſouer, which pitie his eſtate in *Loue*: and groundeth his inuention, for the moſte part, vpon the old Latine Prouerbe, *Conſuetudo eſt altera natura.* Which Prouerbe hee confirmeth by two examples; the one, of him, that being borne farre North ſeldome ketcheth colde; the other of the Negro, which beinge borne vnder a hote climate, is neuer ſmoothered with ouermuch heate.

ALl yee, that greeue to thinke my death ſo neere,
Take pitie on your ſelues, whoſe thought is blind;
Can there be Day, vnleſſe ſome Light appeare?
Can fire be colde, which yeeldeth heate by kinde?
If *Loue* were paſt, my life would ſoone decay,
Loue bids me hoape, and hoape is all my ſtay.
And you, that ſee in what eſtate I ſtand,
Now hote, now colde, and yet am liuing ſtill,
Perſuade your ſelues, *Loue* hath a mightie hand,
And cuſtome frames, what pleaſeth beſt her wil.
A ling'ring vſe of *Loue* hath taught my breſt
To harbor ſtrife, and yet to liue in reſt.
The man that dwelles farre North, hath ſeldome harme
With blaſt of winters wind or nipping froſt:
The *Negro* ſeldome feeles himſelfe too warme
[1] If he abide within his natiue coaſt;
So, *Loue* in me a *Second Nature* is,
And cuſtome makes me thinke my Woes are Bliſſe.

[1] For both experience teacheth and Philosophical reason approueth, than an *Ethyopian* may easily in *Spaine* be smothered with the heate of the countrey though *Spaine* be more temperate than *Ethyopia* is.

Aetna, called in times paſt *Ineſia*, as *Volaterranus* witneſſeth, is a hollow hill in *Sicilia*, whoſe toppe burneth continuallie, the fire being maintained with a vaine of brimſtone, and other ſuch like Mineralles, which are within the ſaid Mountaine. Which notwithſtanding, the bottome of the hill is verie pleaſant, as well for the aboundance of ſweete fruites and flowers, as for the number of freſhe ſpringes and fountaines. The Poetes ſaine, that when Iuppiter had with his thunderboltes beaten downe the Gyantes of the earth, which rebelled againſt heauen, he did forthwith couer and oppreſſe them all with the weight of this hill *Aetna*. Theſe thinges being well conſidered, together with the verſe of *Horace*;

(Deus immortalis haberi De arte Poetica.
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Inſiluit.)

It may eaſily appeare, why the Author in this paſsion compareth his heart vnto the hill.

THere is a monſtrous hill in *Sicill* ſoyle,
Where workes that limping God, which *Vulcan* hight,
And rebell Gyantes lurke, whome *Ioue* did foyle,
When gainſt the heau'ns they durſt preſume to fight;
The toppe thereof breathes out a burning flame,
And *Flora* ſittes at bottome of the ſame.
My ſwelling heart is ſuch an other hill,
Wherein a blinded God beares all the ſwaye,
And rebell thoughtes reſiſting reaſons ſkill
Are bound by will from ſtarting thence awaye;
The toppe thereof doth ſmoake with ſcalding ſmart,
And ſeldome ioyes obtaine the loweſt parte.
Yet learne herewith the diffrence of the twaine:
Empedocles conſum'd with *Aetnaes* fire
When godheade there he ſought, but all in vaine:
But this my heart, all flaming with deſire,
Embraceth in it ſelfe an Angels face,
Which beareth rule as Goddeſſe of the place.

The Author in this Paſsion accuſeth his owne eyes, as the principall or onelie cauſe of his amorous infelicitie: wherein his hearte is ſo oppreſſed continuallie with euils, which are contrarie in them ſelues, that reaſon can beare no ſwaye in the cauſe. Therefore in the ende, he inſtantlie entreateth his Ladie of her ſpeedie fauoure and goodwill, alleaginge what hurte may growe through her longer delaye.

THat thing, wherein mine eyes haue moſt delight,
Is greateſt cauſe my heart doth ſuffer paine:
Such is the hurt that comes by wanton ſight;
Which reaſon ſtriues to vanquiſh all in vaine;
This onely ſenſe, more quicke then all the reſt,
Hath kindled holie fire within my breſt.
And ſo my mourning hearte is parching drie
With ſending ſighes abroade, and keeping care,
What needes it muſt conſume if longe it lye
In place, where ſuch a flame doth make repare:
This flame is *Loue*, whome none may well intreate,
But onely ſhee, for whome I ſuffer heate.
Then peereleſſe *Dame*, the ground of all my griefe,
Voutſafe to cure the cauſe of my complainte:
No fauoure els but thine can yeelde reliefe.
But helpe in time, before I further fainte,
„ For Daunger growes by lingringe till the laſt,
„ And phiſick hath no helpe, when life is paſt.

The Authour groundeth this Paſsion vpon three poyntes. In the firſt, he ſheweth how he witting and wilfully followeth his owne hurt, with ſuch like words as *Medæa* ſometime vſed,

Video meliora, proboque,
Deteriora ſequor, etc. Ouid Metam lib. 7.

In the ſecond, he excuſeth his fault vpon the maine force and tyrannie of *Loue*, being the onely gouernour of his wil. And laſtly, he humbly entreateth his *Lady* for the reſtitution of his wonted libertie: deſiring her not to exact more of him, then his abilitie of bodie or mind can well ſuſteine, according to the olde verſe,

Pelle magis rabida nihil eſt de Vulpe petendum.

WAs euer man, whoſe *Loue* was like to mine?
I follow ſtill the cauſe of my diſtreſſe,
My Hart foreſeeing hurte, doth yet encline
To ſeeke the ſame, and thinkes the harme the leſſe.
In doing thus, you aſke me what I ayle:
Againſt maine force what reaſon can preuaile?
Loue is the *Lord* and *Signor* of my will,
How ſhall I then diſpoſe of any deede?
By forced Bond, he holdes my freedome ſtill,
He duls each ſenſe, and makes my hart to bleede.
Thou Sacred Nimph, whoſe vertue wanteth ſtaine,
Agree with *Loue*, and ſet me free againe.
Of this my weary Life no day ſhall fall,
Wherein my penne ſhall once thy praiſe forget:
No Night with ſleepe ſhall cloſe mine eyes at all,
Before I make recount of ſuch a debt;
Then force me not to more then well I may,
Beſides his Skinne, the Fox hath nought to pay.

The inuention of this Paſsion is borrowed, for the moſt parte from *Seraphine Son.* 125. Which beginneth,

S'el gran tormento i fier fulmini acceſi
Perduti hauefsi, e li ſuoi ſtrali Amore,
I n'ho tanti traffitti in meggio el core,
Che ſol da me li potriano eſſer reſi;
E ſe de gli ampli mari in terra ſteſi
Fuſſe priuo Neptuno, io ſpando fore
Lagryme tante, che con più liquore
Potrebbe nuoui mari hauer ripreſi; etc.

IF *Loue* had loſt his ſhaftes, and *Ioue* downe threw
His thundring boltes, and ſpent his forked fire,
They onely might recou'red be anew
From out my Hart crofwounded with deſire;
Or if *Debate* by *Mars* were loſt a ſpace,
It might be found within the ſelfe ſame place;
If *Neptunes* waues were all dride vp and gone,
My weeping eyes ſo many teares diſtill,
That greater Seas might grow by them alone;
Or if no flame were yet remayning ſtill
In *Vulcans* forge, he might from out my breſt
Make choiſe of ſuch as ſhould befit him beſt.
If *Aeole* were depriu'd of all his charge,
Yet ſoone could I reſtore his windes againe,
By ſobbing ſighes, which forth I blow at large,
To moue her mind that pleaſures in my paine;
What man, but I, could thus encline his will
To liue in *Loue*, which hath no end of ill?

That the vulgar ſorte may the better vnderſtand this Paſsion, I will briefly touch thoſe, whom the Author nameth herein, being al damned ſoules (as the Poets ſaine) and deſtinate vnto ſundrie puniſhmentes. *Tantalus* hauing his lippes ſtill at the brinke of the riuer *Eridanus*, yet dieth for thirſt. *Ixion* is tied vnto a wheele; which turneth inceſſantly. A vulture feedeth vpon the bowels of *Tityus*, which growe vp againe euer as they are deuoured. *Siſyphus* rowleth a great rounde ſtoane vp a ſteepe hill, which being once at the top preſently falleth downe amaine. *Belides* are fifty ſiſters, whoſe continuall taske is, to fill a bottomleſſe tub full of water, by lading in their pitchers full at once.

IN that I thirſt for ſuch a Goddeſſe grace
As wantes remorſe, like *Tantalus* I die;
My ſtate is equall to *Ixions* caſe,
Whoſe rented limm's ar turn'd eternally,
In that my toſſing toyies can haue no end, [friend.
Nor time, nor place, nor chaunce will ſtand my
In that my heart conſuming neuer dyes,
I feele with *Tityus* an equall payne,
On whome an euer feeding Vultur lyes;
In that I ryſe through hope, and fall againe
By feare, like *Siſyphus* I labour ſtill
To turle a rowling ſtoane againſt the hill;
In that I make my vowes to her alone,
Whoſe eares are deafe, and will reteine no ſound,
With *Belides* my ſtate is all but one,
Which fill a tub, whoſe bottome is not ſound.
A wondrous thing, yat Loue ſhould make the wound,
Wherein a ſecond Hell may thus be found.

Loue hath two arrowes, as *Conradus Celtis* witneſſeth in theſe two verſes:

Per matris aſtrum, et per fera ſpecula, Odarum. lib. 1.
Quæ bina fert ſæuus Cupido, etc.

The one is made of leade, the other of golde, and either of them different in quality from the other. The Authour therfore faineth in this Paſsion, that when *Cupid* had ſtroken him with that of lead, ſoone after pittying his painefull eſtate, he thought good to ſtrike his beloued with the other. But her breſt was ſo hard, that the ſhaft rebounding backe againe, wounded Loue him ſelfe at vnawares. Wherehence fell out theſe three inconueniences; firſt, that Loue himſelfe became her thrall, whome hee ſhoulde haue conquered; then, that ſhe became proud, where ſhe ſhould haue been friendly; and laſtly, that the Authour by this meanes deſpaireth to haue any recure of his vnquiet life, and therfore deſireth a ſpeedie death, as alluding to thoſe ſententious verſes of *Sophocles.*

τί γὰρ βροτῶν ἂν ξὺν κακοῖς μεμιγμένων Electra.
θνήσκειν ὁ μέλλων, τοῦ χρόνου κέρδος φέροι.

which may be thus Engliſhed paraphraſtically.

What can it him auaile to liue a while,
Whome, of all others, euilles are betyde?

LOue hath two ſhaftes, the one of beaten gold,
By ſtroake wherof a ſweete effect is wrought:
The other is of lumpiſhe leaden mould,
And worketh none effect, but what is nought:
Within my breſt the latter of the twaine [paine.
Breades feare, feare thought, and thought a laſting
One day amongſt the reſt ſweete *Loue* beganne
To pitty mine eſtate, and thought it beſt
To perce my Deare with golde, that ſhe might ſcanne
My caſe aright, and turne my toyles to reſt:
But from her breſt more hard then hardeſt flint
His ſhafte flewe backe, and in him ſelfe made
And this is cauſe that *Loue* doth ſtoup her lure, [printe.
Whoſe heart he thought to conquere for my ſake;
That ſhe is proude; and I without recure:
Which triple hurte doth cauſe my hope to quake: [diſeaſe,
Hoape loſt breedes griefe, gricfe paine, and paine
Diſeaſe bringes death, which death will onely pleaſe.

This Paſsion is of like frame and faſhion with that, which was before vnder the number of XLI. whetherto I referre the Reader. But touching the ſenſe or ſubſtance of this Paſsion, it is euident, that herein the Authour, by layinge open the long continued grieueſomnes of his miſery in *Loue*, ſeeketh to moue his Miſtres to ſome compaſsion.

MY humble ſute hath ſet my minde on pride,
Which pride is cauſe thou haſt me in diſdaine.
By which diſdaine my woundes are made ſo wide,
That wideneſſe of my woundes augmentes my paine,
Which Paine is cauſe, by force of ſecreate iarres,
That I ſuſtaine a brunt of priuate Warres.
But ceaſe deere Dame to kindle further ſtrife,
Let Strifes haue ende, and Peace enioy their place;
If Peace take place, Pitie may ſaue my life,
For Pitie ſhould be ſhow'ne to ſuch as trace [awry,
Moſt daung'rous wayes, and tread their ſtepp's
Or liue my woes: and ſuch a one am I.
Therefore *My Deere Delight* regard my *Loue*,
Whome *Loue* doth force to follow Fond Deſire,
Which Fond Deſire no counſell can remoue;
For what can counſell doe, to quench the fire
That fires my hart through fancies wanton will?
„ *Fancie by kind with Reaſon ſtriueth ſtill.*

In the firſt and ſecond part of this paſsion, the Author proueth by examples, or rather by manner of argument, *A maiori ad minus*, that he may with good reaſon yeeld him ſelfe to the imperie of *Loue*, whome the gods them ſelues obey; as *Iuppiter* in heauen, *Neptune* in the ſeas, and *Pluto* in hell. In the laſt ſtaffe he imitateth certaine Italian verſes of M. *Girolamo Paraboſco;* which are, as followeth.

Occhi tuoi, anzi ſtelle alme, et fatali, Selua Seconda.
Oue ha preſcritto il ciel mio mal, mio bene:
Mie lagrime, e ſoſpir, mio riſo. e canto;
Mia ſpene, mio timor; mio foco e giaccio;
Mia noia, mio piacer; mia vito e morte.

WHo knoweth not, how often *Venus* ſonne
Hath forced *Iuppiter* to leaue his ſeate?
Or els, how often *Neptune* he hath wunne
From ſeaes to ſandes, to play ſome wanton feate?
Or, howe he hath conſtraind the Lord of *Stix*
To come on earth, to practiſe louing trickes?
If heau'n, if ſeaes, if hell muſt needes obay,
And all therein be ſubiect vnto *Loue;*
What ſhall it then auaile, if I gainſay,
And to my double hurt his pow'r do proue?
No, no, I yeeld my ſelfe, as is but meete:
For hetherto with ſow'r he yeeldes me ſweet.
From out my *Miſtres* eyes, two lightſome ſtarres,
He deſtinates eſtate of double kinde,
My teares, my ſmyling cheere; my peace, my warres;
My ſighes, my ſonges; my feare, my hoping minde;
My fyre, my froſt; my ioy, my ſorrowes gall;
My curſe, my prayſe; my death, but life with all.

This Latine paſsion is borrowed from *Petrarch Sonetto* 133. which beginneth.

Hor, ch'l ciel, e la terra e'l vento tace,
E le fere, e gli angelli il ſonno affrena,
Notte 'l carro ſtellato in giro mena,
E nel ſuo letto il mar ſenz'onda giace; etc.

Wherein he imitated *Virgill*, ſpeaking of *Dido*, thus.

Nox erat, et tacitum carpebant feſſa ſoporem
Corpora etc.

And this Author preſumeth, vpon the paines he hath taken, in faithfully tranſlating it, to place it amongſt theſe his owne paſsions, for a ſigne of his greate ſufferance in loue.

DVm cœlum, dum terra tacet, ventuſque ſileſcit,
Dumque feras, volucreſque quies complectitur alta,
Noxque agit in gyrum ſtellantes ſydere currus,
Inque ſuo lecto recubat ſine flumine Pontus,
Multa ego contemplor; ſtudeo; conflagro; gemiſco
Et, mea quæ dulcis pœna eſt, mihi ſemper oberrat.
In me bella gero plenuſque doloris et iræ,
Paxque mihi modica eſt Lauræ ſolius in vmbra.
Oritur ex vno claro mihi fonte et acerbum,
Et quod dulce ſapit; quorum depaſcor utroque:
Vnica meque manus lædit, læſoque medetur,
Martyriumque meum nullo quia limite clauſum eſt,
Mille neces pacior, vitas totidemque reſumo
Quoque die; ſupereſtque mihi ſpes nulla ſalutis.

A man ſinguler for his learning, and magiſtrate of no ſmall accoumpt, vpon ſlight ſuruey of this booke of paſsions, eyther for the liking he had to the Author, or for his owne priuate pleaſure, or for ſome good he conceyued of the worke, voutchſafed with his own hand to ſet down certaine poſies concerning the ſame: Amongſt which, this was one, *Loue hath no leaden heeles.* Whereat the Author glaunceth throughout al this Sonnet; which he purpoſely compyled at the preſſe, in remembrance of his worthipfull frend, and in honour of his golden poſie.

WHen *Cupid* is content to keepe the ſkies,
He neuer takes delight in ſtanding ſtill,
But too and froe, and eu'ry where he flies,
And eu'ry God ſubdueth at his will,
As if his boaw were like to *Fortunes* wheele,
Him ſelfe like her, hauing no leaden heele.
When other whiles he paſſeth *Lemnos* Ile,
Vnhappy boy he gybes the [1]*Clubfoote Smith*,
Who threatens him, and bids him ſtay a while,
But laughing out he leaues him he forthwith,
And makes him ſelfe companion with the *Winde*
To ſhew, his heeles are of no leaden kinde.
But in my ſelfe I haue too trewe a proofe:
For when he firſt eſpyde my raunging *Heart*,
He *Falcon* like came ſowſing from aloofe,
His ſwiftly falling ſtroake encreaſt my ſmart:
As yet my *Heart* the violence it feeles,
Which makes me ſay, *Loue hath no leaden heeles.*

[1] Vulcan.

The Author hath wrought this paſsion out of certaine verſes of *Stephanus Forcatulus*, which are theſe.

Cor mihi punxit amor, ſed punxit præpete telo ;
figitur hoc tum plus, cum magis excutio. etc.
Carpere dictamum Cretæa nil iuuet Ida,
quo vellunt cerui ſpicula fixa leues.
Telephus hæc eadem fatalia vulnera ſenſit,
ſanare vt tantum, qui facit illa, queat.

And whereas the Author in the end of this paſsion, alludeth to the woundes of *Telephus*, he is to be vnderſtoode of that *Telephus*, the Sonne of *Hercules*, of whoſe wounde, being made and healed by *Achilles* onely, *Ouid* writeth thus.

Vulnus Achillæo quod quondam fecerat hoſti,
Vulneris auxilium Pelias haſta tulit

De remed. lib. 1.

And Propertius in like manner lib. 2.

Myſus et Hæmonia iuuenis qui cuſpide vulnus
Senſerat, hac ipſa cuſpide ſenſit opem.

Suidas mentioneth an other *Telephus*, an excellent Grammarian of Pergamus.

IN ſecrete ſeate and centre of my hearte,
Vnwares to me, not once ſuſpecting ill,
Blinde *Cupides* hand hath fixt a deadly dart,
Whereat how ere I plucke, it ſticketh ſtill,
And workes effect like thoſe of *Arab* ſoyle,
Whoſe heades are dipt in poyſon ſteed of oyle.
If 't were like thoſe, wherewith in *Ida* plaine
The *Crætan* hunter woundes the chaſed deere,
I could with *Dictame* drawe it out againe,
And cure me ſo, that ſkarre ſhould ſcarce appeare:
[1] Or if *Alcides* ſhaft did make me bleed,
Machaons art would ſtand me in ſome ſteede.
But being, as it is, I muſt compare
With fatall woundes of *Telephus* alone,
And ſay, that he, whoſe hand hath wrought my care,
Muſt eyther cure my fatall wounde, or none:
Helpe therefore gentle *Loue* to eaſe my heart,
Whoſe paines encreaſe, till thou withdraw thy dart.

[1] He alludeth to the wound of *Philoctetes*.

In the firſt ſtaffe of this Paſſion, The Authour as one more then halfe drowping with deſpaire, forrowfully recounteth ſome particular cauſes of his vnhappineſſe in Loue. In the reſidue, he entreateth a better aſpecte of the Planets, to the end, that either his life may bee inclined to a more happie courſe, or his death be haſtned, to end all his miſery at once.

MY ioyes are donne, my comfort quite diſmay'd,
My weary wittes bewitch't with wanton will,
My will by *Fancies* heedeles faulte betrayd,
Whoſe eyes on *Beauties* face are fixed ſtill,
And whoſe conceyte *Folly* hath clouded ſoe,
That Loue concludes, *my heart muſt liue in woe.*
But change aſpect ye angry ſtarres aboue,
And powrs diuine reſtore my liberty,
Or graunte that ſoone I may enioye my *Loue*,
Before my life incurre more miſery:
For nowe ſo hotte is each aſſault I feele
As would diſſolue a heart more harde then ſteele.
Or if you needes muſt worke my deadly ſmart,
Performe your charge by haſting on my death
In ſight of her, whoſe eyes enthrall my heart:
Both life and death to her I doe bequeath,
In hope at laſt, ſhe will voutſafe to ſay,
I rewe his death, whoſe life I made away.

In this paſsion the Authour ſome what a farre off imitateth an Ode in *Gervaſius Sepinus* written to *Cupid*, where hee beginneth thus :

Quid tenelle puer, Pharetra vbinam eſt ?
Vbi arcus referens acuta Lunæ
Bina cornua ? vbi flagrans Amoris
fax ? vbi igneus ille arcus, in quo
De ipſis Cœlicolis, viriſque victis
Vinctiſque ante ingum aureus triumphas ?
Haud poſſent tua ſumma numina vnam,
Vnam vincere Virginem tenellam ?
Qui fortes animos pudicæ Eliſæ
Fortioribus irrigans venenis
Viciſti : etc.

Erotopægn. con. lib. 1.

CVpid, where is thy golden quiuer nowe ?
Where is thy ſturdy Bowe ? and where the fire,
Which made ere this the *Gods* themſelues to bow?
Shall ſhe alone, which forceth my *Deſire*,
Report or thinke thy Godhead is ſo ſmall,
That ſhe through pride can ſcape from being [thrall?
Whilom thou ouercam'ſt the ſtately minde
Of chaſt *Eliſa queene* of *Carthage* land,
And did'ſt conſtraine *Paſiphae* gainſt her kind,
And broughteſt *Europa* faire to *Creta ſande*,
Quite through the ſwelling Seas, to pleaſure *Ioue*,
Whoſe heau'nly heart was touch't with mortall loue.
Thus wert thou wunt to ſhewe thy force and flight,
By conqu'ring thoſe that were of higheſt race,
Where nowe it ſeemes thou changeſt thy delight,
Permitting ſtill, to thy no ſmall diſgrace,
A virgin to deſpiſe thy ſelfe, and me,
Whoſe heart is hers, where ere my body be.

The Authour writeth this Sonnet vnto his very ſriend, in excuſe of his late change of ſtudy, manners, and delights, all happening through the default of *Loue.* And here by examples he proueth vnto him, (calling him by the name of *Titus*, as if him ſelſe were *Gyſippus*) that Loue not onely worketh alteration in the mindes of men, but alſo in the very Gods them ſelues; and that ſo farre forth, as firſt to drawe them from their Celeſtiall ſeates and funcſtions, and then to enſnare them with the vnſeemely deſire of mortall creatures, a Paſsion ill befitting the maieſty of their Godheads.

ALas deere *Titus* mine, my auncient frend,
What makes thee muſe at this my preſent plight,
To ſee my woonted ioyes enioy their end
And how my Muſe hath loſt her old delight?
„ *This is the leaſt effect of Cupids dart,*
„ To *change the minde by wounding of* the heart.
Alcides fell in loue as I haue done,
And layd aſide both club and Lions ſkinne:
Achilles too when he faire *Bryſes* wunne,
To fall from warres to wooing did beginne.
Nay, if thou liſt, ſuruey the heau'ns aboue,
And ſee how *Gods* them ſelues are chang'd by *Loue.*
Ioue ſteales from ſkies to lye by *Lædaes* ſide;
Arcas deſcendes for faire *Aglaurus* ſake,
And *Sol*, ſo ſoone as *Daphne* is eſpied,
To followe her his Chariot doth forſake:
No meruaile then although I change my minde,
Which am in loue with one of heau'nly kinde.

In this Sonnet The Authour ſeemeth to ſpecifie, that his Beloued maketh her aboade in this our beautifull and faire Citty of London; ſituate vpon the ſide of the Themſe, called in latine *Thameſis*. And therefore, whilſt he faineth, that *Thameſis* is honourably to be conueyed hence by all the Gods, towardes the Palace of old *Nereus*, he ſeemeth to growe into ſome iealoſie of his miſtres, whoſe beautie if it were as well known to them, as it is to him, it would (as he faith) both deſerue more to be honoured by them, and pleaſe *Tryton* much better, then *Thameſis*, although ſhe be the faireſt daughter of old *Oceanus*.

OCeanus not long agoe decreed
To wedd his deareſt daughter *Thameſis*
To *Tryton Neptunes* ſonne, and that with ſpeede:
When *Neptune* ſawe the match was not amiſſe,
Hee prayde the Gods from higheſt to the leaſt,
With him to celebrate the Nuptiall feaſt.
Loue did deſcend with all his heau'nly trayne,
And came for *Thameſis* to *London* ſide,
In whoſe conduct each one imployd his paine
To reuerence the ſtate of ſuch a *Bride*:
But whilſt I ſawe her led to *Nereus* Hall,
My iealous heart begann to throbb withall.
I doubted I, leſt any of that crewe,
In fetching *Thameſis*, ſhou[l]d ſee my *Loue*,
Whoſe tiſing face is of more liuely hewe,
Then any *Saintes* in earth, or heau'n aboue:
Beſides, I fear'd, that *Tryton* would deſire
My *Loue*, and let his *Thameſis* retyre.

Here the Author, by faining a quarrell betwixt *Loue* and his *Heart*, vnder a ſhadow expreſſeth the tyrannie of the one, and the miſerie of the other: to ſturre vp a iuſt hatred of the ones iniuſtice, and cauſe due compaſsion of the others vnhappines. But as he accuſeth *Loue* for his readines to hurt, where he may; ſo he not excuſeth his *Heart*, for deſiring a faire impriſonment, when he neded not: thereby ſpecifying in *Loue* a wilfull malice, in his *Heart* a heedleſſe follie.

I Rue to thinke vpon the diſmall day
When *Cupid* firſt proclamed open warre
Againſt my *Hearte*; which fledde without delay,
But when he thought from *Loue* to be moſt farre,
The winged boy preuented him by flight,
And led him captiuelyke from all delight.
The time of triumph being ouerpaſt,
He ſcarcely knewe where to beſtowe the ſpoile,
Till through my heedleſſe *Heartes* deſire, at laſt,
He lockt him vp in *Tower* of endleſſe toyle,
Within her breſt, whoſe hardned wil doth vexe
Her ſilly gheſt ſofter then liquid wex.
This priſon at the firſt did pleaſe him well,
And ſeem'd to be ſome earthly *Paradiſe*,
Where now (alas) *Experience* doth tell,
That *Beawties* bates can make the ſimple wiſe,
And biddes him blame the bird, that willingly
Choaſeth a golden cage for liberty.

The Author in this paſsion, vpon a reaſon ſecret vnto him ſelfe, extolleth his Miſtres vnder the name of a Spring. Firſt he preferreth the ſame before the ſacred fount of *Diana*, which (as *Ouid* witneſseth 3. *Metam*:) was in the valley *Gargaphie*, adioyning to *Thœbes*: then, before *Tagus* the famous riuer in *Spaine*, whoſe ſandes are intermixt with ſtoare of gold, as may be gathered by thoſe two verſes in *Martiall lib.* 8.

Non illi ſatis eſt turbato ſordidus auro
Hermus, et Heſperio qui ſonat orbe Tagus.

And laſtly, before *Hippocrene*, a fountaine of *Bœotia*, now called the well of the *Muſes*, and fained by the *Poëts*, to haue had his ſource or beginning from the heele of *Pegaſus* the winged horſe.

ALthough the droppes, which chaung'd *Actæons*
Were halfe diuine, and from a ſacred fount; [ſhape,
Though after *Tagus* ſandes the world do gape;
And *Hippocrene* ſtand in high account:
Yet ther's a *Spring*, whoſe vertue doth excell
Dianaes fount, *Tagus*, and *Pegaſe* well.
That happie how'r, wherein I found it furſt.
And ſat me downe adioyning to the brinke,
My ſowe it ſelfe, ſuppriſ'd with vnknow'n thurſt,
Did wiſh it lawfull were thereof to drinke;
But all in vaine: for *Loue* did will me ſtay
And waite a while in hope of ſuch a pray.
This is that *Spring* quoth he, where *Nectar* flowes,
Whoſe liquor is of price in heaun's aboue;
This is the *Spring*, wherein ſweet *Venus* ſhowes,
By ſecrete baite how *Beautie* forceth *Loue*.
Why then, quoth I, deere *Loue* how ſhall I mend,
Or quench my thurſt, vnleſſe thou ſtand my frend?

In this paſsion the Authour boroweth from certaine Latine verſes of his owne, made long agoe vpon the loue abuſes of *Iuppiter* in a certaine peece of worke written in the commendation of women kinde; which he hath not yet wholie perfected to the print. Some of the verſes may be thus cited to the explaining of this paſsion, although but lamelie.

Accipe vt ignaram candentis imagine Tauri
Luſerit Europam ficta etc.
Quàm nimio Semelen fuerit complexus amore. etc.
Qualis et Aſterien aquilinis preſſerit alis:
Quoque dolo Lædam ficto ſub olore fefellit.
Adde quòd Antiopam Satyri ſub imagine etc.
Et fuit Amphytrio, cum te Tirynthia etc.
Æginæque duos ignis ſub imagine natos etc.
Parrhaſiam fictæ pharetra Vultuque Dianæ,
Mnemoſynen paſtor; ſerpens Deoïda luſit. etc.

Ouid writeth ſomewhat in like manner. Metam. *lib.* 6.

NOt ſhe, whom *Ioue* tranſported into *Crete*;
Nor *Semele*, to whom he vow'd in haſt;
Nor ſhe, whoſe flanckes he fild with fayned heate;
Nor whome with *Ægles* winges he oft embraſt;
Nor *Danaë*, beguyl'd by golden rape;
Nor ſhe, for whome he tooke *Dianaes* ſhape;
Nor faire *Antiopa*, whoſe fruitefull loue
He gavned *Satyr* like; nor ſhe, whoſe Sonne
To wanton *Hebe* was conioyn'd aboue;
Nor ſweete *Mnemoſyne*, whoſe loue he wunne
In ſhepheardes weede; no ſuch are like the *Saint*,
Whoſe eyes enforce my feeble heart to faint.
And *Ioue* him ſelfe may ſtorme, if ſo he pleaſe,
To heare me thus compare my *Loue* with his:
No forked fire, nor thunder can diſeaſe
This heart of mine, where ſtronger torment is:
But O how this ſurpaſſeth all the reſt,
That ſhe, which hurtes me moſt, I loue her beſt.

In this Sonnet the Author being, as it were, in halfe a madding moode, falleth at variance with *Loue* himſelfe, and blaſphemeth his godheade, as one that can make a greater wounde, then afterwardes he him ſelfe can recure. And the chiefe cauſe that he ſetteth downe, why he is no longer to hope for helpe at *Loues* hande, is this, becauſe he him ſelfe could not remedie the hurt which he ſuſteyned by the loue of faire *Pſyches*.[1]

THou fooliſh God the Author of my griefe,
If *Pſyches* beames could ſet thy heart on fire,
How can I hope, of thee to haue reliefe,
Whoſe minde with mine doth ſuffer like deſire?
Henceforth my heart ſhall ſacrifice elſwhere
To ſuch a *Sainte* as higher porte doth beare.
And ſuch a *Saint* is ſhe, whom I adore,
As foyles thy force, and makes thee ſtand aloofe;
None els, but ſhe, can ſalue my feſtred ſoare;
And ſhe alone will ſerue in my behoofe:
Then blinded boye, goe packe thee hence away,
And thou *Sweet Soule*, giue eare to what I ſay.
And yet what ſhall I ſay? ſtraunge is my caſe,
In mid'ſt of froaſt to burne, and freze in flame:
Would Gods I neuer had beheld thy face,
Or els, that once I might poſſeſſe the ſame:
Or els that chaunce would make me free againe,
Whoſe hand helpt *Loue* to bring me to this paine.

[1] Vide Apul.

The chiefe contentes of this Paſsion are taken out of *Seraphine Sonnet*, 132.

Col tempo paſſa gli anni, i meſi, e l'hore,
Col tempo le richeze, imperio, e regno,
Col tempo fama, honor, fortezza, e ingegno,
Col tempo giouentu con belta more etc.

But this Authour inuerteth the order, which *Seraphine* vſeth, ſome times for his rimes ſake, but for the moſt part, vpon ſome other more allowable conſideration.

TIme waſteth yeeres, and month's, and howr's:
Time doth conſume fame, honour, witt and ſtrength:
Time kills the greeneſt Herbes and ſweeteſt flowr's:
Time weares out youth and beauties lookes at length:
Time doth conuey to ground both foe and friend,
And each thing els but Loue, which hath no end.
Time maketh eu'ry tree to die and rott:
Time turneth ofte our pleaſures into paine:
Time cauſeth warres and wronges to be forgott:
Time cleares the ſkie, which firſt hung full of rayne:
Time makes an end of all humane deſire,
But onely this, which fettes my heart on fire.
Time turneth into naught each Princely ſtate:
Time brings a fludd from newe reſolued ſnowe:
Time calmes the Sea where tempeſt was of late:
Time eates what ere the Moone can ſee belowe:
And yet no time preuailes in my behoue,
Nor any time can make me ceaſe to loue.

This Paſsion concerneth the lowring of his Miſtres and herein for the moſt part the Authour imitateth *Agnola firenzuola*; who vpon the like ſubiect, writeth as followeth,

O belle donne, prendam pietade
Di me pur hor' in talpa traſformato
D'huom, che pur dianza ardiua mirar fiſo
Come Aquila il ſol chiar in paradiſo.
Coſi va'l mondo, e coſi ſpeſſo accade
A chi ſi fida inamoroſo ſtato, etc.

WHat ſcowling cloudes haue ouercaſt the ſkie,
That theſe mine eies can not, as woonte they were,
Beholde their ſecond *Sunne* intentiuely?
Some ſtrange Eclipſe is hap'ned as I feare,
Whereby my *Sunne* is either bard of light,
Or I my ſelfe haue loſt my ſeeing quite.
Moſt likely ſoe, ſince *Loue* him ſelfe is blinde,
And *Venus* too (perhaps) will haue it ſo,
That Louers wanting ſight ſhall followe kinde.
O then faire Dames bewaile my preſent woe,
Which thus am made a moale, and blindefolde runne
Where *Ægle* like I late beheld the *Sunne*.
But out alas, ſuch guerdon is aſſignde
To all that loue and followe *Cupids* carre:
He tyres their limmes and doth bewitch their minde,
And makes within them ſelues a laſting warre.
Reaſon with much adoe doth teach me this,
Though yet I cannot mend what is a miſſe.

The Au[t]hour in this Paſsion ſeemeth vppon miſlike of his wearifome eſtate in loue to enter into a deepe diſcourſe with him ſelfe touching the particular miſeries which befall him that loueth. And for his ſenſe in this place, hee is very like vnto him ſelfe, where in a Theame diducted out of the bowelles of *Antigone* in *Sophocles* (which he lately tranſlated into Latine, and publiſhed in print) he writeth in very like manner as followeth.

Mali quando Cupidinis
Venas æſtus edax occupat intimas,
Artes ingenium labitur in malas;
Iactatur varie, nec Cereris ſubit
Nec Bacchi udium; peruigiles trahit
Noctes; cura animum ſollicita atterit, etc.

And it may appeare by the tenour of this Paſsion that the Authour prepareth him ſelfe to fall from Loue and all his lawes as will well appeare by the ſequell of his other Paſsions that followe, which are all made vpon this Poſie, *My Loue is paſt.*

WHere heate of loue doth once poſſeſſe the heart, „
There *cares* oppreſſe the minde with wondrous ill, „
Wit runns awrye not fearing future ſmarte, „
And fond *deſire* doth ouermaſter will: „
The *belly* neither cares for meate nor drinke, „
Nor ouerwatched *eyes* deſire to winke: „
Footeſteps are falſe, and waur'ing too and froe; „
The brightſome *flow'r of beauty* fades away: „
Reaſon retyres, and *pleaſure* brings in woe: „
And *wifedome* yeldeth place to black *decay*: „
Counſell, and *fame*, and *friendſhip* are contem'nd: „
And baſhfull *ſhame*, and *Gods* them ſelues condem'nd. „
Watchfull *ſuſpect* is linked with *deſpaire*: „
Inconſtant *hope* is often drown'd in *feares*: „
What *folly* hurtes not *fortune* can repayre; „
And *miſery* doth ſwimme in Seas of *teares*: „
Long vſe of *life* is but a lingring foe, „
And gentle *death* is only end of woe. „

MY LOVE IS PAST.

ALL ſuch as are but of indifferent capacitie, and haue ſome ſkill in *Arithmetike*, by viewing this Sonnet following compiled by rule and number, into the forme of a piller, may ſoone iudge, howe much art and ſtudy the Author hath beſtowed in the ſame. Wherein as there are placed many preaty obſeruations, ſo theſe which I will ſet downe, may be marked for the principall, if any man haue ſuch idle leaſure to looke it ouer, as the Authour had, when he
1 framed it. Firſt therfore it is to be noted, that the whole piller (except the baſis or foote thereof) is by relation of either halfe to the other *Antitheticall or*
2 *Antiſillabicall.* Secondly, how this poſie (*Amare eſt infanire*) runneth twyſe through out ye Columne, if ye gather but the firſt letter of euery whole verſe orderly (excepting the two laſt) and then in like manner take but the laſt letter of euery one of the ſaid
3 verſes, as they ſtand. Thirdly is to bee obſerued, that euery verſe, but the two laſt, doth end with the ſame letter it beginneth, and yet through out the whole a true rime is perfectly obſerued, although not after our
4 accuſtomed manner. Fourthly, that the foote of the piller is *Orchematicall*, yat is to ſay, founded by tranſilition or ouer ſkipping of number by rule and order, as from 1 to 3, 5, 7, and 9; the ſecret vertue whereof may be learned in [1] *Trithemius*, as namely by tables of tranſilition to decypher any thing that is written by ſecret tranſpoſition of letters, bee it
5 neuer ſo cunningly conueighed. And laſtly, this obſeruation is not to be neglected, that when all the foreſaide particulars as performed, the whole piller is but iuſt 18 verſes, as will appeare in the page following it, *Per modum expanſionis.*

1 Polygraphiæ suæ, lib. 5.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

A Paſquine Piller erected in the despite of Loue.

1 At
A 2 laſt, though
3 late, farewell
4 olde well a da: A
m 5 Mirth or miſchance ſtrike
a 6 vp a newe alarM, And m
7 *Cypria la nemica*
r 8 *miA* Retire to *Cyprus* Ile, a
e 9 and ceaſe thy waRR, Els muſt thou proue how r
E 10 Reaſon can by charmE Enforce to flight thy e
s 11 blindfolde bratte and thee. So frames it with mee now, E
12 that I confeſS, The life I ledde in *Loue* deuoyde s
I 12 of reſT, It was a Hell, where none felte more than I, t I
n 11 Nor anye with lyke miſeries forlorN. Since n
s a 10 therefore now my woes are wexed leſS, And s
9 Reaſon bidds mee leaue olde welladA, a
n 8 No longer ſhall the worlde laugh mee
i 7 to ſcorN; I'le chooſe a path that n
r 6 ſhall not leade awrie. Reſt i
5 then with mee from your
4 blinde *Cupids* carR r
e. 3 Each one of
2 you, that
1 ſerue,
3 and would be
5 freE. H'is dooble thrall e.
7 that liu's as *Loue* thinks beſt, whoſe
9 nande ſtill Tyrant like to hurte is preſte.[1]

1 Huius Columnae Basis, pro sillabarum numero et linearum proportione est Orchematica.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

Expanſio Columnæ præcedentis.

A	At laſt, though late, farewell olde wellada;	A
m	Mirth for miſchaunce ſtrike vp a newe alarm;	m
a	And *Ciprya la nemica mia*	a
r	Retyre to *Cyprus* Ile and ceaſe thy warr,	r
e	Els muſt thou proue how *Reaſon* can by charme	e
E	Enforce to flight thy blyndfold bratte and thee.	E
s	So frames it with me now, that I confeſſ	s
t	The life I ledde in Loue deuoyd of reſt	t
I	It was a Hell, where none felt more then I,	I
n	Nor any with like miſeries forlorn.	n
s	Since therefore now my woes are wexed leſſ,	s
a	And *Reaſon* bids me leaue olde wellada,	a
n	No longer ſhall the world laugh me to ſcorn:	n
i	I'le chooſe a path that ſhall not leade awri.	i
r	Reſt then with me from your blinde *Cupids* carr	r
e	Each one of you, that ſerue and would be free.	e
„	[1] H'is double thrall that liu's as *Loue* thinks beſt	
„	Whoſe hand ſtill Tyrant like to hurt is preſt,	

[1] Τὸν τοι τύραννον εὐσεβεῖν, οὐ ῥᾴδιον. Sophoc. in Aia. flagell.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Sonnet the Author hath imitated one of *Ronſardes* * *Odes*; which beginneth thus

Les Muſes lierent vn iour
De chaiſnes de roſes Amour,
Et pour le garder, le donnerent
Aus Graces et à la Beautè:
Qui voyans ſa deſloyautè,
Sus Parnaſe l'emprisonnerent. etc.

* *Au liure de ses meslanges.*

THe *Muſes* not long ſince intrapping *Loue*
In chaines of roaſes linked all araye,
Gaue *Beawtie* charge to watch in theire behoue
With *Graces* three, leſt he ſhould wend awaye:
Who fearing yet he would eſcape at laſt,
On high *Parnaſſus* toppe they clapt him faſt.
When *Venus* vnderſtoode her Sonne was thrall,
She made poſthaſte to haue God *Vulcans* ayde,
Solde him her *Gemmes*, and *Ceſton* therewithall,[1]
To ranſome home her Sonne that was betraide;
But all in vaine, the *Muſes* made no ſtoare
Of gold, but bound him faſter then before.
Therefore all you, whom *Loue* did ere abuſe,
Come clappe your handes with me, to ſee him thrall,
Whoſe former deedes no reaſon can excuſe,
For killing thoſe, which hurt him not at all:
My ſelfe by him was lately led awrye,
Though now at laſt I force my loue to dye.

1 Vt Martis reuocetur amor, summique Tonantis,
A te Iuno petat Ceston, et ipsa Venus. Martialis.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in this Sonnet expreſſeth his mallice towardes *Venus* and her Sonne *Cupid*, by currying fauour with *Diana*, and by ſuing to haue the ſelfe ſame office in her walkes and forreſt, which ſometimes her chaſt and beſt beloued *Hippolitus* enioyed. Which *Hippolitus* (as *Seruius* witneſſeth) dyed by the falſe deceipt of his Stepmother *Phædra*, for not yeelding ouer himſelfe vnto her inceſtuous loue: whereuppon *Seneca* writeth thus,

Iuueniſque caſtus crimine inceſta iacet,
Pudicus, inſons.

Diana, ſince *Hippolytus* is deade,
Let me enioy thy fauour, and his place: [ſteade,
My might through will ſhall ſtand thee in ſome
To driue blinde *Loue* and *Venus* from thy chaſe:
For where they lately wrought me mickle woe,
I vow me nowe to be theire mortall foe.
And doe thou not miſtruſt my chaſtetie,
When I ſhall raunge amidſt thy virgine traine:
My raynes are chaſtned ſo through miſerie,
That *Loue* with me can nere preuaile againe:
„ The childe, whoſe finger once hath felt the fire,
„ To playe therewith will haue but ſmale deſire.
Beſides, I vow to beare a watchful eye,
Diſcou'ring ſuch, as paſſe along thy groue;
If *Iuppiter* him ſelfe come loytring by,
Ile call thy crew; and bid them fly from *Ioue*;
For if they ſtay, he will obtaine at laſt,
What now I loathe, becauſe my loue is paſt.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The chiefeſt ſubſtance of this Sonnet is borrowed out of certeine Latin verſes of *Strozza* a noble man of *Italy*, and one of the beſt Poëts in all his age: who in deſcribing Metaphorically to his friend *Antonius* the true forme of his amorous eſtate, writeth thus:

Vnda hic ſunt Lachrimæ, Venti ſuſpiriæ, Remi
Vota, Error velum, Mens maleſana Ratis;
Spes Temo, Curæ Comites, Conſtantia Amoris
Eſt malus, Dolor eſt Anchora, Nauita Amor, etc.

THe ſouldiar worne with warres, delightes in peace;
The pilgrime in his eaſe, when toyles are paſt;
The ſhip to gayne the porte, when ſtormes doe ceaſe;
And I reioyce, from Loue diſcharg'd at laſt;
Whome while I ſeru'd, peace, reſt, and land I loſt,
With grieuſome wars, with toyles, with ſtorms betoſt.
Sweete *liberty* nowe giues me leaue to ſing,
What worlde it was, where *Loue* the rule did beare;
Howe fooliſh *Chaunce* by lottes rul'd euery thing;
Howe *Error* was *maine ſaile*, each *waue* a *Teare*; ,,
The *maſter*, Loue him ſelfe; deep *ſighes* were *winde*; ,,
Cares rowd with *vowes* the ſhip *vnmery minde.* ,,
Falſe hope as *healme* oft turn'd the boat about; ,,
Inconſtant faith ſtood vp for *middle maſte* ,,
Deſpaire the *cable* twiſted all with *Doubt* ,,
Held *Griping Griefe* the pyked *Anchor* faſt; ,,
Beautie was all the *rockes*. But I at laſt, ,,
Am now twiſe free, and all my loue is paſt, ,,

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The ſenſe of this Sonnet is for the moſt part taken out of a letter, which *Æneas Syluius* wrote vnto his friend, to perſuade him, that albeit he lately had publiſhed the wanton loue of *Lucretia* and *Euryalus*, yet hee liked nothing leſſe then ſuch *fond Loue*; and that he nowe repented him of his owne labour ouer idlely beſtowed in deſcribing the ſame.

SWeete *liberty* reſtores my woonted ioy,
And bids me tell, how painters ſet to viewe
The forme of *Loue.* They painte him but a *Boy*,
As working moſt in mindes of youthfull crewe:
They ſet him *naked* all, as wanting ſhame
To keepe his ſecret partes or t'hide the ſame.
They paint him blinde in that he cannot ſpy
What diffrence is twixt vertue and default.
With *Boe in hand*, as one that doth defie,
And cumber heedeleſſe heartes with fierce aſſault:
His other hand doth hold a *brand of fire*,
In ſigne of heate he makes through hot deſire.
They giue him *winges* to flie from place to place,
To note that all are wau'ring like the winde,
Whoſe liberty fond *Loue* doth once deface.
This forme to *Loue* old paynters haue aſſignd:
Whoſe fond effects if any liſt to proue,
Where I make end, let them begin to *Loue*.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in the firſte ſtaffe of this Sonnet, expreſſeth how Loue firſt went beyond him, by perſuading him that all was golde which gliſtered. In the ſecond, hee telleth, how time broughte hym to trueth, and Trueth to Reaſon: by whoſe good counſell he found the way from worſe to better, and did ouergoe the malice of blinde Fortune. In the third ſtaffe, he craueth pardon at euery man for the offences of his youth; and to Loue, the onely cauſe of his long errour, hee geueth his *vltimum vale*.

YOuth made a fault through lightnes of Beleefe,
Which fond Beleefe *Loue* placed in my breſt:
„ But now I finde, that Reaſon giues reliefe; [beſt;
„ And time ſhewes Trueth, and Wit, thats bought, is
Muſe not therefore although I chaunge my vaine,
„ He runnes too farre which neuer turnes againe.
Henceforth my mind ſhall haue a watchfull eye,
Ile ſcorne *Fond Loue*, and practiſe of the ſame:
The wiſedome of my hart ſhall ſoone deſcrie
Each thing thats good, from what deſerueth blame:
My ſong ſhalbe; *Fortune* hath ſpitte her ſpight,
And *Loue* can hurt no more withall his might.
Therefore all you, to whome my courſe is knowne,
Thinke better comes, and pardon what is paſt:
I finde that all my wildeſt Oates are ſowne,
And Ioy to ſee, what now I ſee at laſt;
And ſince that *Loue* was cauſe I trode a wry,
I heere take off his Bels, and let him flie.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

This whole Sonnet is nothing els but a briefe and pithy morall, and made after the ſelfe ſame vaine with that, which is laſt before it. The two firſt ſtaffes, (excepting onely the two firſt verſes of all) expreſſe the Authours alteration of minde and life, and his change from his late vaine eſtate and follies in loue, by a metaphore of the ſhipman, which by ſhipwrakes chaunce is happely reſtoared on a ſodeine vnto that land, which he a long time had moſt wiſhed for.

I Long maintayned warre gainſt *Reaſons* rule,
I wandred pilgrime like in *Errors* maze,
I ſat in *Follies* ſhip, and playde the foole,
Till on *Repentance* rocke hir ſides did craze:
Herewith I learne by hurtes alreadie paſt,
„ That each extreme will change it ſelfe at laſt.
This ſhipwrackes chance hath ſet me on a ſhelfe,
Where neither *Loue* can hurte me any more,
Nor *Fortunes* hand, though ſhe enforce her ſelfe;
Diſcretion graunts to ſet me ſafe on ſhoare,
Where *guile* is fettred faſt and *wiſedome* rules,
To puniſh *heedeles* hearts and *wilfull fooles*,
And ſince the heau'ns haue better lot aſſign'd,
I feare to burne, as hauing felte the fire;
And proofe of harmes ſo changed hath my minde,
That witt and will to *Reaſon* doe retyre:
Not *Venus* nowe, nor *Loue* with all his ſnares
Can drawe my witts to woes at vnawares.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The two firſt ſtaffes of this Sonnet are altogether ſententiall, and euerie one verſe of them is grownded vpon a diuerſe reaſon and authoritie from the reſt. I haue thought good for breuitie ſake, onelie to ſet downe here the authorities, with figures, whereby to applie euerie one of them to his due lyne in order as they ſtand. 1. Hieronimus: *In delicijs difficile eſt ſeruare caſtitatem.* 2. Auſonius: *diſpulit inconſultus amor etc.* 3. Seneca: *Amor eſt ocioſæ cauſa ſollicitudinis.* 4. Propertius: *Errat, qui finem veſani quærit amoris.* 5. Horatius: *Semper ardentes acuens ſagittas.* 6 Xenophon *ſcribit amorem eſſe igne, et flamma flagrantiorem, quòd ignis vrat tangentes, et proxima tantum cremet, amor ex longinquo ſpectante torreat.* 7. Calenti: *Plurima Zelotipo ſunt in amore mala.* 8 Ouidius: *Inferet arma tibi ſæua rebellis amor.* 9. Pontanus: *Si vacuum ſineret perfidioſus amor.* 10. Marullus: *Quid tantum lachrimis meis proterue Inſultas puer?* 11. Tibullus: *At laſciuis amor rixæ mala verba miniſtrat.* 12. Virgilius: *Bellum ſæpe petit ferus exitiale Cupido.*

„ *Loue* hath delight in ſweete delicious fare; 1
„ *Loue* neuer takes good *Counſell* for his frende; 2
„ *Loue* author is, and cauſe of ydle care; 3
„ *Loue* is diſtraught of witte, and hath no end; 4
„ *Loue* ſhoteth ſhaftes of burning hote deſire; 5
„ *Loue* burneth more then eyther flame or fire; 6
„ *Loue* doth much harme through *Iealoſies* aſſault; 7
„ *Loue* once embraſt will hardly part againe; 8
„ *Loue* thinkes in breach of faith there is no fault; 9
„ *Loue* makes a ſporte of others deadly paine; 10
„ *Loue* is a wanton *Childe*, and loues to brall. 11
„ *Loue* with his warre bringes many foules to thrall. 12

Theſe are the ſmalleſt faultes that lurke in *Loue*,
Theſe are the hurtes which I haue cauſe to curſe,
Theſe are thoſe truethes which no man can diſproue,
Theſe are ſuch harmes as none can ſuffer worſe.
All this I write, that others may beware,
Though now my ſelfe twiſe free from all ſuch care.

1 *Hierom.* 2 *Auson.* 3 *Seneca.* 10 *Marull.* 11 *Tibull.*
4 *Propert.* 5 *Horat.* 6 *Xenoph.* 12 *Virgil. de Vino et Venere.*
7 *Calent.* 8 *Ouid.* 9 *Pont.*

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Latine paſsion, the Authour tranſlateth, as it were, paraphraſtically the Sonnet of *Petrarch*, which beginneth thus.

Tennemi Amor anni vent' vno ardendo, *Sonnet.* 313.
Lieto nel foco, e nel duol pien di ſpeme, etc.

But to make it ſerue his owne turne, he varieth from *Petrarches* wordes, where he declareth, howe manie yeares he liued in loue, as well before, as ſince the death of his beloued *Lawra*. Vnder which name alſo the Authour, in this Sonnet, ſpecifieth her, whom he lately loued.

ME ſibi ter binos annos vnumque ſubegit
Diuus Amor; lætuſque fui, licet ignibus arſi;
Spemque habui certam, curis licèt ictus acerbis.
Iamque duos alios exutus amore perêgi,
Ac ſi ſydereos mea Laura volârit in orbes,
Duxerit et ſecum veteris penetralia cordis.
Pertæſum tandem vitæ me pœnitet actæ,
Et pudet erroris pene abſumpſiſſe ſub vmbra.
Semina virtutum. Sed quæ pars vltima reſtat,
Supplice mente tibi tandem, Deus alte, repono,
Et malè tranſactæ deploro tempora vitæ,
Cuius agendus erat meliori tramite curſus,
Litis in arcendæ ſtudijs, et pace colendæ.
Ergò ſumme Deus, per quem ſum clauſus in iſto
Carcere. ab æterno ſalutum fac eſſe periclo.

In the latter part of this Sonnet the Authour imitateth thoſe verſes of *Horace.*

Me tabula ſacer
Votiua paries indicat vuida Ad Pyrrham
Suſpendiſſe potenti ode. 5.
Veſtimenta maris Deo.

Whom alſo that renowned *Florentine M. Agnolo Firenzuola* did imitate long agoe, both in like manner and matter, as followeth.

O miſeri coloro,
Che non prouar di donna ſdee mai:
Il pericol, ch'io corſi
Nel tempeſtoſo mar, nella procella
Del lor crudel Amore
Moſtrar lo può la tauoletta poſta
E le veſti ancor molli
Soſpeſe al tempio del horrendo Dio
Di queſto mar crudele.

YE captiue ſoules of blindefold *Cyprians* boate
Marke with aduiſe in what eſtate yee ſtande,
Your *Boteman* neuer whiſtles mearie noate,
And *Folly* keeping ſterne, ſtill puttes from lande,
And makes a ſport to toſſe you to and froe
Twixt *ſighing windes*, and ſurging *waues of woe.*
On *Beawties* rocke ſhe runnes you at her will,
And holdes you in ſuſpenſe twixt *hope* and *feare*,
Where dying oft, yet are you liuing ſtill,
But ſuch a life, as death much better were;
Be therefore circumſpect, and follow me,
When *Chaunce*, or *chaunge of maners* ſets you free.
Beware how you returne to ſeas againe:
Hang vp your votiue tables in the quyre
Of *Cupids* Church, in witneſſe of the paine
You ſuffer now by *forced fond deſire*:
Then, hang your throughwett garmentes on the wall,
And ſing with me, *That Loue is mixt with gall.*

MY LOVE IS PAST.

Here the Author by comparing the tyrannous delightes and deedes of blinde *Cupid* with the honeſt delightes and deedes of other his fellow Goddeſſes and Gods, doth bleſſe the time and howre that euer he forſooke to follow him; whom he confeſſeth to haue bene greate and forcible in his doings, though but litle of ſtature, and in apparence weakelie. Of all the names here mentioned, *Hebe* is ſeldomeſt redde, wherfore know they which know it not alreadie, that *Hebe* (as *Seruius* writeth) is *Iunoes* daughter, hauing no father, and now wife to *Hercules*, and Goddeſſe of youth, and youthlie ſporting. and was cupbearer to *Ioue*, till ſhe fell in the preſence of all the Goddes, ſo vnhappelie, that they ſawe her priuities, whereupon *Ioue* being angry, ſubſtituted *Ganimedes* into her office and place.

Phebus delightes to view his *Lawrel Tree*;
The *Popplar* pleaſeth *Hercules* alone;
Meliſſa mother is, and fautrix to the *Bee*,
Pallas will weare the *Oliue* branche or none;
Of ſhepheardes and theire flocke *Pales* is Quene;
And *Ceres* rypes the corne, was lately greene;
To *Chloris* eu'ry flower belonges of right;
The *Dryade Nimphs* of woodes make chiefe accoumpt;
Oreades in hills haue theire delight;
Diana doth protect each bubblinge *Fount*;
To *Hebe* louely kiſſing is aſign'd;
To *Zephire* eu'ry gentle breathing winde.
But what is *Loues* delight? to hurt each where;
,, He cares not whome, with dartes of deepe deſire;
,, With watchfull iealoſie, with hope, with feare,
,, With nipping cold, and ſecrete flames of fire.
O happye howre wherein I did forgoe
This litle God, ſo greate a cauſe of woe.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In the firſt and ſixt line of this Paſsion the Authour alludeth to two ſentencious verſes in *Sophocles*; whereof the firſt is,

ὦ μῶρε, θυμὸς δ' ἐν κακοῖς οὐ ζύμφορον,[1]
O foole, in euills fretting nought auailes.

The ſecond

τὸ γαρ,
φανθὲν τὶς ἂν δύναιτ' ἀγέννητον ποιεῖν.[2]
For who can make vndon what once is done?

In the other two ſtaffes following, the Authour purſueth on his matter, beginning and ending euery line with the ſelfe ſame ſillable he vſed in the firſt: wherein hee imitateth ſome Italian Poets, who more to trie their witts, [t]hen for any other conceite, haue written after the like manner.

MY loue is paſt, woe woorth the day and *how'r*
When to ſuch folly firſt I did *encline*,
Whereof the very thought is bitter *fow'r*,
And ſtill would hurte, were not my ſoule *diuine*,
Or did not *Reaſon* teach, that care is *vaine*
For ill once paſt, which cannot turne *againe*.
My Loue is paſt, bleſſed the day and *how'r*.
When from ſo fond eſtate I did *decline*,
Wherein was little ſweet with mickle *fow'r*,
And loſſe of minde, whoſe ſubſtance is *diuine*,
Or at the leſt, expence of time in *vaine*,
For which expence no *Loue* returneth *gaine*.
My Loue is paſt, wherein was no *good how'r*:
When others ioy'd, to cares I did *encline*,
Whereon I fedde, although the taſte were *fow'r*,
And ſtill beleu'd *Loue* was ſome pow'r *diuine*,
Or ſome inſtinct, which could not worke in *vaine*,
Forgetting, Time well ſpent was double gaine.

1 In Oedipo-Colonæ. 2 In Trachiniis.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Paſsion the Authour hath but augmented the inuention of *Seraphine*, where he write[t]h in this manner.

Biaſtemo quando mai le labbra aperſi
Per dar nome à coſtei, che acciò me induce.
Biaſtemo il tempo, e quanti giorni hò perſi
A ſeguitar ſi tenebroſa luce:
Biaſtemo charta, inchioſtro, e verſi,
Et quanto Amor per me fama gliaduce;
Biaſtemo quando mai la vidi anchora,
El meſe, l'anno, e giorno, el punto, e lhora.

I Curſe the time, wherein theſe lips of mine [kinde:
Did praye or praiſe the *Dame* that was vn-
I curſe both leafe, and ynke, and euery line
My hand hath writ, in hope to moue her minde:
I curſe her hollowe heart and flattring eyes,
Whoſe ſlie deceyte did cauſe my mourning cryes:
I curſe the ſugred ſpeach and *Syrens* ſong,
Wherewith ſo oft ſhe hath bewitcht mine eare:
I curſe my fooliſh will, that ſtay'd ſo long,
And tooke delight to bide twixte hoape and feare:
I curſe the howre, wherein I firſt began
By louing lookes to proue a witleſſe man:
I curſe thoſe dayes which I haue ſpent in vaine,
By ſeruing ſuch an one as reakes no right:
I curſe each cauſe of all my ſecret paine,
Though *Loue* to heare the ſame haue ſmall delight:
And ſince the heau'ns my freedome now reſtore,
Hence foorth Ile liue at eaſe, and loue no more.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

A Labyrinth is a place made full of turnings and creekes, where hence, he that is once gotten in, can hardly get out againe. Of this forte [1] *Pliny* mentioneth foure in the world, which were moſt noble. One in *Crete* made by *Dædalus*, at the commaundement of king *Minos*, to ſhut vp the *Minotaure* in: to which monſter the *Atheniens* by league were bound, euery yeere to ſend ſeuen of their children, to bee deuoured; which was perfourmed, till at the laſt, by the helpe of *Ariadne*, *Theſeus* ſlewe the monſter. An other he mentioneth to haue beene in *Ægipt*, which alſo *Pomponius Mela* deſcribeth in his firſt booke. The third in *Lemnos*, wherein were erected a hundreth and fifty pillers of ſinguler workmanſhip. The fourth in *Italy*, builded by *Porſenna* king of *Hetruria*, to ſerue for his ſepulchre. But in this Paſsion the Authour alludeth vnto that of *Crete* only,

THough ſomewhat late, at laſt I found the way
To leaue the doubtfull Labyrinth of *Loue*,
Wherein (alas) each minute ſeemd a day:
Him ſelfe was *Minotaure*; whoſe force to proue
I was enforſt, till *Reaſon* taught my mind
To ſlay the beaſt, and leaue him there behind.
But being ſcaped thus from out his maze,
And paſt the dang'rous Denne ſo full of doubt,
Falſe Theſeus like, my credite ſhall I craze,
Forſaking her, whoſe hand did helpe me out?
With *Ariadne Reaſon* ſhall not ſay,
I *ſau'd his life, and yet he runnes away.*
No, no, before I leaue the golden rule,
Or lawes of her, that ſtoode ſo much my friend,
Or once againe will play the louing foole,
The ſky ſhall fall, and all ſhall haue an end:
I wiſh as much to you that louers be,
Whoſe paines will paſſe, if you beware by me.

[1] Lib 36. ca. 13.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

In this Paſsion, the Authour in ſkoffing bitterly at *Venus*, and her ſonne *Cupid*, alludeth vnto certaine verſes in *Ouid*, but inuerteth them to an other ſenſe, then *Ouid* vſed, who wrote them vpon the death of *Tibullus*. Theſe are the verſes, which he imitateth,

Ecce puer Veneris fert euerſamque pharetram,
Et fractos arcus, et ſine luce facem. Elegiar. lib. 1[x].
A[d]ſpice demiſsis vt eat miſerabilis alis,
Pectoraque infeſta tondat aperta manu. etc.
Nec minus eſt confuſa Venus. etc.
Quàm iuuenis rupit cum ſerus inguen aper.

WHat ayles poore *Venus* nowe to ſit alone
In funerall attyre, her woonted hew [to moan:
Quite chang'd, her ſmile to teares, her myrth
As though *Adonis* woundes now bled anew,
Or ſhe with young *Iulus* late return'd
From ſeeing her *Æneas* carkas burn'd.
Alack for woe, what ayles her little Boy,
To haue his tender cheekes beſprent with teares,
And ſit and ſighe, where he was wonte to toy?
How happes, no longer he his quiuer weares,
But breakes his Boe, throwing the ſhiuers by,
And pluckes his winges, and lettes his fyrebrand dye?
No, *Dame* and *Darling* too, yee come to late,
To winne me now, as you haue done tofore:
I liue ſecure, and quiet in eſtate,
Fully reſolu'd from louing any more:
Goe pack for ſhame from hence to *Cyprus Ile*,
And there goe play your prankes an other while.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour in this paſsion alludeth to the fable of *Phineus* which is ſette down at large in the *Argonautick*s of *Apollonius*, and *Valerius Flaccus*. He compareth him ſelfe vnto *Phineus*; his Miſtres vnto the *Harpyes*; and his thoughtes vnto *Zethes*, and his deſires vnto *Calais*, the two twinnes of *Boreas*; and the voyce of *Ne plus vltra* ſpoaken from Heauen to *Calais* and *Zethes*, vnto the *Diuine grace*, which willed him to follow no further the miſeries of a Louers eſtate, but to profeſſe vnfainedlie, that his Loue is paſt. And, laſt of all, the Author concludeth againſt the ſower ſawce of *Louc* with the French prouerbe: *Pour vn plaiſir mille douleurs.*

THe *Harpye* birdes, that did in ſuch deſpight
Greiue and annoy old *Phinëus* ſo ſore,
Where chaſ'd away by *Calais* in flight
And by his brother *Zeth* for euermore;
Who follow'd them, vntill they hard on hye
A voyce, that ſaid, *Ye Twinnes No* further *fly*.
Phineus I am, that ſo tormented was;
My *Laura* here I may an *Harpye* name;
My thoughtes and luſtes bee Sonnes to *Borëas*,
Which neuer cea'ſt in following my *Dame*,
Till heau'nly *Grace* ſaid vnto me at laſt,
Leaue fond *Delightes*, and ſay thy loue is paſt.
My loue is paſt I ſay, and ſing full glad;
My time, alas, miſpent in Loue I rewe,
Wherein few ioyes, or none at all I had,
But ſtoare of woes: I found the prouerbe true,
For eu'ry pleaſure that in *Loue* is found,
A thouſand woes and more therein abound.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Author in this paſsion, telling what *Loue* is, eaſeth his heart, as it were, by rayling out right, where he can worke no other manner of reuenge. The inuention hereof, for the moſt part of the particulars conteyned, is taken out of certeine Latine verſes, which this Authour compoſed vpon *Quid Amor*. Which becauſe they may well importe a paſsion of the writer, and aptly befitte the preſent title of his ouerpaſſed *Loue*, he ſetteth them downe in this next page following, but not as accomptable for one of the hundreth paſſions of this booke.

HArke wanton youthes, whome *Beawtie* maketh blinde,
And learne of me, what kinde a thing is *Loue*;
Loue is a *Braineſicke Boy*, and fierce by kinde;
A *Willfull Thought*, which Reaſon can not moue;
A *Flattring Sycophant*; a *Murd'ring Thiefe*;
A *Poyſned choaking Bayte*; a *Tyſing Griefe*;
A *Tyrant* in his Lawes; in ſpeach vntrue;
A *Blindfold Guide*; a *Feather* in the winde;
A right [1]*Chameleon* for change of hewe;
A *Lamelimme Luſt*; a *Tempeſt* of the minde;
A *Breach of Chaſtitie*; all vertues *Foe*;
A *Priuate warre*; a *Toilſome webbe* of woe;
A *Fearefull Iealoſie*; a *Vaine Deſire*;
A *Labryrinth*; a *Pleaſing Miſerie*;
A *Shipwracke* of mans life; a *Smoakleſſe fire*;
A *Sea* of teares; a *laſting Lunacie*;
A *Heauie ſeruitude*; a *Dropſie Thurſt*;
A *Helliſh Gaile*, whoſe captiues are accurſt.

1 Vide Plin natura Hist. lib. 28, cap. 8.

Quid Amor?

Quid sit amor, qualisque, cupis me scire magistro?
Est Veneris proles: cœlo metuendus, et Orco;
Et leuior ventis; et fulminis ocyor alis;
Peruigil excubitor; fallax comes; inuidus hospes;
Armatus puer; infanus iuuenis; nouitatis
Quæsitor, belli fautor; virtuti inimicus;
Splendidus ore, nocens promisso; lege tyrannus;
Dux cæcus; gurges viciorum; noctus alumnus;
Fur clandestinus; mors viuida; mortua vita;
Dulcis inexpertis, expertis durus; Eremus
Stultitiæ; facula ignescens; vesana libido;
Zelotypum frigus; mala mens; corrupta voluntas;
Pluma leuis; morbus iecoris; dementia prudens;
Infamis leno; Bacchi, Cereriſque minister;
Prodiga libertas animæ; pruritus inanis;
Prauorum carcer; corrupti sanguinis ardor;
Irrationalis motus; sycophanta bilinguis;
Struma pudicitiæ; fumi expers flamma; patronus
Periuræ linguæ; prostrato fœuus; amicus
Immeritis; animi tempestas; luxuriosus
Præceptor, sine fine malum; sine pace duellum;
Naufragium humanæ vitæ; læthale venenum;
Flebile cordolium; graue calcar; acuta sagitta;
Sontica pernicies, nodosæ causa podâgræ;
Natus ad insidias vulpes: pontus lachrymarum;
Virgineæ Zonæ ruptura; dolosa voluptas;
Multicolor serpens; vrens affectus; inermis
Bellator; senijque caput, seniumque iuuentæ?
Ante diem funus; portantis vipera; mœstus
Pollinctor; syren fallax; mors præuia morti;
Infector nemorum; erroris Labyrinthus; amara
Dulcedo; inuentor falsi; via perditionis;
Formarum egregius spectator; pœna perennis;
Suspirans ventus; singultu plena querela;
Triste magisterium; multæ iactura diei;
Martyrum innocui; temerarius aduena; pondus
Sisyphium; radix curarum; desidis esca;
Febris anhela; sitis morosa; hidropicus ardor;
Vis vno dicam verbo? incarnata Gehenna est.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

This paſsion is an imitation of the firſt Sonnet in *Seraphine*, and grownded vpon that which *Ariſtotle* writeth[1] of the *Ægle*, for the proofe ſhe maketh of her birdes, by ſetting them to behold the Sonne. After whom *Pliny* hath written, as followeth :

Aquila implumes etiamnum pullos ſuos percutiens, Subinde cogit aduerſos intueri Solis radios : et ſi conniuentum humectantemque animaduertit, præcipitat e nido, velut adulterinum atque degenerem : illum, cuius acies firma contra ſteterit, educat.[2]

THe haughtie *Ægle Birde*, of Birdes the beſt,
Before the feathers of her younglinges growe.
She liftes them one by one from out theire neſt,
To vewe the *Sunne*, thereby her owne to knowe ;
Thoſe that behold it not with open eye,
She lettes them fall, not able yet to flye.
Such was my caſe, when *Loue* poſſeſt my mind;
Each thought of mine, which could not bide the light
Of her my *Sunne*, whoſe beames had made me blinde,
I made my *Will* ſuppreſſe it with *Deſpight* :
But ſuch a thought, as could abide her beſt,
I harbred ſtill within my carefull breſt.
But thoſe fond dayes are paſt, and halfe forgotte ;
I practiſe now the quite cleane contrary :
What thoughtes can like of her, I like them not,
But choake them ſtreight, for feare of ieopardy;
For though that *Loue* to ſome do ſeeme a *Toy*,
I knowe by proofe, that *Loue is long annoy*.

1 Lib. 9. Hist. animal. 2 Nat Hist lib. 10 cap. 1.

MY LOVE IS PAST.

The Authour faineth here, that *Loue*, eſſaying with his brand, to fire the heart of ſome ſuch Lady, on whome it would not worke, immediately, to trie whether the old vertue of it were extinguiſhed or no, applied it vnto his owne breſt, and thereby fooliſhlie conſumed him ſelfe. This inuention hath ſome relation vnto the Epitaph of *Loue*, written by *M. Girolimo Parabofco*;

In cenere giace qui ſepolto Amore,
Colpa di quella, che morir mi face, etc.

REſolu'd to duſt intomb'd heere lieth *Loue*,
Through faulte of her, who heere her ſelfe ſhould lye;
He ſtrooke her breſt, but all in vaine did proue
To fire the yſe: and doubting by and by
His brand had loſt his force, he gan to trye
Vpon him ſelfe; which tryall made him dye.
In ſooth no force; let thoſe lament who luſt,
Ile ſing a carroll ſong for obſequy;
For, towardes me his dealings were vniuſt,
And cauſe of all my paſſed miſery:
The *Fates*, I thinke, ſeeing what I had paſt,
In my behalfe wrought this reuenge at laſt.
But ſomewhat more to pacyfie my minde,
By illing him, through whome I liu'd a ſlaue,
Ile caſt his aſhes to the open winde,
Or write this *Epitaph* vppon his graue;
Here lyeth Loue, of Mars the baſtard Sonne,
VVhoſe fooliſh fault to death him ſelfe hath donne.

This is an Epilogue to the whole worke, and more like a praier then a Paſſion: and is faithfully tranſlated out of *Petrarch*, *Sonnet.* 314, 2. *parte*, where he beginneth,

I vò piangendo i miei paſsati tempi
I quai poſi in amar coſa mortale,
Senza leuarmi à volo, hauenà'io l'ale
Per dar forſe di me non baſsi eſsempi. etc.

LVgeo iam querulus vitæ tot luſtra peracta,
Quæ malè conſumpſi, mortalia vana ſecutur,
Cùm tamen alatus potui volitaſſe per altum,
Exemplarque fuiſse alijs, nec inutile forſan.
Tu mea qui peccata vides, culpasque nefandas,
Cœli ſumme parens, magnum, et venerabile numen,
Collapſæ ſuccurre animæ; mentiſque caducæ
Candida defectum tua gratia ſuppleat omnem.
Vt, qui ſuſtinui bellum, duraſque procellas,
In pace, et portu moriar; minimeque probanda
Si mea vita fuit, tamen vt claudatur honeſtè.
Tantillo vitæ ſpacio, quod fortè ſuperſit,
Funeribuſque, meis præſentim porrige dextram;
Ipſe vides, in te quàm ſpes mea tota repoſta eſt.

FINIS.

The Labour is light, where Loue is the Paiemiſtres.

THOMAS WATSON.

II. *Meliboeus.*

A Latin Elegy on the Death of

SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM.

1590.

III. *An Eglogue, etc.*

Being a Translation of the same into English.

1590.

∴ The two Works have been placed upon opposite pages; and, as far as may be, with line corresponding to line.

MELIBOEVS

THOMÆ WATSONI

Siuè,

ECLOGA IN OBITVM

HONORATISSIMI VIRI,

Domini Franciſci Walſinghami, Equitis aurati, Diuæ ELIZABETHÆ a ſe-*cretis, et ſanctioribus conſilijs.*

LONDINI,

Excudebat Robertus Robinſonus

M. D. Lxxxx.

AN EGLOGVE

Vpon the death of the

Right Honorable Sir *Francis Walſingham*,
Late principall Secretarie to Her Maieſtie,
and of her moſte Honourable Priuie
Councell.

Written firſt in latine by *Thomas Watſon*, Gentle-
man, and now by himſelfe tranſlated
into Engliſh.

Muſis mendicantibus inſultat A'μουσία.

AT LONDON,
Printed by Robert Robinſon. 1590.

GENEROSISSIMO VIRO

Thomæ VValſinghamo Armigero

laudatiſſimo virtutis & litterarum aſsertori

Tho. VVatſonus

S. D.

AD riſum faciles ſoleo cantare Napæas,
Et ſpumagenitæ furta iocoſa Deæ,
Et lætas gelida Charites Nymphaſque ſub vmbra,
Et mistos ioculis, illecebriſque ſales:
Sed noua iam rerum facies ad ſeria ſuadet,
Et ſonat illepida noſtra Thalia fide.
Jnuitos nectlo numeros, gemituque reſoluor
Jn tristes Elegos, funereumque melos.
Nec ſolus fundo lacrymas: gemit Anglia tota,
Et luget laceris vndiquè ſparſa comis.
Magnus enim (proh fata) diem Franciſcus obiuit,
Arcadiæ noſtræ qui Melibœus erat:
Et mihi ſubtristes qui (te mediante) procellas
Depulit, hyberno vela ferente Noto.
Officio iubeor miſerandos ædere queſtus,
Et lacrymis lacrymas accumulare tuis.
Tu clemens dignare pias audire querelas:
Dumquè ego ſum Corydon, Tityrus eſse voli.
Ereptum nobis Melibœum flebimus ambo:
Flebimus, vt raptum fleuit amicus Hylam.

Dignitatis tuæ ſtudioſus
Thomas Watſonus.

To the moſt vertuous Lady, Lady Francis Sydney, all honour and happineſſe.

MAdam, vnder the Patronage of M. Thomas walſingham *I publiſhed a Latine Funerall poëme, where with a paſtoral Muſe I vndertake (in loue and duetie) to commend the vertuous life, and bewaile the vntimely death of our great* Melibœus *the right honorable Sir* Francis Walſingham, *your late deceaſed Father, a found piller of our common wealth, and chiefe patron of vertue, learning, and chiualrie. In which poeme albeit I neuer attaine the heigth of his worthineſſe, yet manie (rather affecting his praiſe, then my verſe) haue requeſted and perſwaded me to publiſh* Melibœus *in Engliſh, for the more generall vnderſtanding thereof: that as his life was to all men both pleaſing and profitable, ſo his death might be honored with a publike ſorrow: and that the whole body of this realme, in lamenting the loſse of ſo vigilant a gouernor, might learne therby, (as by a iuſt neceſſitie) the more to loue, honor, and obey thoſe few, that yet furuiue, reſembling him in high eſtate, and vertuous condition. Such as the tranſlation is, I humblie offer it to your Ladiſhips protection, hoping it will be as fauorablie redd and accepted, as it is affectionatly written and preſented.*

Your Ladiſhips in all duetie
Thomas Watſon.

To the courteous Reader.

GEntlemen, if you ſuppoſe me vaine, for tranſlating myne owne poeme: or negligent, for not doing it exactly to the latin originall, I thus deſire to ſatisfie you. It is pardonable for a man to be bold with his owne: And I interpret my ſelf, leſt Melibæus in ſpeaking Engliſh by an other mans labour, ſhould leeſe my name in his chaunge, as my *Amyntas* did. A third fault (haply) will bee found, that my paſtorall diſcourſe to the vnlearned may ſeeme obſcure: which to preuent, I haue thought good, here to aduertiſe you, that I figure Englande in *Arcadia*; Her Maieſtie in *Diana*; Sir Francis Walſingham in *Melibœus*, and his Ladie in *Dryas*; Sir Phillippe Sidney in *Aſtrophill*, and his Ladie in *Hyale*, Maſter Thomas Walſingham in *Tyterus*, and my ſelfe in *Corydon*.

Deſirous to pleaſe you

Tho. VVatſon.

ECLOGA
INOBITVM

HONORATISSIMI VIRI,

Domini Franciſci Walſinghami, Equitis aurati, Diuæ ELIZABETHÆ a ſecretis, *et ſanctioribus conſilijs.*

Corydon. **Tityrus.**

Ityre, iam quoniam prati per amœna vireta
Sparguntur pecudes, et nos conſedimus ambo,
Huius (ſi quid amas) effare ſub arboris vmbra,
Quæ noua ſollicitos apportent fata dolores:
Cur tua cum molli Zephyro ſuſpiria pugnant,
Atque ſerenato minitantur prælia cœlo,
Qui tenuem placida Muſam meditatus auena,
Demulcere ſoles ventos in bella paratos?
Squalida quid ſibj vult curarum conſcia veſtis?
Pectore cur ſingultus inest? cur lumine fletus?
Quùd ſedet in vultu macies? quùd in ore querela?
Dic age; mærorem ſit fas lenire monendo,
Aut ſaltèm lacrymis noſtros connectere planctus:
Non leuis eſt, luctus ſocios habuiſſe, voluptas.

AN EGLOGVE

Vpon the death of the

Right Honorable Sir Francis Walſingham

late principall Secretarie to her Maieſtie,
and of her moſt Honourable
Priuie Councell.

Corydon. **Tityrus.**

NOwe *Tityrus*, ſince wee at eaſe are lade,
And both our flockes oreſpred the flowrie plaine:
Sweete friend vnfolde vnder this platan ſhade
The ſecrete cauſe of thy concealed paine,
How haps thy ſighing threats the cleered skie,
with gentle *Zephyr* waging often warres,
Whoſe Muſe of yoare with hunnie melodie,
did calme fierce winds, and ceaſe their boiſtrous iarres?
What means this moorning weed? thy weeping eine?
thy pale aſpect? thy murmuring complaints?
O ſpeake, that I may ioine my teares with thine,
and eaſe thy burdened heart before it faints.

Tityrus.

O Corydon, Corydon, noli perquirere cauſas
Altiùs, et dirum fando renouare dolorem:
Triste recrudeſcet blando tantamine vulnus,
Nullaque lugentem comitum lamenta inuabunt:
Immedicabilibus morbis adhibere medelam
Deſine: ſolus ego per ſyluas luce carentes,
Solus ego miſeræ flens infortunia vitæ,
Vt viduus turtur, putri de vimine queſtus
Cœlorum contra crudelia ſydera fundam.

Corydon.

Te per ego trinas Charites, hilaresque Napæas,
Quæ totiés choreas iſtos duxêre per agros:
Per pictum Floræ ſtrophium, Cererisque coronam:
Per Satyros, Panes, Fauni venerabile numen:
Per vitreas Thameſis lymphas: per luſtra Dianæ,
Seu mauis, ipſum per ſacræ nomen Eliſæ:
Deniquè per florem mutati nuper Amyntæ,
Sanguineum florem, ſynceri pignus amoris,
Obteſtor, cœcum nè celes pectore vulnus.
Pande, precor, tanti quæ ſit tibi cauſa doloris.
Qui tecum riſu ſub verno ſole fruebar,
Nubila nùnc hyemis plorabo tempora tecum:
Vna duobus erit ſors, et mens vna duobus.

Tityrus.

Inuitum taciti mœroris prodere fontes
Supplicibus votis, et amico fœdere cogis.
Accipe, quod fari gemitus permittet acerbus:
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Ergò, ſi quid habes Corydon (quià te quoque vatem
Dicimus Arcadici) numeroſos incipe luctus:
Anxia namquè mihi ſiſtunt ſuſpiria linguam.

Tityrus.

O *Corydon* forbeare by deepe inquire
to rip the skarred wounds of my vnreſt:
No teares, no counſell can abate the fire,
which louing ſorrow kindles in my breſt.
I all alone in darkeſom vnkoth place,
I all alone muſt like the Turtle Doue,
Whoſe ioy is ſlaine, bewaile my wretched caſe,
and powre out plaints agenſt the gods aboue,

Corydon.

By ſyluane nymphs, and louely Graces three,
that on our lawnes doe ſport them to and fro;
By countrie powres of what ſo ere degree;
by *Floraes* chaplet; by *Dianaes* boe,
By fruitfull *Pales*, *Ceres* wheaten crowne,
by ſiluer *Thameſis* old *Oceans* dame;
By chang'd *Amintas* flow'r, that decks the downe;
and laſtlie by *Eliſaes* vertuous name,
By theſe, and thoſe that guide cæleſtial ſpheares,
I here coniure thee to diſcloaſethy griefe,
That I maie ſlake thy ſighing with my teares,
whoſe comforts oft haue bred my harts relief.

Tityrus.

Then thus (though loath) as griefe will ſuffer me,
my faltring tongue ſhall tell my diſcontent:
That cares by ſympathie maie worke on thee,
and thou vpholde ſome part of my lament.
Alas too ſoone by Deſtins fatall knife
Sweet Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*
Now *Corydon* (for eurie ſhepheard ſwaine
reports thee skilfull in a ſacred verſe)
In ſuch a meeter helpe me to complaine,
as maie befit great *Melibœus* hearſe.

Corydon.

Incipio: mecum Diuæ lugete Camœnæ,
Et tu laurigeri collis regnator Apollo.
Pegaseas ripas lacrymarum flumen inundet:
Munere Musarum pennis induta nigellis
Euolitent latè totum lamenta per orbem.
Nos etiàm, quamuis luna stellisque priores
Arcades, astricolis et gens charissima Diuis,
Obliti solitæ pietatis, murmure rauco
Gyrantes flammas alti culpemus Olimpi.
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Tantænè insidunt animis cœlestibus iræ,
Vt neque præcipui pastoris candida virtus;
Nec prudens rebus solertia parta gerendis;
Nec pectus varia suffultum Palladis arte;
Nec suauem referens facundia docta Periclem;
Nec pius et patriæ tutandæ feruidus ardor;
Nec vigil in nostræ Dictynnæ cura salutem;
Nec magni tituli, feriesque et splendor auorum,
Nec res innumeræ, quarum fulgebat honore,
Saturni possent frontem pacare malignam,
Et nocuum Lunæ frigus, Martisque calorem?
O rigidos ignes, ô exitiabile cœlum:
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Attamen ô iusto mœrori parcite cœli;
Quà non credideram, miseræ defectio mentis
Impulit, et pietas, et aduersus æstus amoris.
Ah pudet, inque Deos prauè piget esse loquutum:
Crimine Parcarum cecidit, non crimine vestro.
O æterne parens, nutu qui nubila cogis,
Et fixi rutilos, mundique rotatilis ignes
Officio seruire iubes, terramque fouere
Mobilibus radijs; dirarum facta sororum
Inspice, quæ nusquam virtuti parcere norunt:
Supplicijs cohibe duris, et vindice pœna.
Noster enim Pastor, nondum poscente senecta,
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Corydon.

I now beginne: *Apollo* guide my ſounde,
and weepe yee ſiſters of the learned hill:
That your *Pægaſean* ſprings may leap their bound,
and from their floate maie ſeas of teares diſtill.
Let deadly ſorrow with a ſable wing,
throughout the world go brute this tragedie:
And let *Arcadians* altogether ſing
a woefull ſong agenſt heauns tirannie.
Alas too ſoone by Destins fatall knife
Sweet Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*
Are wheeling orbs ſo full of foule deſpight,
that neither wiſdome, nor true pietie,
Nor learned skill, nor ſpeech of choice delight,
nor care of countries ſweete ſecuritie,
Nor watchfull ſtudie for *Dianaes* health,
nor gentle birth which vertues worth did raiſe,
Nor honors titles, nor abundant wealth,
nor thouſand gifts deſeruing endleſſe praiſe
Could ſmooth the mallice of old *Saturnes* brow,
or heate of *Mars*, or *Lunaes* deathfull colde:
O enuious heauns, that winde I wotte not how,
grudging the glories of this earthly molde.
Alas too ſoone by Deſtins fatall knife:
Sweete Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*
Yet glorious heauns, ô pardon my blaſpheme,
whoſe witte in ſorrowes Labyrinth is ſtraide:
All that I ſpake was but a furious dreame,
it was not you, but *Fates* that him betraide.
O thou eternall Monarcke, at whoſe becke
the planets mooue and make their influence:
O giue the *Deſtinies* a wrathfull checke,
afflict them for their ſpightfull inſolence.
In caſe mine oraiſon ſeeme ouerlarge,
ô yet vouchſafe me but this one requeſt,
That fatall lawes be giun to Saintes in charge,
whoſe hands and harts wil alwaies work the beſt.

Sin maiora precor quam ſit mortalibus æquum,
Hoc tamen, hoc vnum miſero concede petenti:
Ille Deus noſtri certiſſima gloria ruris.
Qui tua legatus rectè mandata faceſſit,
In furuos lapſus thalamos Iunonis Auernæ,
Immites Parcas rapidi Phlegetontis ad undam
Increpet, et iubeat paſtorum abſiſtere fatis,
Tam propero quoniam deuoluunt ſtamina fuſo.
Poſthac ætherea cœlorum fiat in arce
Illud opus, dignum Superis. Quid Noctis alumnæ,
Atque Erebi poſſunt, quam candida rumpere fila?
Morta roſam piceo vernantem corripit ungue:
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Inuidet (heu) ſummis paſtoribus improba Morta.
Aſtrophilum pridem rapuit vitalibus auris,
Delicias Melibœe tuas, Hyalesque maritum
Candidulæ nymphæ pulchrum, dùm fata ſinebant.
Cùm Pyrenæis leo deſcendiſſet Iberus
Montibus, et curſu longinqua per æquora vectus,
Belgarum tandem violens armenta voraret:
Aſtrophilus ferro cinctus, ſudibuſque præuſtis,
Finibus erupit noſtris, validoque furentem
Marte laceſſuit, ſolo virtutis amore.
Cætera ne dicam, lacrymæ, gemitusque fatigant.
Ad ſocerum redeo. Generi certamina lugens
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Dicite nunc ſocij, ſi dicere fortè poteſtis,
Quis vice defuncti creſcentes aggere claudet
Montoſo riuos, nè paſcua picta pererrent?
Quis foſſa torrentis aquas prohibebit agello,
Nè ſimùl et lætas meſſes, et pinguia latè
Deuaſtent culta, heù miſeris ploranda colonis?
Quis pice languiduli ſcabiem curabit ouilis,
Aut alios vario ſubeuntes corpore morbos
Tollet, et immundum merſabit flumine vellus?
Quis molles pratis agnos, agnos trepidantes,
Et teneros celſis imponet montibus hædos,
Nocteque ſub prima ſaturos in tecta reducet?
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

What can thoſe Imps of euerclowding miſt,
thoſe ruthleſſe daughters of eternall night;
But (tyrantlike) ſunder their vitall twiſt,
whoſe ſhining vertues are the worldes chiefe light?
Alas too ſoone by deſtins fatall knife,
Sweet Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

And was not *Astrophill* in flowring prime,
by cruell *Fates* cut off before his daie,
Yong *Aſtrophill*, the mirrour of our time,
faire *Hyales* chiefe ioy, till his decay?
When late a dreadfull Lyon in his pride
deſcended downe the *Pyrænæan* mount,
And roaring through the paſtures farre and wide,
deuowr'd whole *Belgian* heards of chief account:
Stout *Aſtrophill* incenſt with ſole remorſe,
reſolu'd to die, or ſee the ſlaughter ceaſt:
Then fenſt with fire and ſword, with manly force
he made aſſalt vpon the furious beaſt.
But of this tale teares d[r]owne the latter part:
I muſt returne to *Melibœus* fall,
Who mourning ſtill for *Aſtrophils* depart,
forſooke his friends, and loſt himſelfe withall.
Alas too ſoone by Deſtins fatall knife,
Sweet Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

Nowe tell me ſhephards all, and fellow ſwaynes,
who ſhal with rampiers fence our country ſoile?
And keep the fluds from breaking ore the plaines?
and ſheild our tender flocks from deadly ſpoile?
Who ſhall recure their faintie maladies,
and purge their fleeces in ſoft running ſtreams?
Who ſhall defend our lambs from icoperdies?
and ſhrowd our kids from *Titans* parching beames?

Quis preſſo vacuam tellurem findet aratro,
Pinguia diuiduis ut fulcis ſemina mandet,
Et glebis ſubigat dentata crate ſolutis?
Quis metet, et vinctas ſtridentibus undiquè plauſtris
Exportabit agro, ponetque ſub horrea fruges,
Sirius urenti ſpicas ubi coxerit aſtro?
Quis poſitis minuet paſtorum iurgia ſaxis,
Conſilioque feras lites, priuataque bella
Molliet eloquio, dum quiſque aliena ſubintrat
Arua, nec aſſueto dignatur limite ſtringi?
Publica quis vidui curabit commoda ruris?
Seria quis ludis miſcebit, et utile dulci?
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Tityrus.

Sæpe meis olim placuit tua ſtridula canna
Auribus, ad Parios quandó cantabat olores,
Sequana diuiſam quà fluctibus alluit urbem,
Fœlicem, licito ſi regi ſeruiat, urbem.
Tùm tua cordatis (memini) iuuenilia plectra
Perplacuere viris, vpupisque es viſus hyrundo.
At nunc ô Corydon, quantùm mutaris ab illo
Tempore? prima nouis ſuperatur Muſa querelis;
Dumque pio mortem Melibœi carmine defles.
Arcadiæ toti dulcis philomela vidêris.
Attamen ut laſſo ſit reſpirare facultas,
Raucus ego cæptos augebo carmine cantus.
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Infœlix miſero canitur dum nœnia verſu,
ô quotquot primæua parens animantia terris
Indidit, aut gelido ponto, cæloque patenti,
Omnia nunc ſimul ad mœſtos concurrite planctus;
Vt pulchella meas mundi totius imago
Teſtetur lacrymas, atque illætabile murmur.
Primùm ſignifero magnus quas fixit in orbe
Arbiter, ô mecum cunctæ lugete figuræ.
Carcinus *ardorem lacrymoſo temperet imbre.*
Æſtiuusque Leo *rugitibus impleat auram:*

Who now ſhal til our ground, and reape our corne?

who ſhall aſſuage the ſtrife of ſwelling pride,

When eurie ſwynard ſhall exceede his borne,

and will not by God *Terminus* be tyde?

Alas too ſoone by Destins fatall knife,

Sweet Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

Tityrus

Thy tunes haue often pleaſ'd mine eare of yoare,
when milk-white ſwans did flocke to heare thee ſing,
Where *Seane* in *Paris* makes a double ſhoare,
Paris thriſe bleſt if ſhee obey her King.
But now ô *Corydon*, that lightſome vaine
is changd from youth to aged grauitie,
That whilſt I heare thee bitterlie complaine,
me thinks *Apollo* ſings in *Arcadie.*
And yet afford thy moorning Muſe ſome reſt,
while I (though skil and voice are both decaide)
With termes of duetie from a penſiue breſt
bewaile my friend, whom cruell *Fates* betraide.
Alas too ſoone by Destins fatall knife
Sweete Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

O all that all the *Vniuers* containes
in heaun, or aire, or earth, or watrie deepe:
With mutual plaints make light my ſecret paine,
for ſorrow waſts in teares, where manie weepe
And firſt ye *Figures* in the *Zodiacke* line,
that decke heauns girdle with æternall light:
O faine ſome griefs, and knit them vnto mine,
ſuch griefs as may this baſer worlde affright.
Now *Cancer* ſlake thy heate with brackiſh raine,
and *Leo* roare, to make the skie diſmaide:

Et nolit saltare Aries *: fletumque perennem*
Amphora *distillet : quid enim nisi flere potestis ?*
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Libra *diem tepido non æquet sydere nocti :*
Nam magis arridet tenebrosa dolentibus umbra,
Splendida quam lucis facies : lux consona lætis,
Vulneret Arcitenens *infectis cruda sagittis*
Numina Parcarum, vt diro cruciata veneno,
Horrendis trepidum turbent ululatibus Orcum.
Et piger inducat Capricornus *frigora brumæ*
Mansuræ, pluuias et Piscis *mutuet undas.*
Et feriat cornu Taurus ; *caudaque minaci*
Scorpius *: et nusquam* Gemini *pereuntia fratres*
Carbasa sustentent. Tu deniquè candida Virgo
Vngue genas lacera : quid enim nisi triste superfit ?
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Lucentis porrò sinuosa volumina cœli,
O simùl ad nostras accedite singula curas :
Nè Superûm sedes, mundo lacrymante minori,
Diffluat ad luctum, quoniam nihil es nisi luctus :
Nàm mihi si vates pastorum maximus Orpheus
Veridicè motus, viresque reclusit Olimpi,
Plumbeus et gelidus cyclum percurris auaro
Progressu, tardique premunt vestigia calcis
Tristities, gemitus, lacrymæ, lamenta, dolores,
Deliræ tenebræ, terror, discordia, pallor,
Per dulces nobis comites in funere, quandò
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Tu verò celebris nymphæ Cretensis alumne,
Qui laudata tenes in lampade regna sequenti,
Exue nunc veteres animos ad gaudia promptos,
Atque salutaris mutetur gratia stellæ,
Nec blanda virtute Deum compesce furentem.
Diffundant lites flammata palatia Martis
Pectus in humanum : nec, te miserante, cruenta
Sistatur cædes, aut frænos perferat ira.
Auree Sol *mundo non amplius esto benignus :*
Quæque *præis, sequerisque* (*suo sed tempore*) *Solem,*
Soluare in lacrymas : Et tu charissime Stilbon.

Aquarius powre thou downe ſalt teares amaine,
and *Aries* let thy dancing now be ſtaide.
Now *Libra* make not *æquinoctiall*,
but ſuffer night to ouergrow the daie:
For darkenes fits all vs that liue in thrall,
let thoſe haue light that liſt to ſport and plaie.
Now let the *Centaure* with his poiſned ſteele
vpon the *Fates* inflict a deadlie wounde:
That for miſguiding late their fatall wheele
they may lament with guoſts of vnder-ground.
Now let the winter vnder *Capricorne*
laſt ſtill: and *Piſces* lend him watrie ſhowres:
Let *Taurus* wound the welkin with his horne,
and *Scorpio* with his taile ſting fatall powres.
Now *Gemini* forbeare with gladſome ſhine,
to comfort Sea-men in their chiefe diſpaire:
Virgo make fountains of thy daie-bright eine,
and teare the treaſure of thy golden haire.
Alas too ſoone by Deſtins fatall knife
Sweete Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

Yee *ſeaunfold flames*, whoſe euer-circling fires
maintain this earth with influence from your ſphears,
And with your powre guide mortall mens deſires,
now leaue your harmonie, and fall to teares.
Yet cankred *Saturne* it were all in vaine,
with my intreats to call for thy lament,
For if old *Orpheus* but a ſooth haue faine,
to miſeries thy minde is alwaies bent.
Thou ſtill art lumpiſh, waiward, cold, and floe,
attended on with *Terror*, *doating night*,
Pale diſcontent, *ſighs*, *diſcord*, *teares*, *and woe*,
fit mates for me that want my chiefe delight.
But thee faire *Iupiter* I muſt require,
to change the gratious vertue of thy ſtarre,
And not to temper with thy gentle fire,
the raging heates of him that breedeth warre.

Oppoſito Phœbi lucem confunde galero;
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Vltima mobilium ſphærarum, ſed mihi prima,
Dum varios mutata fubis, fundisque labores,
Luna *tuo nostros auge conamine queſtus.*
Deſine furari Phœbo ſua lumina, pennæ
Noctis ut obuelent denſa caligine terram,
Deque polo ſperent ſolatia nulla miſelli
Arcades, eximij Paſtoris morte miſelli.
Defectusque tuæ doleant mortalia lucis
Omina: ſubtimidi Reges, populique tremiſcant,
Effigiem noctis quando ſine nocte figuras.
Humorum tam larga tuo deſcendat ab ore
Copia, tranſiliant omnes ut marmora metas.
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Iamque graues audi ſpirabilis aura querelas:
Et quæcunque tuus, ſpatio diffuſus inani,
Continet amplexus, dignentur promere mecum
Funebre lamentum. Radijs ex æquore tracti
Humores, gemitu pulſi mutentur in imbrem.
Efficiant lacrymæ nubes, ſuſpiria cauſas
Ventorum, varium diſcordia ſemina fulmen.
Rubræ pyramides, ardens candela, ſagittæ
Accenſæ, ſcintilla volans, ignita capella,
Idolum, grando, tonitru, ſtellæque cadentes,
Cunctaque quæ pando generantur in æthere, mira
Deſuper ad noſtros ædant portenta dolores.
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Corydon.

Nunc mihi ceſſatum ſatis est: tu Tityre paulùm,
Dum poſitos iterùm tento depromere luctus,
Reſpira, grauibusque modum concede querelis.
Alternis flentes vicibus cantabimus ambo,
Ceruicesque iugo parili ſubdemus uterque.
Tu (fateor) grandi tetigiſti magna cothurno,
Æthereos tractus numerans, orbisque remoti
Virtutes. At humi tandèm mea Muſula ſerpet,
Ac humili texet niſi paſtoralia cantu:

Let *Mars* roaue vncontrold and kindle ſtrife,
that *Sorrowes* may ſit downe by *Slaughters* ſide:
And golden *Sol* furceaſe to fauour life;
and *Venus* weepe, as if *Adonis* dide.
And *Stilbon* with thy hatt cloude *Phœbus* face,
and *Luna* ſee thou ſteale no more his beames:
But let thy Steedes forbeare their nightlie race,
and from thy boſome powre downe weeping ſtreames.
Alas too ſoone by Deſtins fatal knife,
Sweete Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

Now *Aire*, and what thy circuites doe containe,
helpe to lament great *Melibœus* death:
Let clouds of teares with ſighs be turnd to raine,
admit no winde but euergroaning breath.
Now ſet thy firie *Pyramids* to viewe,
thy diuers *Idols*, *Candles* burning bright:
Inflamed *Shafts*, *Comets* of dreadfull hewe;
Sparkles that flie, and *Starres* that fall by night.
Let all thy *Meteors*, of what euer kinde,
with terror ſort them ſelues in iuſt araie:
And worke ſuch fear in euery mortall minde,
that all the world may waile for ones decaie.
Alas to[*o*] *ſoone by Deſtins fatal knife,*
Sweete Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

Corydon.

O *Tityrus* thy plaint is ouerlong,
here pauſe a while, at *Corydons* requeſt:
Of what is wanting in thy farfet ſong,
my moorning voice ſhall ſtriue to tell the reſt.
But I muſt ſorrow in a lower vaine,
not like to thee, whoſe words haue wings at wil:

Est mea ſimplicitas rudibus contenta camœnis.
Attamen ô vtinàm ſacro de fonte bibiſſem
Dignos perpetua Melibœi laude liquores,
Et ſolidas poſſem rupes mollire canendo:
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Omnia nunc iſtilc ſpacioſi Numina ruris
Accelerate gradus, viridique in ceſpite Diui
Cumbentes, ſparſisque genas humoribus alto
Defluxis cerebro, variato murmure noſtras
(Nam veſter Melibœus erat) fulcite camœnas.
Et cultæ Charites pauliſper mittite lucos
Suauibus exhilarare ſonis, aut ſole ſoreno
Pectere flauentes per eburnea colla capillos.
Dulcis ad aſcaulæ numeros non motibus usquam
Saltetur leuibus: deſiſtant ludere nymphis
Permiſti Satyri · lacrymæ ſint ſola voluptas.
Ista nouos etenim depoſcunt tempora mores:
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
In ſyluis, exuta ſuis iam quælibet arbos
Frondibus, amiſſum doleat nudata vírorem.
Iuniperi vernix exudet corpore ſecto,
Et ſpiſſi Myrrhæ fœcundo cortice rores.
In ſyluis corui crocitent, et bubo, Strygesque,
Vulturiusque gemant: ſtrepitent ſturni, graculique,
Vniſonas rudibus cuculis geminantibus odas.
Sed turdus, ſringilla, rubella, et alauda, et Acanthis,
Et reliquæ taceant volucres, quæ dulce ſuſurrant.
In ſyluis Vri, vulpes, vrſique lupique,
Et frendens aper, et catulis comitata leœna,
Vicinas feriant metuendis queſtibus auras:
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Iam viduis in agris ſegetes capita inclinate,
Nec teuuis grauidam ſpicam ſuſtentet ariſta,
Agricola rapto, qui vos runcare ſolebat.
Iam viduis in agris teneræ marceſcite vites,
Inque nouo creſcens moriatur palmite gemma,
Quandoquidem perijt, qui vinitor eſſe ſolebat.
Iam viduis in agris crudi putreſcite fructus,
Caſtaneæ, pyra, pruna, nuces, et citrea mâla,

An humble ſtile befits a ſimple Swaine,
my *Muſe* ſhall pipe but on an oaten quill.
Immortall *Fauni*, *Satyrs*, and great *Pan*,
the Gods and guiders of our fruitfull ſoile,
Come ſeat your ſelues by me, and waile the man,
whoſe death was haſtned by his vertuous toile.
Yee comelie *Graces* neither dance nor plaie,
nor kembe your beauteous treſſes in the Sun,
But now ſince *Melibœus* is awaie,
ſit downe and weepe, for wanton daies are dun.
Now in the woods be leafeleſſe eury *Tree*,
and beare not pleaſant fruits as heretofore:
Myrrha let weeping gums diſtill from thee,
and help to make my dolefull plaint the more.
Now in the woods let *night-rauns* croak by daie,
and gladies *Owles* ſhrike out, and *Vulturs* grone:
But *ſmaller birds* that ſweetly ſing and play,
be whiſt and ſtill: for you can make no mone.
Now in the fields each *corne* hang down his head,
ſince he is gon that weeded all our corne:
And ſprouting *Vines* wither till you be dead,
ſince he is dead, that ſhielded you from ſtorme.

Insitor occubuit, mala qui castrare solebat.
Iam viduis ab agris pulchri discedite flores,
Lilia, narcissi, calthæ, violæque, rosæque,
Qui dudum noster topiarius esse solebat,
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
O vidui ruris vepres, viburna, rubeta;
O valles, campi, montes; ô flebilis Eccho;
O quæ lugetis defunctum examina regem;
O fontes, riui, vada, flumina, stagna, paludes;
Tuque cõaxatrix ad crassas rana lacunas;
Et nymphæ gelidis habitantes antra sub undis
Saxea, sed molli semper viridantia musco;
O armenta, sues, et oues, ouiumque magistri,
Infantes, pueri, iuuenesque, virique, senesque,
Matronæque graues, nuptæ, innuptæque puellæ,
Quotquot in Arcadia vitalem ducitis auram,
O simul, ô mecum miseros effundite questus:
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Tityrus.

Ysthæc mitte mihi: me, me magis ista decebunt,
Quem dolor augescens curis mordacibus urit.
Occidis ô dulcis Melibœe, ô patrue dulcis,
O pater, ô quid non? ô nostri gloria ruris
Mascula, firmatum Diuæ munimen Elisæ.
Sicut enim robor, vel quæ superminet ingens
Ornus, in excelsas dum surgit vertice nubes,
Perferat ipsa licèt violenti fulminis ictus,
Luctantesque ruant venti circumque supraque,
Perque comas, perque ora imber fluat, illa nec atro
Fulmine, nec vento luctante, nec imbre fatiscit:
Haud secus ille vices fortunæ pertulit omnes,
Sed semper constans, et Elisæ fidus. At eheu,
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Tu rectè Corydon ad nostras rura querelas
Impellis clamore tuo: Sed totus ut orbis
Nobiscum rapti deploret Solis acerbum
Occasum, falso regnantia Numina campo

Now in the fields rot *fruits* while you are greene,
  ſince he is gon that vſde to graff and grace you:
And die faire *Flowres*, ſince he no more is ſeene,
  that in *Dianaes* garland vſde to place you.
O heards and tender flocks, ô handſmooth plains,
  ô Eccho dwelling both in mount and vallie:
O groues and bubling ſprings, ô nimphs, ô ſwains,
  ô yong and olde, ô weepe all *Arcadie.*
    Alas too ſoone by Deſtins fatall knife
    Sweete Melibœus *is depriu'd of life.*

Tityrus.

O let me interrrupt thee yet once more,
  for who ſhould more lament his loſſe then I,
That oft haue taſted of his bounteous ſtore,
  and knew his ſecret vertues perfectlie?
We haue alreadie ſummond euerie part,
  excepting that which in the *Ocean* lies:
To ſtand copartners of our wofull ſmart,
  and beate the ſenſeleſſe aire with *Elegies.*
Now therfore *Neptune* grant me this one boone,
  depoſe great *Ioue* for ſo miſguiding fate:

Compellare libet, luctuque ſubire profundum :
Omnia nam gremio complectitur Amphitrite.
Huc ades ô Neptune pater, furcaque tridenti
Ignauo minitare polo, qui ſydere nullo
Immites Erebi, Fatique cœrcuit iras ;
Non impune ferat tantum patientia cœli
Delictum : ſub aquis cogatur viuere magnus
Iuppiter, et ſuprà tu fati dirige leges :
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Huc ades O Nerei nunquam niſi vera canentis
Glauce ſenex vates ; et tu Terræque marisque
Fili Phorce veni, Ceto comitate marita,
Quæ ſeruaturum ſuluo pomaria fructu
Conſita ſerpentem peperit, mirabile monſtrum :
Tuque nouis dudùm titulis imbute Palæmon :
Et tot diuerſas olìm mentite figuras,
Ad nos Carpathio vates è gurgite prodi :
Et Tethis, natuque minor Thetys : Ilicèt omnes
Dijque Deæque maris, nymphæque, Pheruſa, Ligæa,
Lamprothöe, Melite, Galatæaque, Cymothöeque,
Nobiſcum flentes totos infumite riuos.
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.
Intereà Triton ſtridenti marmora concha
Perſonet extremas præterlabentia terras,
Et rauco celebret Melibœi funera cantu,
Lugûbri cantu, quem cœrula deferat unda
In varias oras Phœbo ſub utroque iacentes,
Et triſti præter ſolitum rumore ſufurrans,
Innumeros voluat per inania littora planctus.
Non itâ laſciui ſurgant delphines in altum,
Ut capiant pueros, cythara vel Arionis ipſi
Sint iterùm capti ; ſed abundent lumina fletu.
Et tepidum, ſed ſyncerum nunc improba Syren
Exundet rorem, ſparſos laniata capillos.
Ante diem (proh fata) diem Melibœus obiuit.

Corydon.

Iam ſatis eſt lacrymis indultum Tityre : paulùm

That *Melibœus* wounded all too ſoone,
by *Mortaes* malice dies before his date.
And thou old *Glaucus* with diuining bleſt,
Prophet to him that neuer ſpeakes but truth,
Come with *Palæmon*, *Phorcus*, and the reſt,
and here giue oracle of endles ruth.
Come *Tethis* come with *Thetis* after thee,
and all thy watrie nymphs, a louelie traine:
Vouchſafe to ſit vpon theſe bankes with me,
that I may heare both thee and them complaine.
And thou great *Triton* with thy ſounding ſhell,
impart my grieuance vnto euerie ſhore:
And with a murmure make the waues goe tell,
that worthie *Melibœus* breaths no more.
Now let no Dolphins ſeeke *Arions* Muſe,
nor play by ſhore to ketch vp heedles boies:
Let them ſuppoſe ſweete Muſicke out of vſe,
and wanton louetricks to be fooliſh toies.
Deceitfull Mermaids leaue your auncient guiſe,
forbeare to ſing while tempeſt troubles vs:
Let me behold whole fountains in your eies,
for weeping fits vnhappie *Tityrus*.

Corydon.

But *Tityrus* inough, leaue of a while:

Auſcultа, et compone meis ſermonibus ora,
Dum meliora loquar cœleſti Numine doctus:
Nam mihi, neſcio quo, plenum ſpiramine pectus
Lætitias ardet muliebria poſt lamenta.
Tu mecum lætare ſimul, quià nubila tecum
Vnanimis luxi: ſit tempus vtrique ſerenum.
Non ita multa ſubeſt ità longi cauſa doloris.
Ab falsò querimus Melibœum fata ſubiſſe
Lurida, cùm diræ molis compage ſolutus,
Et mæſtam placido commutans ſydere terram,
Æternas luces oculis miratur apertis.
Ille ſupra cœlos (quiſquis fuit ille Deorum,
Qui mihi ſuggeſſit) virtuti præmia liuor
Ne raperet, vitam firmantis pocula ſumpſit
Nectaris, et noſtras ridet ſuper aſtra querelas.
Tityre fœlici lætum Pæana canamus.
Cœleſtes inter turmas, quas ordo nouenus
Diuidit, (antiquo ſi fas eſt credere vati)
Jam noſter Melibœus agit; quà flammea latè
Collucent Seraphin: *Et ſacro plena liquore*
Plus ſapiunt Cherubin: *et quà cenſura potentis*
Iuſta Thronos *intrans mortalia ſingula librat:*
Quà ſimul a ſacro dominantia numina nomen
Officio capiunt, multum parentque iubentque:
Quà princeps numerus *ſubiectis myſtica pandit*
Ciuibus: et ſemper ſuperantibus vtitur armis
Turba Proteſtatum: Virtutes *mira faceſſunt:*
Deniquè quà maiora ferens Archangelus *orbi*
Cantat, et Angelicus *qui nunciat ordo minora.*
Tityre, fœlici lætum Pæana canamus.

ſtop mooring ſprings, drie vp thy drearie eine,
And blithlie intertaine my altred ſtile,
inticd from griefs by ſome allure diuine.
For now my mind reclaimd from carefull mone,
gins fault hir giuing place to ſorrows ſourſe:
And in hir change intreats thee ceaſe to grone,
that as we grieud, ſo we may ioie by courſe.
In iuſt complaint though ſorrowes were begun,
and all too litle for the man we waile:
Yet now at laſt our ſorrows muſt be done,
and more then mooring reaſon muſt preuail.
Iniuſtlie grudge we *Melibœus* death,
as though his worth were buried in his fate:
But neither are his vertues drenchd in *Leath*,
nor vertuous ſoule remoud to meaner ſtate:
His faith hath framd his ſpirit holie wings,
to ſoare with *Aſtrophil* aboue the Sun:
And there he ioies, whence euery comfort ſprings,
and where the fulnes of his bliſſe begun.
Let vs be ioifull after long annoie,
Since Melibœus *lius in perfect ioie.*
Our *Melibœus* lius where *Seraphins*
doe praiſe the *Higheſt* in their glorious flames:
Where flowes the knowledge of wiſe *Cherubins*:
where *Throans* exhibit earthlie deeds and names:
Where *Dominations* rule and yet obaie:
where *Principalities* to lower powers
Deepe hidden miſteries doe ſtill bewraie:
where arms are vſd by foe-ſubduing powers.
Where *Vertues* practiſe miracles and wunder:
where both *Archangels* and ſweet *Angels* ſing,
Whoſe office is, to vs, that liue here vnder,
from heaun cæleſtiall meſſages to bring.
Let vs be ioifull after long annoie,
Since Melibœus *lius in perfit ioie.*
Now *Melibœus* in compareleſſe place,
drinkes *Nectar*, eates diuine *Ambroſia*;
And hath fruition of eternall grace,
and with his countnance cheeres *Arcadia.*

Cum ſuperis Diuis diuinas incolit arces
Ambroſijs epulis paſtus Melibœus: et alto
Culmine deſpiciens per tralucentis Olimpi
Stellas, Arcadiam vultu ſolatur amico.
Nos ex officio, dùm ſpiritus incolit aſtra,
Spargamus violis, et olenti corpus Acantho,
Purpureiſque roſis, caſiaque, thymoque et amomo:
Et merito tantum careat nè funus honore,
Ornemus velo, pulchriſque tapetibus artus,
O præclare, tuo dignos, Mauſole, ſepulchro.
Ducamus vigiles noctes ad triste cadauer,
Eulogijs plenos recitantes undiquè verſus.
Tityre, fœlici lætum Pæana canamus.
Solemur Dryadem, *nimio quæ victa dolore,*
(Heu vereor) ſicut quondam Philacëia coniux,
Amplexans gracilem defuncti coniugis umbram,
Expirabit amans. Hyalen ſolemur honoræ
Matris adhærentem lateri, iunctisque querelis
Mollia ad immites tendentem brachia cœlos,
Brachia Sithonijs niuibus magè candida, quorum
Aſtrophilus toties in vincula grata cucurrit,
Vt cingi cupidæ ſinuoſis vitibus ulmi.
Deniquè vexillis nigrum parmisque ferêtrum
Condamus, furuos inſignia debita pannos
Tigridis ut vultu decorent, et fronte minaci.
Tityre, fœlici lætum Pæana canamus.
Imprimis autèm ſacram conemur uterque,

Then while his ſpirit dwels in heaunlie towres,
let vs performe what honor dutie willes:
Let vs adorne his ſacred tumb with flowres,
and ſweete it with the riches of our hilles.
Our vernall *Flora* that bewailes our loſſe,
will gladlie let hir flowrie locks be rent:
And clad hir ſelfe in moornfull roabes of moſſe,
if all the treaſure of hir buds were ſpent.
Then *Flora* lends vs thime and violets,
ſweete balme and roſes for his buriall:
Beſtow no wealth on wanton amorets,
but ſpare it to adorne his funerall.
And *Pales* bath his lims in fluds of milke,
and couer him with coſtly ornament:
Inſhrine his corps in ſheetes of ſofteſt ſilke,
for he deſerus *Maufolus* monument.
And *Tityrus* let vs before the reſt
ſet holie lights, and watch his breathles corſe,
Singing ſweet himns for him whoſe ſoule is bleſt,
though parted from his fleſh by deaths diuorce.
Now cheere we *Dryas* in hir miſerie,
who ouerlong bewailes hir hapleſſe caſe:
Leſt ouerlouing like *Laodamie*,
ſhee looſe hir ſelfe in deepe ſuppoſd imbrace.
Now call we *Hyale* from whiſpring ſtreames,
increaſt with teares (true ſeruants of annoie)
Who takes no pleaſure but in griefs extreames,
nor ioies in ought but in hir want of ioie:
Faire *Hyale*, who wringing oft hir armes,
hir armes far whiter then *Sythonian* ſnoa,
With doubling ſighs bewails hir helples harmes,
Alas that helples harmes ſhould vexe hir ſo.
Yet beuteous Nymph thy carefull mother liues,
(long may ſhee liue, and liuing eaſe thy hart)
Accept what comfort hir ſuruiuing giues,
and in lifes comfort drown thy ſorrows ſmart.
Helpe thou with vs, and eurie countrie wight,
to chace all grieuance from *Dianaes* minde:
From drad *Diana*, earths and heauns delight,
Diana, glorie of hir ſexe and kinde;

Totaque ſolari nobiſcum rura Dianam;
Quæ caput eſt huius regni, quæ gloria regni;
Quæ Cybele cœli nostri, quæ noſtra Sybilla;
Quæ pietatis amans; placidæ quæ pacis amica;
Quæ genus et proauos proprijs virtutibus ornat;
Quæ varijs loquitur linguis; quæ vatibus ipſa
Jndulget vates, et doctis doctior ipſa;
Quæ Iunonis habet geſtum, moresque Mineruæ,
Et veneris formam; quæ, ſit licèt innuba virgo.
Exuperat reges, quantum querceta myricas.
Sed quìd eam refero, quæ noſtro carmine maior,
Eſt cantanda tuo dulcis Spencere ωthurno,
Cuius ineſt numeris Hiblæi copia mellis.
Tu quoque nobiſcum (quoniàm tu noſter Apollo*)*
Lugentem ſolare Deam, quotiès Melibœi
Triſtia lacrymulis precioſis funera deflet.
Dic illi (tu namquè potes fœlice camœna)
Arcadas innumeros, quanquam Melibœus obiuit,
Præſtantes ſupereſſe viros, ſimiles Melibœi.
Damœtam *memora, quo non præclarior alter,*
Non quiſquam ingenio melior, non promptior ore,
Non grauior vultu, nec ad arma paratior extat:
Jlle eſt Damætas, *qui iuris corrigit iram,*
Quem vocat Hattonum Triuiæ venerabile Numen.
Damonem *memora, qui Neſtora pluribus annis*
Conſilioque refert nunquam niſi vera monenti:
Nam quod erat magno maturus Neſtor Atridæ,

Diana, wondrous mirrour of our daies;
Diana matchleſſe Queene of *Arcadie*;
Diana, whoſe ſurpaſſing beauties praiſe
Improous hir worth paſt terrene deitie;
Diana, *Sibill* for hir ſecret skill;
Diana, pieties chief earthlie friend;
Diana, holie both in deede and will;
Diana whoſe iuſt praiſes haue no end.
Ah but my Muſe, that creeps but on the ground,
begins to tremble at my great preſume,
For naming hir, whoſe titles onelie ſound
doth glad the welkin with a ſweet perfume.
For in hir minde ſo manie vertues dwell,
as eurie moment breed new pieties:
Yet all in one coioind doe all excell,
and crowne hir worth with ſundrie deities.
But that vnwares my ſorie ſtile proceeds
drad *Cynthia* pardon: loue deſires diſpenſe:
As *Ioues* high Oaks orelook *Pans* ſlender reeds,
ſo boue all praiſing flies thine excellence.
Yet leſt my homeſpun verſe obſcure hir worth,
ſweet *Spencer* let me leaue this taske to thee,
Whoſe neuerſtooping quill can beſt ſet forth
ſuch things of ſtate, as paſſe my Muſe, and me.
Thou *Spencer* art the alderliefeſt ſwaine,
or haply if that word be all to baſe,
Thou art *Apollo* whoſe ſweet hunnie vaine
amongſt the Muſes hath a chiefeſt place.
Therefore in fulnes of thy duties loue,
calme thou the tempeſt of *Dianaes* breſt,
Whilſt ſhee for *Melibœus* late remoue
afflicts hir mind with ouerlong vnreſt.
Tell hir forthwith (for well ſhee likes thy vaine)
that though great *Melibœus* be awaie:
Yet like to him there manie ſtill remaine,
which will vphold hir countrie from decaie.
Firſt name *Damœtas*, flowre of *Arcadie*,
whoſe thoughts are prudent, and ſpeech vertuous,
Whoſe looks haue mildnes ioind with Maieſtie,
whoſe hand is liberall and valorous:

Qui patrem patriæ multis Aiacidis vnum
Prætulit, id noſtræ Damon *longæuus Eliſæ:*
Regales gazas rectos conſeruat in uſus
Damon, *Cæcilium quem diximus Arcades olim.*
Ægonem *memora, vicinas lintribus undas*
Qui tegit, et validi Neptuni munere fungens,
Ingentes noſtro proſligat littore phocas:
Howardum veteres ſæclo dixere priori.
Denique tu Mopſum, tu Daphnim, tu Alpheſibœum,
Syluanum, Fauſtum, et ſapientem multa Menalcam,
Et reliquos numera paſtores, quotquot Eliſam
Pectore ſyncero, nullam paſſisque quietem
Luminibus, vigiles auido tutantur ab hoſte.
Ambroſios illi ſiſtent hæc nomina fletus.

Tityrus.

Quales Oebalij fauſtiſſima lumina fratres,
Exhauſtos pelagi rabie, pulſuque frementûm
Æolidûm, grato tranquillant ſydere nautas,
Dum ponunt venti, pluuiæ ceduntque tenêbræ:
Sic tuus ô tandèm (Corydon) peramabilis aures
Sermo meas mulcens, exêmit pectore curam,
Et lacrymas oculis, et acerbas ore querelas.
Eccè ſed adueniens ſuadet diſcedere veſper:
Ire domum libeat, pecudesque includere ſeptis,
Diſcam paulatim rigidos de diſcere luctus.

He is *Damœtas*, that is wont to blame
extreameſt iuſtice voide of equitie:
Diana terms him by an other name,
Hatton, vnleſſe I faile in memorie.
The name old *Damon*, whom ſhee knows of old
for ſuch as *Neſtor* was to *Græcians* guide:
Worth ten of *Aiax*, worth all *Cræſſus* gold,
if his deſerts in ballance could be tride.
Damon is he that counſels ſtill aright,
and heedfullie perſerus *Dianaes* ſtore:
And wakes when others reſt them ſelus by night,
we *Arcads* cald him *Cecill* heretofore.
Then name braue *Ægon*, that with ſhips defence
about our coaſt oreſpreds the *Ocean* plaines,
To keepe fell monſters of the ſea from hence:
we cleape him *Howard*, that are countrie ſwaines.
Name *Mopſus*, *Daphnis*, *Faustus*, and the reſt,
whoſe ſeurall gifts thy ſinging can expreſſe:
When thou ſhalt tell how ſhee in them is bleſt,
their verie names will comfort hir diſtreſſe.

Tityrus.

Caſtor and *Pollux*, *Lædaes* louelie twins,
whoſe bright aſpect cheers moornful Mariners,
Shewing them ſelues when pleaſant calme begins,
of gladſome newes two welcome meſſengers,
Conuey great comfort to the weltred minde,
and with their ſheen appearance breed delight:
Yet *Corydon* thy leare and loue combinde
pleaſe more by hearing, then thoſe twain by ſight,
For they portending ſtormie windes ſurceaſe,
but by portending cauſe the hearts content:
Thy learnd perſuades command my ſorrow ceaſe,
and ſweetnes doth allure to merriment.
But hie we homeward, night comes on apace,
weel learne beliue forget our doleful notes:
See where faire *Venus* ſhewes hir radiant face,
lets hence, and ſhut our ſheepfolds in their coat.

FINIS.

THE
TEARS OF
Fancie.
OR,
Loue Diſdained.

Ætna grauius Amor.

Printed at London for William Barley, dwel*ling*
in Gratious ſtreete ouer againſt Leaden
Hall. 1593.

Oe Idle lines vnpoliſht rude and baſe,
Vnworthy words to blaſon beauties glory:
(Beauty that hath my reſtles hart in chaſe,
Beauty the ſubiect of my ruefull ſtory.)
I warne thee ſhunne the bower of her abiding,
Be not ſo bold ne hardy as to view her:
Leaſt ſhee inraged with thee fall a chiding,
And ſo her anger proue thy woes renewer.
Yet if ſhee daigne to rew thy dreadfull ſmart,
And reading laugh, and laughing ſo miſlike thee:
Bid her deſiſt, and looke within my hart,
Where ſhee may ſee how ruthles ſhee did ſtrike mee.
If ſhee be pleaſde though ſhee reward thee not,
What others ſay of me regard it not.

Sonnet. 1.

IN prime of youthly yeares as then not wounded,
With Loues impoiſoned dart or bitter gall:
Nor minde nor thoughts on fickle Fancie grounded,
But careleſſe hunting after pleaſures ball.
I tooke delight to laugh at Louers follie,
Accounting beautie but a fading bloſſome:
What I eſteemd prophane, they deemed holie,
Ioying the thraldome which I counted loathſome.
Their plaints were ſuch as no thing might relieue them,
Their harts did wellnie breake loues paine induring:
Yet ſtill I ſmild to ſee how loue did grieue them,
Vnwiſe they were their ſorrowes ſelfe procuring.
Thus whilſt they honoured *Cupid* for a God,
I held him as a boy not paſt the rod.

Sonnet. 2.

LOng time I fought, and fiercely waged warre,
Againſt the God of amarous Deſire:
Who ſets the ſenſes mongſt themſelues at iarre,
The hart inflaming with his luſtfull fire.
The winged boy vpon his mothers knee,
Wantonlie playing neere to *Paphos* ſhrine:
Scorning that I ſhould checke his Deitie,
VVhoſe dreaded power tam'd the gods diuine.
From forth his quiuer drew the keeneſt dart,
VVherewith high *Ioue* he oftentimes had wounded:
And fiercely aimd it at my ſtubborne hart,
But backe againe the idle ſhaft rebounded.
Loue ſaw and frownd, that he was ſo beguiled,
I laught outright, and *Venus* ſweetely ſmiled.

Sonnet. 3.

SHee ſmild to ſee her ſonne in ſuch a rage,
I laught to thinke how I had Loue preuented:
He frownd and vowd nought ſhould his ire aſſwage,
Till I had ſtoopt to Loue, and loue repented.
The more he rag'd the greater grew our laughter,
The more we laught the fiercer was his ire:
And in his anger ſware my poore harts ſlaughter,
VVhich in my breaſt beautie ſhould ſet on fire.
Faire *Venus* ſeeing her deere ſonne in chollar,
Fearing miſhap by his too haſty anger:
Perſwaded him that ſhee would worke my dollor,
And by her meanes procure my endles langor.
So Loue and loues Queene (Loue hauing conſented,)
Agreed that I by Loue ſhould be tormented.

Sonnet. 4.

THo taking in her lap the God of loue,
Shee lightly mounted through the Chriſtall aire:
And in her Coach ydrawne with ſiluer Doues,
To *Vulcans* ſmokie Forge ſhee did repaire.
VVhere hauing wonne the Ciclops to her will,
Loues quiuer fraught with arrowes of the beſt:
His bended bow in hand all armd to kill,
He vowd reuenge and threatned my vnreſt.
And to be ſure that he would deadly ſtrike me,
His blindfold eies he did a while vncouer:
Chooſing an arrow that ſhould much miſlike me,
He bad wound him that ſcornes to be a Louer.
But when he ſaw his bootles arrow ſhiuer,
He brake his bow, and caſt away his quiuer.

Sonnet. 5.

Sonnet. 5.

HOpeles and helpeles too, poore loue amated,
To ſee himſelfe affronted with diſdaine:
And all his skill and power ſpent in vaine,
At me the onely obiect that he hated.
Now *Cytherea* from *Olimpus* mount,
Deſcending from the ſphere with her deere ſonne:
VVith Douelike wings to *Alcidalyon*,
Loue on her knee, ſhee by the Chriſtall fount;
Aduiſde the boy what ſcandall it would bee,
If Fame ſhould to the open world diſcouer
How I ſuruiu'd and ſcornd Loues ſacred power.
Then *Cupid* lightly leaping from her knee,
Vnto his mother vowd my diſcontenting:
Vnhappie vowe the ground of my lamenting.

Sonnet. 6.

THen on the ſodaine faſt away he fled,
He fled apace as from purſuing foe:
Ne euer lookt he backe, ne turnd his head,
Vntill he came whereas he wrought my woe.
Tho caſting from his backe his bended bow.
He quickly clad himſelfe in ſtrange diſguiſe:
In ſtrange diſguiſe that no man might him know,
So coucht himſelfe within my Ladies eies.
But in her eies ſuch glorious beames did ſhine,
That welnigh burnt loues party coloured wings,
VVhilſt I ſtood gazing on her ſunne-bright eien,
The wanton boy ſhee in my boſome flings.
He built his pleaſant bower in my breſt,
So I in loue, and loue in me doth reſt.

Sonnet. 7.

NOw Loue triumphed hauing got the day,
Proudly inſulting, tyrannizing ſtill:
As Hawke that ceazeth on the yeelding pray,
So am I made the ſcorne of Victors will.
Now eies with teares, now hart with ſorrow fraught,
Hart ſorrowes at my watry teares lamenting:
Eyes ſhed ſalt teares to ſee harts pining thought,
And both that then loue ſcornd are now repenting.
But all in vaine too late I pleade repentance,
For teares in eies and ſighs in hart muſt weeld me:
The feathered boy hath doomd my fatall ſentence,
That I to tyrannizing Loue muſt yeeld me.
And bow my necke erſt ſubiect to no yoke,
To Loues falſe lure (ſuch force hath beauties ſtroke.)

Sonnet. 8.

O What a life is it that Louers ioy,
VVherein both paine and pleaſure ſhrouded is:
Both heauenly pleaſures and eke hells annoy,
Hells fowle annoyance and eke heauenly bliſſe.
VVherein vaine hope doth feede the Louers hart,
And brittle ioy ſuſtaine a pining thought:
VVhen blacke diſpaire renewes a Louers ſmart,
And quite extirps what firſt content had wrought.
VVhere faire reſemblance eke the mind allureth,
To wanton lewd luſt giuing pleaſure ſcope:
And late repentance endles paines procureth,
But none of theſe afflict me ſaue vaine hope.
And ſad diſpaire, diſpaire and hope perplexing,
Vaine hope my hart, diſpaire my fancie vexing.

Sonnet. 17.

THen from her fled my hart in ſorrow wrapped.
Like vnto one that ſhund purſuing ſlaughter:
All welnigh breathles told me what had happed,
How both in Court and countrie he had ſought her.
The drerie teares of many loue repenting,
Corriuals in my loue whom fancie ſtroked:
Partners in loue and partners in lamenting,
My fellow thralls whoſe necks as mine were yoked.
The ſhepheards praiſes and their harts amis,
Vrged by my Miſtres ouerweening pride:
For none that ſees her but captiued is,
And laſt he told which to my hart did glide;
How all the teares I ſpent were vaine and forceles,
For ſhee in hart had vowd to be remorceles.

Sonnet. 18.

THo with a ſhowre of teares I entertained,
My wounded hart into my breaſt accloied:
VVith thouſand ſundrie cares and griefes vnfained,
Vnfained griefes and cares my hart annoied.
Annoying ſorrowes at my harts returning,
Affaild my thoughts with neuer ceaſing horror:
That euen my hart, hart like to Ætna burning,
Did often times conſpire for to abhorre her.
But enuious loue ſtill bent to eke my mourning,
A grieuous pennance for my fault inflicted:
That eies ſhould weepe and hart be euer groaning;
So loue to worke my ſorrowes was addicted.
But earths ſole wonder whoſe eies my ſenſe appalled,
The fault was loues, then pardon me, for loue is franticke called.

Sonnet. 19.

Sonnet. 19.

MY hart impos'd this penance on mine eies,
(Eies the firſt cauſers of my harts lamenting:
That they ſhould weepe till loue and fancie dies,
Fond loue the laſt cauſe of my harts repenting.
Mine eies vpon my hart inflict this paine,
(Bold hart that dard to harbour thoughts of loue)
That it ſhould loue and purchaſe fell diſdaine,
A grieuous penance which my hart doth proue.
Mine eies did weepe as hart had them impoſed,
My hart did pine as eies had it conſtrained:
Eies in their teares my paled face diſcloſed,
Hart in his ſighs did ſhow it was diſdained.
So th'one did weepe th'other ſighed, both grieued,
For both muſt liue and loue, both vnrelieued.

Sonnet. 20.

MY hart accus'd mine eies and was offended,
Vowing the cauſe was in mine eies aſpiring:
Mine eies affirmd my hart might well amend it,
If he at firſt had baniſht loues deſiring.
Hart ſaid that loue did enter at the eies,
And from the eies deſcended to the hart:
Eies ſaid that in the hart did ſparkes ariſe,
Which kindled flame that wrought the inward ſmart,
Hart ſaid eies tears might ſoone haue quencht that fl[ame,]
Eies ſaid harts ſighs at firſt might loue exile:
So hart the eies and eies the hart did blame,
VVhilſt both did pine for both the paine did feele.
Hart ſighed and bled, eies wept and gaz'd too much,
Yet muſt I gaze becauſe I ſee none ſuch.

Sonnet. 21.

FOrtune forwearied with my bitter mone,
Did pittie ſeldome ſeene my wretched fate:
And brought to paſſe that I my loue alone,
Vnwares attacht to plead my hard eſtate.
Some ſay that loue makes louers eloquent,
And with diuineſt wit doth them inſpire:
But beautie my tongues office did preuent,
And quite extinguiſhed my firſt deſire.
As if her eies had power to ſtrike me dead,
So was I daſed at her crimſon die:
As one that had beheld Meduſaes head,
All ſenſes failed their Maſter but the eie.
Had that ſenſe failed and from me eke beene taken,
Then I had loue and loue had me forſaken.

Sonnet. 22.

I Saw the obiect of my pining thought,
VVithin a garden of ſweete natures placing:
VVhere in an arbour artificiall wrought,
By workemans wondrous skill the garden gracing.
Did boaſt his glorie, glorie farre renowned,
For in his ſhadie boughs my Miſtres ſlept:
And with a garland of his branches crowned,
Her daintie forehead from the ſunne ykept.
Imperious loue vpon her eielids tending,
Playing his wanton ſports at euery becke,
And into euerie fineſt limbe deſcending,
From eies to lips from lips to yuorie necke.
And euerie limbe ſupplide and t'euerie part,
Had free acceſſe but durſt not touch her hart.

Sonnet. 23.

AYe me that loue wants power to pierce the hart,
Of my harts obiect beauties rareſt wonder:
VVhat is become of that hart-thrilling dart,
VVhoſe power brought the heauenly powers vnder.
Ah gentle loue if empty be thy quiuer,
Vnmaske thy ſelfe and looke within my breſt:
VVhere thou ſhalt find the dart that made me ſhiuer,
But can I liue and ſee my loue diſtreſt.
Ah no that ſhaft was cauſe of ſorrow endles,
And paine perpetuall ſhould my Lady proue:
If hart were pierſt, the deare loue be not friendles,
Although I neuer found a friend of loue,
If not without her hart, her loue be gained,
Let me liue ſtill forlorne and die diſdained.

Sonnet. 24.

STill let me liue forlorne and die diſdained,
My hart conſenting to continuall languiſh:
If loue (my harts ſore) may not be obtained,
But with the danger of my Ladies anguiſh.
Let me oppoſe my ſelfe gainſt ſorrowes force,
And arme my hart to beare woes heauy load:
Vnpittied let me die without remorce,
Rather than monſter fame ſhall blaſe abroad;
That I was cauſer of her woes induring,
Or brought faire beauty to ſo fowle a domage:
If life or death might be her ioyes procuring,
Both life, loue, death, and all ſhould doe her homage.
But ſhee liues ſafe in freedomes liberty,
I liue and die in loues extremitie.

Sonnet. 25.

THe priuate place which I did chooſe to waile,
And deere lament my loues pride was a groue:
Plac'd twixt two hills within a lowlie dale,
Which now by fame was cald the vale of loue.
The vale of loue for there I ſpent my plainings,
Plaints that bewraid my ſicke harts bitter wounding:
Loue ſicke harts deepe wounds with diſpaire me paining,
The bordering hills my ſorrowing plaints reſounding.
Each tree did beare the figure of her name,
VVhich my faint hand vppon their backs ingraued:
And euery tree did ſeeme her ſore to blame,
Calling her proud that mee of ioyes depraued.
But vaine for ſhee had vowed to forſake mee,
And I to endles anguiſh muſt betake mee.

Sonnet. 26.

IT pleaſd my Miſtris once to take the aire,
Amid the vale of loue for her diſporting.
The birds perceauing one ſo heauenly faire,
With other Ladies to the groue reſorting.
Gan dolefully report my ſorrowes endles,
But ſhee nill liſten to my woes repeating:
But did proteſt that I ſhould ſorrow friendle
So liue I now and looke for ioyes defeating.
But ioyfull birds melodious harmonie,
Whoſe ſiluer tuned ſongs might well haue moued her:
Inſonſt the reſt to rewe my miſerie,
Though ſhee denyd to pittie him that lou'd her.
For ſhee had vowd her faire ſhould neuer pleaſe me,
Yet nothing but her loue can once appeaſe me.

Sonnet. 27.

Sonnet. 27.

THe banke whereon I leand my reſtles head,
Placd at the bottome of a mirtle tree:
I oft had watered with the teares I ſhed,
Sad teares did with the fallen earth agree.
Since when the flocks that graſe vpon the plaine,
Doe in their kind lament my woes though dumbe:
And euery one as faithfull doth refraine
To eate that graſſe which ſacred is become.
And euerie tree forbeareth to let fall,
Their dewie drops mongſt any briniſh teares:
Onelie the mirth* whoſe hart as mine is thrall,
To melt in ſorrowes ſourſe no whit forbeare.
So franticke loue with griefe our paind harts wringing,
That ſtill we wept and ſtill the graſſe was ſpringing.

Sonnet. 28.

FAſt flowing teares from watery eies abounding,
In tract of time by ſorrow ſo conſtrained:
And framd a fountaine in which Eccho ſounding,
The'nd of my plaints (vaine plaints of Loue diſdained.)
VVhen to the wel of mine owne eies weeping,
I gan repaire renewing former greeuing:
And endles moane Eccho me companie keeping,
Her vnreuealed woe my woe reuealing.
My ſorrowes ground was on her ſorrow grounded,
The Lad was faire but proud that her perplexed:
Her harts deepe wound was in my hart deepe wounded,
Faire and too proud is ſhe that my hart vexed.
But faire and too proud muſt releaſe harts pining,
Or hart muſt ſigh and burſt with ioies declining.

* ? myrrh.

Sonnet. 29.

TAking a truce with teares ſweete pleaſures foe,
I thus began hard by the fountayne ſide:
O deere copartner of my wretched woe,
No ſooner ſaide but woe poore eccho cride.
Then I againe what woe did thee betide,
That can be greater than diſdayne, diſdayne:
Quoth eccho. Then ſayd I O womens pride,
Pride anſwered echo. O inflicting payne,
When woſull eccho payne agayne repeated,
Redoubling ſorrow with a ſorrowing ſound:
For both of vs were now in ſorrow ſeated,
Pride and diſdaine diſdainefull pride the ground.
That forſt poore Eccho mourne ay ſorrowing euer,
And me lament in teares ay ioyning* neuer.

Sonnet. 30.

ABout the well which from mine eies did flow,
The woefull witnes of harts deſolation:
Yet teares nor woe nor ought could worke com-
Did diuers trees of ſundry natures growe. [paſſion,
The mirrhe ſweet bleeding in the latter wound,
Into the chriſtall waues her teares did power:
As pittying me on whome blind loue did lower,
Vpon whoſe backe I wrote my ſorrows ground,
And on her rugged rind I wrote forlorne,
Forlorne I wrote for ſorrowe me oppreſſed:
Oppreſſing ſorrowe had my hart diſtreſſed,
And made the abiect outcaſt of loues ſcorne,
The leaues conſpiring with the winds ſweet ſounding,
With gentle murmor playnd my harts deepe wounding.

* ? ioying.

Sonnet. 31.

IVVrote vppon there ſides to eke their plaining,
If ſad laments might multiply their ſorrowe:
My loues faire lookes and eke my loues diſdaining,
My loues coy lookes conſtraines me pine for woe.
My loues diſdaine which was her louers dolour:
My loues proud hart which my harts bliſſe did baniſh:
My loues tranſparent beames and roſy colour,
The pride of which did cauſe my ioyes to vaniſh.
My loues bright ſhining beeautie like the ſtarre,
That early riſeth fore for the ſunnes appearance:
A guide vnto my thoughts that wandring arre,
Doth force me breath abroad my woes indurance.
O life forlorne, O loue vnkindly frowning,
Thy eies my heart diſpaire my ſad hope drowning.

Sonnet. 32.

THoſe whoſe kind harts ſweet pittie did attaint,
With ruthfull teares bemond my miſeries:
Thoſe which had heard my neuer ceaſing plaint,
Or read my woes ingrauen on the trees.
At laſt did win my Ladie to conſort them,
Vnto the fountaine of my flowing anguiſh:
VVhere ſhe vnkind and they might boldly ſport them,
VVhilſt I meanewhile in ſorrows lappe did languiſh,
Their meaning was that ſhe ſome teares ſhould ſhed,
Into the well in pitty of my pining:
She gaue conſent and putting forth her head,
Did in the well perceaue her beautie ſhining.
VVhich ſeeing ſhe withdrew her head puſt vp with prid
And would not ſhed a teare ſhould I haue died.

Sonnet. 33.

Sonnet. 33.

SOme ſay that women loue for to be praiſed,
But droope when as they thinke their faire muſt die:
Ioying to haue their beauties glorie raiſed,
By fames ſhril trompe aboue the ſtarrie ſkie.
I then whome want of ſkill might be with drawing,
Extold her beautie not as yet deſerued:
She ſaid my words were flatterie and fayning,
For good intent to bad euent ſoone ſwerued.
Some ſay againe they will denie and take it,
I gaue my hart, my hart that dearly coſt me:
No ſooner offerd but ſhe did forſake it,
Scorning my proffered gift ſo ſtill ſhe croſt me.
But were I (alas I am not) falſe and truthles:
Then had ſhe reaſon to be ſterne and ruthles.

Sonnet. 34.

WHy liue I wretch and ſee my ioyes decay,
VVhy liue I and no hope of loues aduancing:
VVhy doe myne eies behold the ſunnie day,
VVhy liue I wretch in hope of better chancing.
O wherefore tells my toung this dolefull tale,
That euery eare may heare my bitter plaint:
VVas neuer hart that yet bemond my bale,
VVhy liue I wretch my pangs in vaine to paint.
VVhy ſtriue I gainſt the ſtreame or gainſt the hill,
VVhy are my ſorrowes buried in the duſt:
VVhy doe I toile and looſe my labour ſtill,
VVhy doe I feede on hope or bild on truſt.
Since hope had neuer hap and truſt finds treaſon,
VVhy liue I wretch diſdainde and ſee no reaſon?

Sonnet. 35.

AMongſt the Idle toyes that toſſe my brayne,
And reaue my troubled mynd from quiet reſt:
Vyle cruell loue I find doth ſtill remayne,
To breede debate within my grieued breſt.
VVhen weary woe doth worke to wound my will,
And hart ſurchargd with ſorrow liues opreſſed:
My ſowlen eyes then cannot wayle there fill,
Sorrow is ſo far ſpent and I diſtreſſed.
My toung hath not the cunning ſkill to tell,
The ſmalleſt greife that gripes my throbbing hart:
Myne eies haue not the ſecret power to ſwell,
Into ſuch hugie ſeas of wounding ſmart.
That will might melt to waues of bitter woe,
And I might ſwelt or drowne in ſorrowes ſo.

Sonnet. 36.

MY waterie eies let fall no trickling teares,
But flouds that ouer flow abundantly:
VVhoſe ſpring and fountaine firſt inforſt by feares,
Doth drowne my hart in waues of miſery.
My voice is like vnto the raging wind,
VVhich roareth ſtill and neuer is at reſt:
The diuers thoughts that tumble in my minde,
Are reſtleſſe like the wheele that wherles alway.
The ſmokie ſighes that boyle out of my breſt,
Are farre vnlike to thoſe which others vſe:
For Louers ſighes ſometimes doe take their reſt,
And lends their minds a little ſpace to muſe.
But mine are like vnto the furging ſeas,
VVhom tempeſt calme nor quiet can appeaſe.

Sonnet. 37.

VVHere may I now my carefull corps conuay,
From company the worker of my woe:
How may I winke or hide mine eies alwaies,
VVhich gaſe on that whereof my griefe doth growe,
How ſhall I ſeeme my ſighes for to ſuppreſſe,
VVhich helpe the hart which elſe would ſwelt in ſunder,
VVhich hurts the helpe that makes my torment leſſe:
VVhich helps and hurts, O woefull wearie wonder,
How now, but thus in ſolitarie wiſe:
To ſtep aſide and make hie waie to moane,
To make two fountaines of my daſled eies,
To ſigh my fill till breath and all be gone.
To die in ſorrow and in woe repent me,
That loue at laſt would though too late lament me.

Sonnet. 38.

VVould my loue although too late lament mee,
And pitty take of teares from eies diſtilling:
To beare theſe ſorrowes well I could content me,
And ten times more to ſuffer would be willing.
If ſhe would daine to grace me with her fauour,
The thought thereof ſuſtained greife ſhould baniſh:
And in beholding of her rare behauiour,
A ſmyle of her ſhould force diſpaire to vaniſhe:
But ſhe is bent to tiran[i]ze vpon me,
Diſpaire perſwades there is no hope to haue her:
My hart doth whiſper I am woe begone me,
Then ceaſe my vaine plaints and deſiſt to craue her.
Here end my ſorrowes here my ſalt teares ſtint I,
For ſhes obdurate, ſterne, remorſeles, flintie.

Sonnet. 39.

Sonnet. 39.

HEere end my ſorrow, no here my ſorrow ſpringeth,
Here end my woe, no here begins my wailing:
Here ceaſe my griefe, no here my griefe deepe
Sorrow, woe, griefe, nor ought elſe is auailing. [wringeth
Here ceaſe my teares, no here begins eies weeping,
Here end my plaints, no here begins my pining:
Here hart be free, no ſighes in hart ſtill keeping,
Teares, plaints, and ſighes, all cauſe of ioyes declining.
Here end my loue, no here doth loue inſpire me,
Here end my life, no let not death deſire me,
Loue, hope, and life, and all with me muſt periſh.
For ſorrow, woe, griefe, teares, and plaints oft plained,
Sighes, loue, hope, life, and I, muſt die diſdained.

Sonnet. 40.

THe common ioye, the cheere of companie,
Twixt myrth and mone doth plague me euermore:
For pleaſant talke or muſicks melodie,
Yelds no ſuch ſalue vnto my ſecret ſore.
For ſtill I liue in ſpight of cruell death,
And die againe in ſpight of lingring life:
Feede ſtill with hope which doth prolong my breath,
But choackt with feare and ſtrangled ſtill with ſtriſe,
VVitnes the daies which I in dole conſume,
And weary nights beare record of my woe:
O wronge full world which makſt my fancie fume,
Fie fickle Fortune fie thou art my foe.
O heauie hap ſo froward is my chance,
No daies nor nights nor worlds can me aduance.

Sonnet. 41.

IMperious loue who in the prime of youth,
I light eſteemed as an idle toy:
Though late thy fierie dart hath cauſd my ruth,
And turned ſweet happines to darke annoy.
VVhy haſt thou pleaſure in my harts deepe groning,
And doſt not rew and pittie my vexations?
VVhy haſt thou ioy at my laments and moning,
And art not moued at my imprecations?
VVhy haſt thou ſtroke my hart with ſwift deſire,
And perſt my Ladies eies with fell diſdaine?
VVhy hath fond fancie ſet my thoughts on fire,
And pent my hart in priſon of ſad paine?
VVhy am I drownd in dolors neuer ceaſing,
My ioies ſtill fading, and my woes increaſing.

Sonnet. 42.

OThou that ruleſt in *Ramnis* golden gate,
Let pittie pierce the vnrelenting mind:
Vnlade me of the burthen cruell fate,
(Fell enuious fates too cruell and vnkind)
Haue heapt vpon me by too froward loue,
Too froward loue the enemie of fortune:
Whoſe fierce aſſaults my hart (too late) did proue,
My ſillie hart which ſorrow did importune.
Yet in thy power is my harts redeeming,
My harts redeeming from vile thraldomes force:
Vile thrall to one my ſorrowes not eſteeming,
Though ſhee be cruell yet haue thou remorce.
Be thou to me no more inconſtant variable,
But let thy fickle wheele reſt firme and ſtable.

Sonnet. 43.

LOng haue I ſwome againſt the wiſhed waue,
But now conſtrained by a lothſome life:
I greedilie doe ſeeke the greedie graue,
To make an end of all theſe ſtormes and ſtrife.
Sweete death giue end to my tormenting woes,
And let my paſſions penetrate thy breſt:
Suffer my heart which doth ſuch griefes incloſe
By timelie fates inioie eternall reſt.
Let me not dwell in dole ſith thou maiſt eaſe me,
Let me not languiſh in ſuch endles durance:
One happie ſtroke of thy ſad hand will pleaſe me,
Pleaſe me good death it is thy procurance.
To end my harts griefe (heart ſhee did abhorre thee)
O haſt thee gentle death I linger for thee.

Sonnet. 44.

LOng haue I ſued to fortune death and loue,
But fortune, loue, nor death will daine to hear me:
I fortunes frowne, deaths ſpight, loues horror proue,
And muſt in loue diſpairing liue I feare me.
Loue wounded me, yet nill recure my wounding,
And yet my plaints haue often him inuoked:
Fortune hath often heard my ſorrowes ſounding,
Sorrowes which my poore hart haue welnigh choked.
Death well might haue beene moued when I lamented,
But cruell death was deafe when I complained:
Death, loue, and fortune all might haue relented,
But fortune, loue, and death, and all diſdained.
To pittie me or eaſe my reſtles minde,
How can they chooſe ſince they are bold and blinde.

Sonnet. 45.

WHen neither ſighs nor ſorrowes were of force
I let my Miſtres ſee my naked breſt:
Where view of wounded hart might worke re-
And moue her mind to pittie my vnreſt. [morce,
VVith ſtedfaſt eie ſhee gazed on my hart,
Wherein ſhee ſaw the picture of her beautie:
Which hauing ſeene as one agaſt ſhee ſtart,
Accuſing all my thoughts with breach of duetie.
As if my hart had robd her of her faire,
No, no, her faire bereaud my hart of ioy:
And fates diſdaine hath kild me with diſpaire,
Diſpaire the fountaine of my ſad annoy.
And more, alas, a cruell one I ſerued,
Leſt loued of her whoſe loue I moſt deſerued.

Sonnet. 46.

MY Miſtres ſeeing her faire counterfet
So ſweetelie framed in my bleeding breſt:
On it her fancie ſhee ſo firmelie ſet,
Thinking her ſelfe for want of it diſtreſt.
Enuying that anie ſhould inioy her Image,
Since all vnworthie were of ſuch an honor:
Tho gan ſhee me command to leaue my gage,
The firſt end of my ioy, laſt cauſe of dolor.
But it ſo faſt was fixed to my hart.
Ioind with vnſeparable ſweete commixture,
That nought had force or power them to part:
Here take my hart quoth I, with it the picture,
But oh coy Dame intollerable ſmart.
Rather then touch my hart or come about it,
She turnd her face and choſe to goe without it.

Sonnet. 47.

Sonnet. 47.

BEhold deare Miſtres how each pleaſant greene,
Will now renew his ſommers liuerie:
The fragrant flowers which haue not long beene ſeene,
Will flouriſh now ere long in brauerie.
But I alas within whoſe mourning mind,
The grafts of griefe are onelie giuen to grow:
Cannot inioy the ſpring which others find,
But ſtill my will muſt wither all in woe.
The luſtie ver that whilome might exchange,
My griefe to ioy, and my delight increaſe:
Springs now elſe where and ſhowes to me but ſtrange,
My winters woe therefore can neuer ceaſe.
In other coaſts his ſunne doth clearely ſhine,
And comfort lend to euery mould but mine.

Sonnet. 48.

THe tender buds whom cold hath long kept in,
And winters rage inforſt to hide their head:
Will ſpring and ſprowt as they doe now begin,
That euerie one will ioy to ſee them ſpread.
But cold of care ſo nips my ioies at roote,
There is no hope to recouer what is loſt:
No ſunne doth ſhine that well can doe it boote,
Yet ſtill I ſtriue but looſe both toile and coſt.
For what can ſpring that feeles no force of ver,
What hower can flouriſh where no ſunne doth ſhine:
Theſe balles deare loue, within my breſt I beare,
To breake my barke and make my pith to pine.
Needs muſt I fall, I fade both root and rinde,
My branches bowe at blaſt of euerie winde.

Sonnet. 49.

Diana and her nimphs in ſiluane brooke,
Did waſh themſelues in ſecret farre apart:
But bold *Acteon* dard on them to looke,
For which faire *Phœbe* turnd him to a Hart.
His hounds vnweeting of his ſodaine change,
Did hale and pull him downe with open crie:
He then repenting that he ſo did range,
Would ſpeake but could not, ſo did ſigh and die.
But my Diana fairer and more cruel,
Bereft me of my hart and in diſdaine:
Hath turnd it out to feede on fancies fuel,
And liue in bondage and eternal paine.
So hartles doe I liue yet cannot die,
Deſire the dog, doth chaſe it to and fro:
Vnto her breſt for ſuccour it doth flie,
If ſhee debarre it whither ſhall it go.
Now liues my hart in danger to be ſlaine,
Vnleſſe her hart my hart wil entertaine.

Sonnet. 50.

Hand, hart and eie, tucht thought and did behold,
The onelie glorie that on earth doth grow:
Hand quakt, hart ſighd, but eie was fooliſh bold,
To gaze til gazing wrought harts grounded woe.
The obiect of theſe ſenſes heauenlie ſaint,
With ſuch a maieſtie did me appall:
As hand to write her praiſe did feare and faint,
And heart did bleede to thinke me Beauties thrall.
But eie more hardie than the hand or hart,
Did glorie in her eies reflecting light:
And yet that light did breede my endles ſmart.
And yet mine eies nill leaue there former ſight.
But gazing pine, which eie, hand, hart doth trie,
And what I loue, is but hand, hart, and eie.

Sonnet. 51.

EAch tree did boaſt the wiſhed ſpring times pride,
When ſolitarie in the vale of loue:
I hid my ſelfe ſo from the world to hide,
The vncouth paſſions which my hart did proue.
No tree whoſe branches did not brauelie ſpring
No branch whereon a fine bird did not ſit:
No bird but did her ſhrill notes ſweetelie ſing,
No ſong but did containe a louelie dit.
Trees, branches, birds, and ſongs were framed faire.
Fit to allure fraile minde to careles eaſe:
But carefull was my thought, yet in diſpaire,
I dwelt, for brittle hope me cannot pleaſe.
For when I view my loues faire eies reflecting,
I entertaine diſpaire, vaine hope reiecting.

Sonnet. 52.

EAch Creature ioyes Appollos happie ſight,
And feede them ſelues with his fayre beames reflecting
Nyght wandering trauelers at Cinthias ſight,
Clere vp their clowdy thoughts fond fere reiecting
But darke diſdayne eclipſed hath my ſun,
VVhoſe ſhining beames my wandering thought were guiding,
For want whereof my litle worlde is done
That I vnneath can ſtay my mind from fliding,
O happie birds that at your pleaſure maie:
Behold the glorious light of ſols a raies,
Moſt wretched I borne in ſome diſmall daie:
That cannot ſee the beames my ſun diſplaies,
My glorious ſun in whome all vertue ſhrowds,
That light the world but ſhines to me in clowds.

Sonnet. 53.

IN Clowdes ſhe ſhines and ſo obſcurely ſhineth,
That like a maſtles ſhipe at ſeas I wander:
For want of her to guide my hart that pineth,
Yet can I not entreat ne yet command her.
So am I tied in Laborinths of fancy,
In darke and obſcure Laborinths of loue:
That euerie one may plaine behold that can ſee,
How I am fetterd and what paines I proue.
The Lampe whoſe light ſhould lead my ſhip about,
Is placed vpon my Miſtres heauenlie face.
Her hand doth hold the clew muſt lead me out,
And free my hart from thraldomes lothed place.
But cleane to lead me out or Lampe to light me,
She ſcornefullie denide the more to ſpight me.

Sonnet. 54.

BLame me not deere loue though I talke at randon.
Terming thee ſcornefull, proud, vnkind, diſdaineful
Since all I doe cannot my woes abandon,
Or ridde me of the yoake I feele ſo painefull.
If I doe paint thy pride or want of pittie,
Conſider likewiſe how I blaſe thy beautie:
Inforced to the firſt in mournefull dittie,
Conſtrained to the laſt by ſeruile dutie:
And take thou no offence if I miſdeemed,
Thy beauties glorie quencheth thy prides blemiſh:
Better it is of all to be eſteemed,
Faire and too proud than not faire and too ſquemiſhe.
And ſeeing thou muſt ſcorne and tis aprooued,
Scorne to be ruthles ſince thou art beloued.

Sonnet. 55.

MY loue more bright than *Cinthias* horned head,
That ſpreads her wings to beautifie the heauens:
When Titan coucheth in his purple bed,
Thou liueſt by Titan and inioieſt his beames.
Shee flies when he begins to run his race,
And hides her head his beautie ſtaines her brightnes:
Thou ſtaieſt thy beautie yeelds the ſunne no place,
For thou excelſt his beames in glories ſweetnes.
Shee hath eclips, thou neuer doeſt eclips,
Shee ſometimes wanes thy glorie ſtill doth waxe:
None but Endymyon hangeth at her lips,
Thy beautie burnes the world as fire doth ſlaxe.
Shee ſhines by months, thou houres, months, and yeares,
Oh that ſuch beautie ſhould inforce ſuch teares.

Sonnet. 56.

WEre words diſſolued to ſighs, ſighs into teares,
And euerie teare to torments of the mind:
The minds diſtreſſe into thoſe deadly feares,
That find more death than death it ſelfe can find.
VVere all the woes of all the world in one,
Sorrow and death ſet downe in all their pride:
Yet were they inſufficient to bemone,
The reſtles horrors that my hart doth hide.
Where blacke diſpaire doth feede on euerie thought,
And deepe diſpaire is cauſe of endles griefe:
Where euerie ſenſe with ſorrowes ouer-wrought,
Liues but in death diſpairing of reliefe.
Whilſt thus my heart with loues plague torne aſunder,
May of the world be cald the wofull wonder.

Sonnet. 57.

THe hunted Hare ſometime doth leaue the Hound,
My Hart alas is neuer out of chace:
The liue-hounds life ſometime is yet vnbound,
My bands are hopeles of ſo high a grace.
For natures ſickenes ſometimes may haue eaſe,
Fortune though fickle ſometime is a friend:
The minds affliction patience may appeaſe,
And death is cauſe that many torments end.
Yet I am ſicke, but ſhee that ſhould reſtore me,
VVithholds the ſacred blame that would recure me:
And fortune eke (though many eyes deplore me,)
Nill lend ſuch chance that might to ioy procure me.
Patience wants power to appeaſe my weeping,
And death denies what I haue long beene ſeeking.

Sonnet. 58.

WHen as I marke the ioy of euery wight, [ceaſeth
Howe in their mindes deepe throbbing ſorrow
And by what meanes they nouriſh their delight,
Their ſweet delight my paine the more increaſeth.
For as the Deare that ſees his fellow feede,
Amid the luſty heard, himſelfe ſore bruſed:
Or as the bird that feeles her ſelfe to bleede,
And lies aloofe of all her pheeres refuſed.
So haue I found and now too deerely trie,
That pleaſure doubleth paine and bliſſe annoy:
Yet ſtill I twit my ſelfe of Surcuidrie,
As one that am vnworthy to inioy.
The laſting frute of ſuch a heauenly loue,
For whom theſe endles ſorrowes I approue.

Sonnet. 59.

OFt haue I raild againſt loue many waies,
But pardon loue I honour now thy power:
For were my Pallace Greece Pyramides,
Cupid ſhould there erect a ſtately bower.
And in my Pallace ſing his fugred ſongs,
And *Venus* Doues my ſelfe will finely feede:
And nurce her ſparrowes and her milke white Swans.
Yea, in my reſtles boſome ſhould they breede.
And thou deare Ladie ſacred and diuine,
Shalt haue thy place within my hart aſſignd:
Thy picture yea thy fierie darting eien,
Ile carrie painted in my grieued mind.
The chiefeſt coullers ſhall be ſcarlet blood,
Which *Cupid* pricketh from my wofull hart:
And teares commixt ſhall further forth my good,
To paint thy glories cording their deſart.
I now am changed from what I woont to be,
Cupid is God, And there is none but he.

Sonnet. 60.

WHo taught thee firſt to ſigh Alaſſe ſweet heart? *loue*
VVho taught thy tongue to marſhall words
of plaint? *loue*
VVho fild thine eies with teares of bitter ſmart? *loue*
VVho gaue thee griefe and made thy ioyes ſo faint? *loue*
VVho firſt did paint with coullers pale thy face? *loue*
VVho firſt did breake thy ſleepes of quiet reſt? *loue*
VVho forſt thee vnto wanton loue giue place? *loue*
VVho thrald thy thoughts in fancie ſo diſtreſt? *loue*
VVho made thee bide both conſtant firme and ſure. *loue*
VVho made thee ſcorne the world and loue thy friend? *loue*
VVho made thy mind with patience paines indure? *loue*
VVho made thee ſettle ſtedfaſt to the end. *loue*
Then loue thy choice though loue be neuer gained,
Still liue in loue, diſpaire not though diſdained.

FINIS. T. W.

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